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AUSTRALIAN

# PLAYBOY

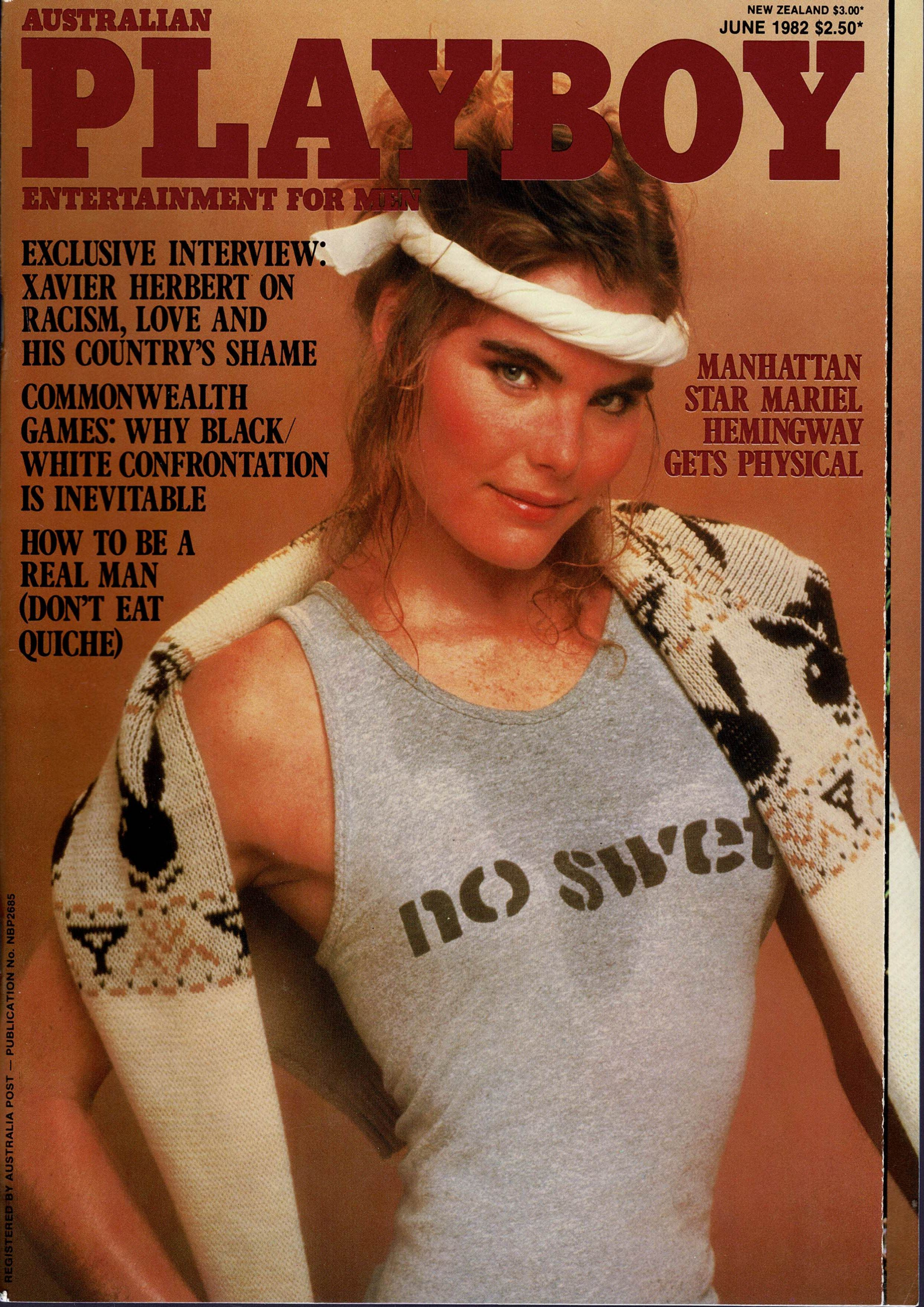
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW: XAVIER HERBERT ON RACISM, LOVE AND HIS COUNTRY'S SHAME

COMMONWEALTH GAMES: WHY BLACK/WHITE CONFRONTATION IS INEVITABLE

HOW TO BE A REAL MAN (DON'T EAT QUICHE)

MANHATTAN STAR MARIEL HEMINGWAY GETS PHYSICAL

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# PLAYBILL

THE PROSPECT of violent confrontation between blacks and whites is one that we in Australia have largely ignored, although the seeds were sown more than 200 years ago. Now, with Brisbane's Commonwealth Games looming, the country seems to be polarising. Black militants are preparing for what they see as their last chance this century to make themselves heard, and the white lawmakers are reciprocating with new and dangerous erosion of our civil liberties. It seemed an appropriate time to examine black power and the overall state of race relations in Australia. To this end we sent Brisbane correspondent **Frank Robson** out to paint a human face on black power. His absorbing preview of the Missing Link Games is not to be missed. Still further north, freelancer **Robert Reid** sought the opinions of Australia's most outspoken critic of the established order, novelist Xavier Herbert — at 81 still feverishly writing from his home near Cairns. Herbert, whose classic works, *Capricornia* and *Poor Fellow My Country* both depicted the inequalities in our social structure, is ashamed to be a white Australian. He explains why — and shares with us 60 years of adventure — in the most memorable interview PLAYBOY has published in a long while. Another author and critic — **James McQueen,** whose article on Tasmania's Franklin River controversy enlivened our April issue — contributes this month's fiction offering. Hook's Gift is an exclusive preview of a major Australian novel, *Hook's Mountain,* to be published next month by Macmillan. The illustration is by **Bruce Whatley.**

New York-based photojournalist **Jim Sheldon** recently spent three months back in Australia, his boyhood home, on a two-pronged mission; firstly, to catch up with old friends, and secondly to point a thoroughly objective lens at Australia on our behalf. To examine the lifestyle of Sydney's squatters he teamed with PLAYBOY features editor **P.D. Jack.** Together they uncovered a fascinating city culture born of economic necessity.

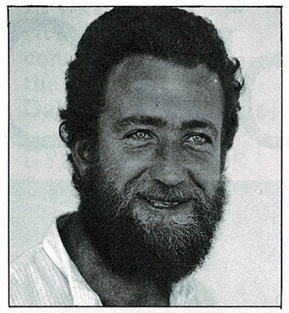
You may recall Phil Jarratt's account of a failed attempt to give up booze in the April issue. You may have forgotten all about it. Who cares? This month, regular contributor **Tony Maguire** fails to give up smoking. Next month the entire staff fails to give up sex. (This is our answer to instructional video cassettes.) Anyway, Maguire's suffering is quite amusing (for us) and you can read all about it in Kicking (Cutting) The Habit. Illustration is by **Collide.**

And while we're dishing out advice, may we commend to you the helpful hints on making it in the Reagan Age contained in Real Men Don't Eat Quiche, guidelines for the modern male by humorist **Bruce Feirstein.**

Regular contributor **Chris Pritchard** worked during the Seventies as a reporter on anti-apartheid newspapers in South Africa. In this capacity he became an acquaintance of knockabout crime reporter Gordon Winter, an easygoing guy with a quick wit and a righteous thirst. It was only years later that Pritchard and associate **Mike Wharton** discovered Winter had taped all those bar conversations and delivered them — with other scraps of information — into the hands of BOSS, the notorious South African secret police. Pritchard and Wharton have pieced together an absorbing study of the modus operandi of The Spy In The Newsroom.

Elsewhere this month, Motoring Editor **Rob Luck** reviews the new breed of megabikes; staffer **Susan Kurosawa** looks at Future Phones; hi-fi expert **Richard Timmins** explains what good sound is all about; **Neil Jameson** concludes his series on the strange suicide of stuntman Dale Buggins; and **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone** continue to examine the historical, sociological and biological aspects of the old in-out in Man and Woman Part V.

Oh, and we musn't forget the Charlie Wheelers. This month enjoy sensational young actress **Mariel** (remember Woody Allen's teen angel in *Manhattan.*) **Hemingway, Jeff Dunas's** mystery lady **Karen,** and gypsy princess **Lynda Lewis,** photographed by **Rico Mettbach.**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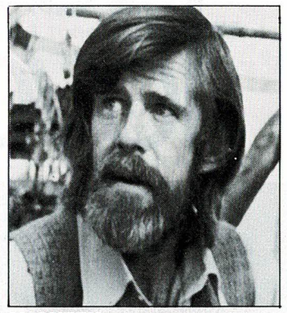
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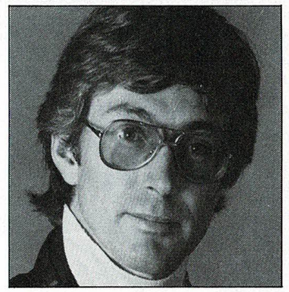
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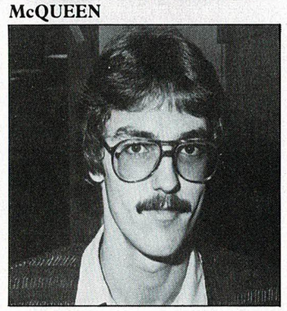
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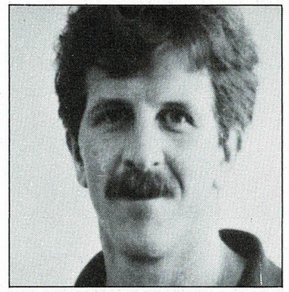
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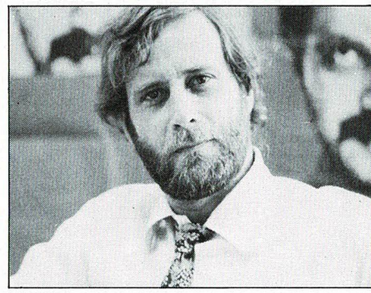
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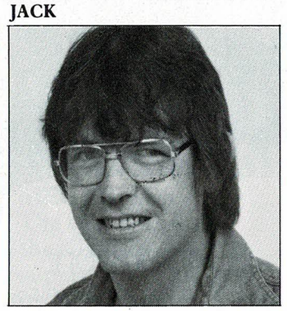
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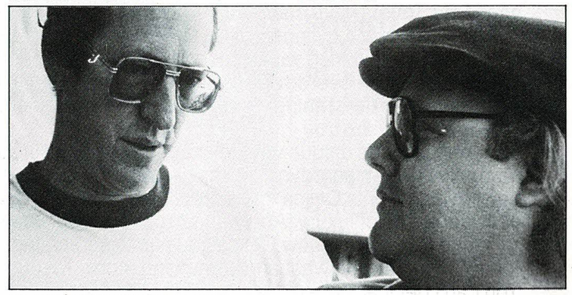
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# AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN


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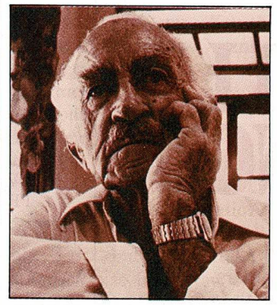

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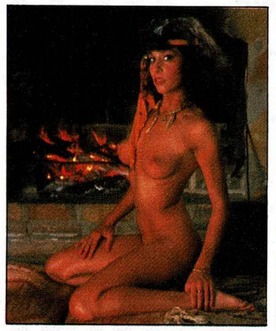

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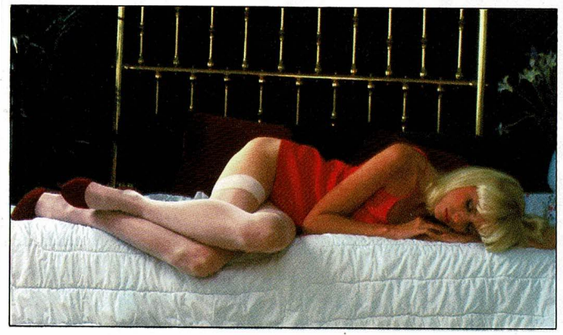


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JUNE 1982

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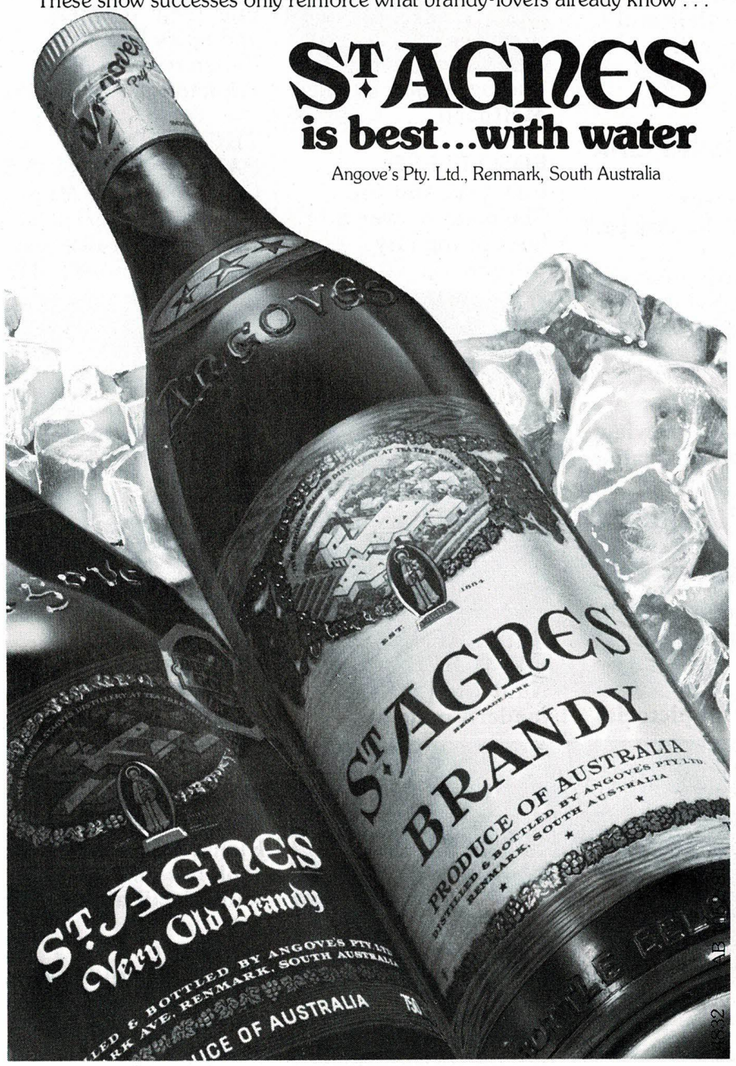




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# PLAYBOY

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Australian PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Soundtracts Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746 Darlinghurst NSW 2010, Telephone 331 6566 on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. Typeset by Get Set Pty Ltd Darlinghurst, Telephone 357 4276. Printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co. (HK) Limited. Distributed in all states by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd, Sydney, Telephone 268 0666.



©1982 Soundtracts Publishing Pty Ltd ©1982 PLAYBOY as to material published in the April and May issues of US PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). Price in Australia $2.50. New Zealand $3*. *Recommended and maximum price only. Annual subscription rates: Australia, $30; Overseas, $A40 (by surface mail). Registered by Australia Post — Publication No. NBP2685.


**CREDITS**
Megacycle: Racing Mate equipment from Race and Rally. Playmate of the Month (Pages 68-79); shoes, Bloch's Ballet Centre; lingerie, Raymond Castles.

# DEAR PLAYBOY

*address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010*

### A REAL FIZZER

Loved your Money-Go-Round feature in March. Learnt more things than I think I want to cope with. Got pulled up with a jolt by your ref: "Sir Noel Foley (whose Amatil put the nicotine into soft drinks)."

Question: What damned nicotine into *whose* damned soft drinks? After kicking a potentially lethal habit about 10 years ago, and being a happier, fatter and healthier non-smoker since, do I understand that one of my favorite soft drinks is doing me further injury? You can't let a reference like that just fade away. Come on PLAYBOY — out with it!

Bob White,
Latrobe, Tas.

*Fear not — whatever "poisons" go into soft drinks, nicotine is not one. I was being literary — do not take me literally. Referred to was the fact that under Sir Noel's leadership, Amatil diversified into soft drinks, as well as other things — P.D. Jack.*

### SYMPATHETIC

A bit sneaky to turn the Dale Buggins story into a serial, but I suppose I would have bought the next PLAYBOY anyway, if only to discover even more beautiful women.

I'm glad you have not forgotten the amazing Mr Buggins, who risked his life to put on a show. What a contrast to the other so-called entertainers, who only risk losing their tans because they work at night and sleep all day.

Dale Buggins was a true Australian hero, and I hope you treat the second part of the story as sympathetically as the first.

K.L.,
Altona, Vic.

### DON'T KNOCK IT

Your magazine is a bit like those concentration camp jokes: good news and bad news. Par for the course I suppose, and I can usually skip the crap and concentrate on the meaty material — the serious articles I mean.

But your piece on the clowns in Queensland (May issue) has roused me in a different way than normal. So there are eccentric people in Queensland, and it's amusing to read about them. But why only concentrate on Queensland? Only a bigot would suggest that only Queensland has weirdos. What about the rest of the country?

Everyone is always slinging off at us. As though we live in some Nazi lunatic asylum. So how come tens of thousands of southerners move here each year?

And while Mr Bjelke-Petersen may not be the smart-aleck southerner's ideal premier, we pay a lot less taxes up here, and still have free hospitals and a lot of other good things you don't have in your fancy-pants socialist south. For example, I read recently you now have to pay $40 for a parking fine in Sydney. Up here it's usually only $2. And we don't have any parking problems. You blokes who are always knocking Queensland ought to take your blindfolds off.

F.G.,
Gladstone, Qld.

### RIGHT NOTE

I was pleased to see the return of Playboy's Music Awards in your last issue. I remember a few years ago you had them, but then PLAYBOY's interest in rock seemed to fade away. It's good to see that you're back in tune with what's happening — Oz rock, that's what.

I'm not sure I agree with your critical choices (Ross Wilson for fuck's sake) but at least you included some bits and pieces on the real movers — guys like Birthday Party and Men At Work. A pity you neglected Hunters and Collectors.

Anyway, it wasn't a bad start and maybe if you got some more expert advice (I'm including my phone number) you could have a really good magazine full of tits and bad-ass rock and roll.

One sour note to close on — why the fuck did you have to interview Billy Joel when there are so many local stars we want to know about?

R.L.,
Melbourne, Vic.

### STONED ON LYNDA

We want to see more of Lynda Stoner. Ever since she stuck her jugs over Senior Sergeant O'Reilly's desk top we've been in love.

The photos of her in the water were great but not quite what we had in mind. Is there any way you can get her to do a centrefold? We'd frame it for our lunch room wall.

Dave and the Boys,
Whale Beach Mobil Service Centre,
Whale Beach, NSW.

### THE RAVISHING ROCKER

It was a pity that the Renee Geyer interview (March) couldn't have been longer. I'd love to find out more about this ravishing rocker as I don't think there is enough written about her. Good on ya Renee.

Carl Brady,
Springwood, NSW.

### KEEN ON GREEN

Ever since the purchase of my first Australian PLAYBOY, I have had much pleasure in reading your great articles and viewing your excellent pictorials. I am head over heels about Bo Derek and also, if possible, it would be great to see Judy Green of *Sale of the Century* in your magazine. She's one hell of a girl.

Steve Enright,
Batlow, NSW.

### LYN'S GREAT WIN

I wish to congratulate everyone at PLAYBOY for your choice of Lyn Barron as Playmate of the Year. Ever since seeing Lyn's shapely behind adorning the cover of the October, 1981 issue, I've been hoping that she would win the title and be featured again in PLAYBOY. It was great to see her once more in your April issue.

Edgar Slocombe,
Burnie, Tas.

### MAD MELS

I just loved reading your article on the zany, mad, brilliant, wonderful Mel Brooks in April PLAYBOY. Surely, though, a man of this stature deserves to be given more space and featured in your long interview section rather than just in the 20 Questions pages. Another Mel that I would like to read about in PLAYBOY is our own Mad Max, Mel Gibson.

But *please* give the Aussie Mel more than 20 questions to answer!

Diane Bates,
Geelong, Vic.

### NO THANKS YANKS

One would have hoped that, as an Australian magazine, PLAYBOY would be promoting Australian rather than American sports, especially when the Australian version is better than the imported variety. Yet your April issue ran a piece of uncritical advertising for rodeos, complete with Yankee "steer-ropers" and "bronco-busters" in their leather "chaps" and "cowboy" hats.

Perhaps you blokes have never been out in the Australian country to learn that we have horse sports in this country that are just as exciting as these American games, and not so cruel on the animals involved. Perhaps if you weren't so lazy — or cheap(?) — you could send someone out to what we in the bush call a camp-draft and discover that you don't have to have an American accent or attempt to break the neck of one-tooth calves to show how good a rider you are.

Out here those yanks are just considered mug lairs, and would have trouble getting a job shining a stockman's boots.

Bob,
via Collinsville, Qld.

# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers*

### YA GOTTA HAVE FRIENDS

I've enjoyed my first visit to Australia and my first copy of Australian PLAYBOY. However the letter on page 31 of the March issue troubled me. The writer posed the question: "If the Russians, the Chinese or anybody for that matter dropped nuclear bombs on Australia but not on the US, do you think the Yanks would drop them on the Russians, or whoever, in retaliation and risk having a few lobbed on themselves. Doesn't need to be answered, does it?"

I can only respond: not really as your Prime Minister understands those who retaliated in 1917 and 1941 would come to the defence of their Allies as before.

One of the best things in this life is to have friends. I would hope that the majority of Australians don't forget who their friends are. Now, what's the problem with a few of your friends' B-52s on some old asphalt?

Fred H. Dill,
Redlands, Calif.

### ENDANGERED SPECIES?

I would like to see Australian PLAYBOY feature an article on the changing pattern of the ethnic makeup of our communities. I'm sure that many other readers would also be interested to know the extent of recent immigration, particularly from Vietnam and other parts of Asia.

I personally find it rather disturbing to look around me on the train as I go to and from work each day and see more Asian faces than white ones. Do other readers share my concern at this apparent takeover or am I a racist? Okay, maybe the Aborigines are the only *true* Australians, but I still find it scary to look around me and realise that we white Australians appear to also be a dying race.

K.F.
Burwood, NSW.

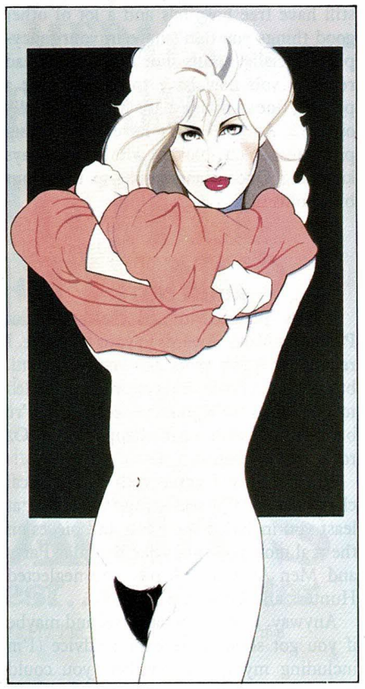
*Yes, you are, but you're not Robinson Crusoe. Stay tuned for an in-depth report on race relations in Australia.*

### A GIANT COMPLAINT

Why is it that motor car manufacturers have been changing model designs every year for the past 60 years or so and still can't get things right?

I'm not talking about mechanics, because I accept that machines will break down; I'm talking about ordinary old design. Three things bug me in particular: instrument panels, 'air-conditioning', and front-seat space. Why, for example, must Australia, a land known for its long lanky men, be stuck with motor cars designed for dwarfs?

And why do the manufacturers install expensive but inadequate 'flow-through' ventilation systems when the good old quarter-light window was more than



adequate for cooling purposes, even in the rain? Has corporate greed got anything to do with it?

Thirdly, despite all the fiddling with the dashboard, few ordinary cars provide the tall driver with instruments he can actually see when he needs to. For instance, the driver usually has perfect vision on his fuel gauge or odometer, but cannot see his speedo needle once it gets beyond the 50km/h mark. Which means he has to duck his head below the steering wheel to see if he is within the speed limit.

The high-beam indicator is another light that is invariably obscured behind the steering wheel, or otherwise positioned in the middle of a whole cluster of lights, making instant identification difficult.

Also, the positioning of the high-beam switch on a gimpy plastic arm sticking out of the steering column is a backward step from the floor-mounted switch. One Japanese car I was driving recently had this set-up, so that out on the highway at night, when I saw a car coming towards me, I had to duck to see if I was on high-beam, and then operate the stick. Sometimes I got the blinkers working, other times I got the windscreen wipers working; once or twice I actually dipped my headlights before the other car swept by me.

Now if manufacturers can spend millions updating their model styles and motors, why can't they solve these fairly simple matters. If they make cars for different types of people (sports cars for the young and carefree, station wagons for the family man, boring Toyotas for the Sunday School teachers etc) why can't they make different cars for tall people?

Once they've mastered that, then perhaps they can think about other little nuisances — like window-winding handles that gouge out your knee and door-lock switches that pinch your arm.

Sometimes I think the only designers employed by car manufacturers are bird-brained bicyclists, getting their revenge on the poor motorist.

D. White,
Shepparton, Vic.

### HYDROMANIA

It beats me how everybody can come out so strongly against the hydromaniacs in Tasmania and still the Government there goes ahead in flooding the beautiful wilderness of the south-west.

We all realise that the community must have electricity if it is to continue replacing elbow grease with labor-saving devices, but is destroying the world — or at least changing it beyond redemption — the way?

How much will our so-called leaders destroy in the name of progress before they realise that eventually there will be nothing left to destroy, even though the same demands that brought about that destruction are still growing? So what happens when there are no more rivers that can be dammed? Do we move to the moon?

J.D.,
Gerringong, NSW.

### CATTY PATTY

Thank you PLAYBOY for running the interview with Patty Hearst. It has confirmed what I believed when I first read of her kidnapping: that she is a spoiled rich bitch, with as much real awareness as a pair of silk stockings. Her catty, even incriminating, remarks about her one-time comrades-in-arms show her to be the selfish and stupid daughter of wealth and privilege I suspected her to be.

Reading the article made me sick, but not everything we do need be pleasant. If we only ever did — or read — those things which make us feel good, we'd end up like Patty Hearst.

But I suppose I must compliment the American ruling classes for the strength with which they hold on to their one-sided view of the world — for despite her year with the lower classes, Hearst remains untouched by anything she might have seen.

'Off the Pigs',
Carlton, Vic.



...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

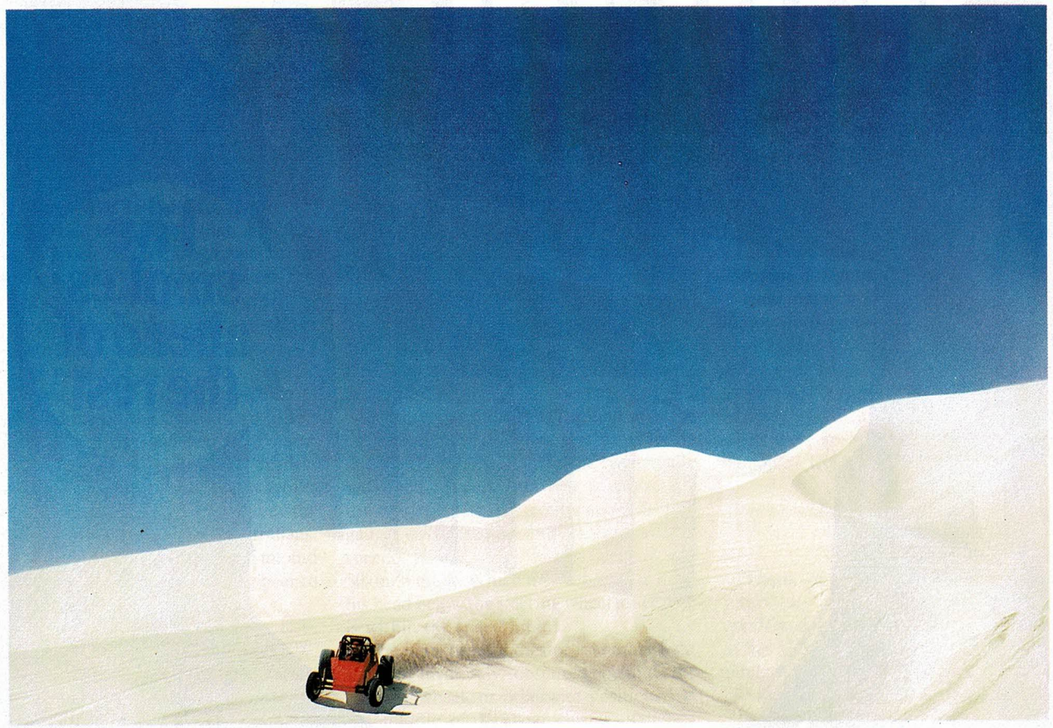
Five smokes ahead of the rest

Winfield
25
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

The best extra mild deal in Australia

RWE0091CC511/80

# Flying across a sea of rolling white sand dunes Jeff Sommers felt his spirits soar.



# THE WEST

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**Australian Tourist Commission.**
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Driving to work had never been like this! As he raced the open roofed dune buggy over the smooth sand slopes he felt as free as a bird.

In fact, everything in the West had that effect on him.

When standing amid the prehistoric pinnacles of rock in an otherwise empty desert and watching the sun slowly tan the sand to vibrant orange.

Or looking across the sea to Africa from the exposed rocky western point of Rottnest Island.

Or walking along the crest of a curling rock wave that had frozen millions of years ago as it was about to break on the inland plain below.

Or sifting through a pan of dirt hoping for a glistening speck of gold, on the edge of an old mine digging.

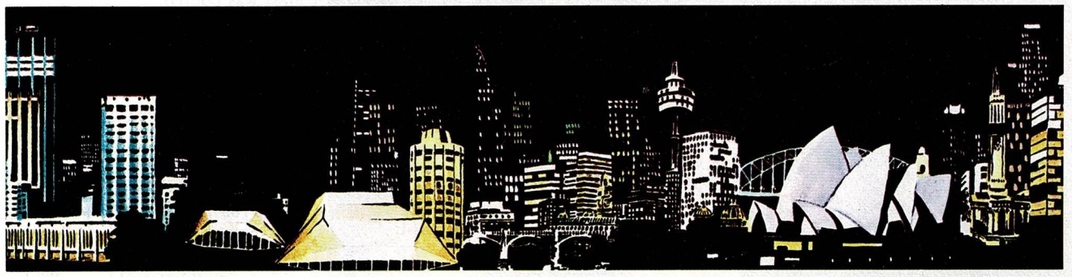
So many things that happen in Western Australia. So many things that will refresh your jaded spirits and rekindle your taste for fun and adventure.

Make the West your next holiday and make your next holiday one you'll never forget.

Contact your travel agent or your nearest Western Australian Government Travel Centre today and start planning!

Parclem DOT0117

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



### IN THE ORGY

There were more than a few red faces when a domino toppling display for charity was accidentally sabotaged with a safety device. The catastrophe occurred in Adelaide where a group of young enthusiasts had erected ribbons of 22,000 dominoes in preparation for the chain-reaction toppling display. Before the action could begin an observer dropped something while removing a handkerchief from his pocket. The object tripped the display midstream and almost a third of the display had been wiped out. The embarrassment was complete when the dropped object was found to be a condom.

### SORE LOSER

A neighborhood card game ended in tragedy in Singapore when one player strangled his long-time friend. When questioned by police the assailant claimed that he was tired of his partner calling him a sore loser.

### FALL GUY

It might be the element of fantasy involved, but sex offenders generally rate as the most imaginative if not necessarily the most convincing of witnesses. A Utah court which found a man guilty of forcible sexual abuse refused to believe his story that he was only attempting to expose himself but stumbled on his half-mast trousers and fell on the victim.

### THE PRICE OF VANITY

Vanity is its own worst enemy, as certain embarrassed Japanese have found out.

It appears the technology of the video cassette recorder erasing mechanism was not all it should be in some of the units installed in certain hotels in Japan. These hotels, where men go to enjoy themselves with young ladies of their choice, installed VCR's as an added incentive, so that guests could record their activities and review their style at leisure after the event. The machines were supposed to automatically erase the tapes as they were replayed.

However some tapes were not erased, and some sharp operators got hold of them, selling them round the place as dirty movies.

There are reports that some leading Japanese businessmen and politicians have a whole new reputation for vitality; others, whose performance was underwhelming, are believed to be quite upset.

### A NASTY TASTE IN THE MOUTH

Imagine the quandary of the bloke having a few drinks with his friends and he runs out of booze after the pubs have closed, and all he's got left is the bottle of 1648 Johannisberger Rheingau.

A bottle of this fetched $6693 at an auction in Germany recently, making each glass worth about $1500. So he broaches the bottle — pours half the first glass over the bar, and, as he is explaining that the wine was still in the barrel when the Thirty Years' War was raging, knocks over another glassful when he swings his arms to explain a particular military manoeuvre.

Actually, we have serious doubts as to the drinkability of the wine. Corks had not yet been invented when the wine was bottled,

### A MATTER OF PROOF

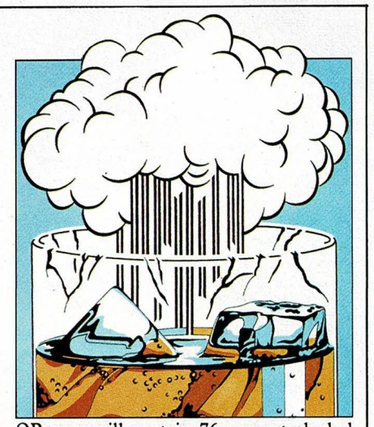
The puzzling terms "under proof" (UP) and "over proof" (OP) are applied to rum, but they raise the question of just what does "proof spirit" mean anyway? Originally it was an English term which derived from a simple field test of the alcoholic product. The spirit was mixed with gunpowder and ignited. If it didn't burn, the beverage was under proof; if it burned steadily it was proof; and if it exploded it was over proof and presumably the tester was all over the place as well.

Hence proof spirit came to be defined during the reign of King George III as that dilution of alcohol by water such that the beverage weighs 12/13th of an equal quantity of water at 50F. Pure alcohol would be 75OP, but even today, most distilled spirit is only 95 percent alcohol not 100 percent. The British Commonwealth Custom's men use a Sikes hydrometer, so that 100 proof equals 57.14 percent alcohol by volume.

In this system you must divide the proof shown on the label by 1.75 (eg 70 proof [or 30UP] is really 40 percent alcohol). It is as silly as pounds, shillings and pence. Even in the UK, the terms UP and OP are disappearing and only the actual proof is given.

The French use Gay Lussac, which directly converts to alcohol strength by volume; and the Americans conveniently chose 200 proof as absolute alcohol, so you need only divide the stated proof strength on a label by two to find out the alcoholic content (eg 80 proof is 40 percent alcohol).

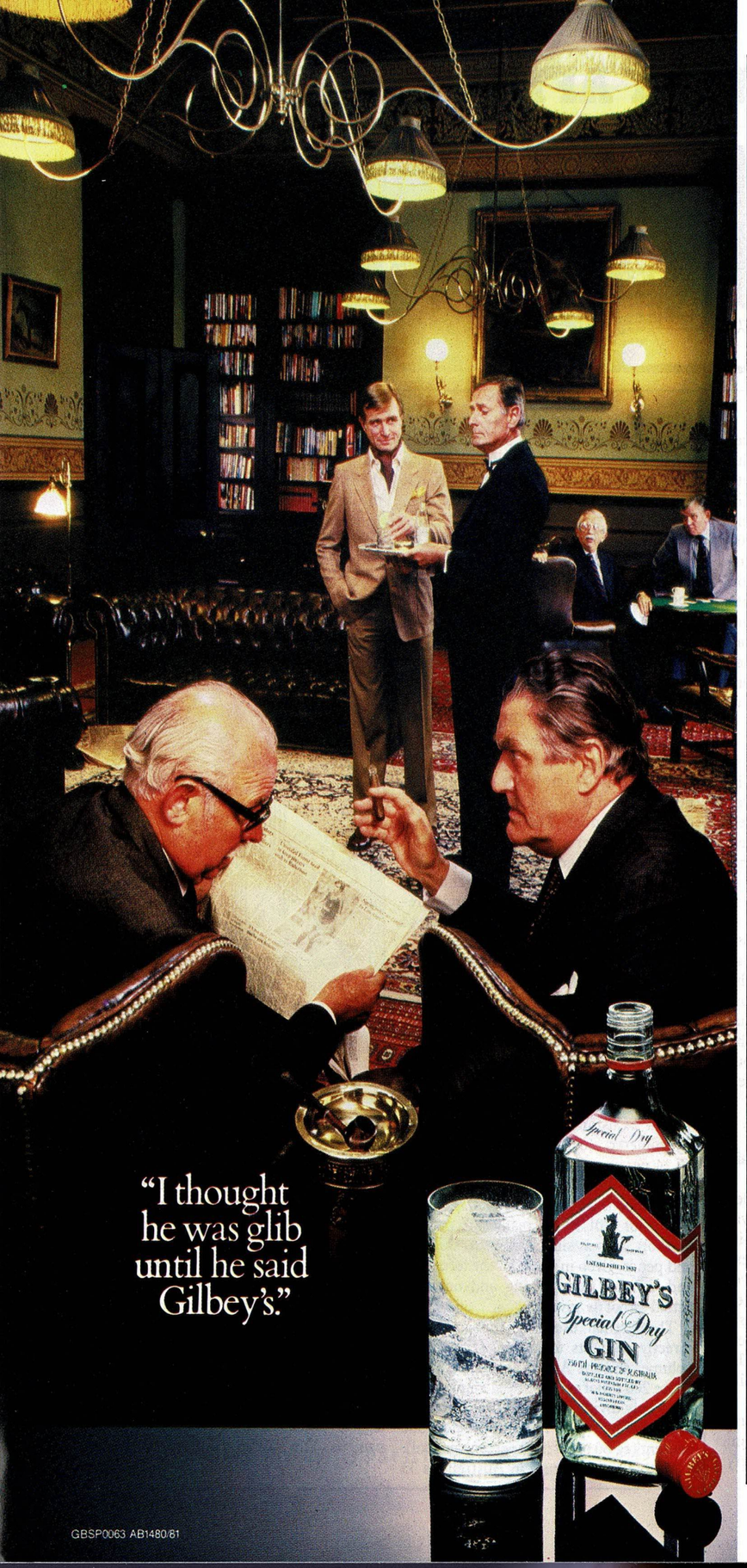
With respect to rum in Australia, a 33



OP rum will contain 76 percent alcohol and an ordinary OP rum (OP usually by only one unit) will contain 58 percent alcohol. The standard rums (UP) are generally only bottled at the legal minimum strength of 37 percent, even those fully imported, but bottled in Australia. God knows why ordinary mortals drink straight OP rum, because its strength anaesthetises the taste buds so that you taste little even if you get smashed quicker. It's even more absurd when tropical country-living Queenslanders toss off OP Bundys in 40C heat.

A lot of youngsters have shied away from the full-flavored, aromatic dark rum in favor of the more neutral white rums, which they further disguise in long mixed drinks. Give me straight dark UP rum, on the rocks, a cold climate, the sea and one-legged pirates for rum drinking companions. You suit yourself!

— MIKE LAWRENCE




and the sudden exposure to oxygen on opening could make the wine a trifle sour. We have heard of one wine, about 100 years older, that turned to vinegar after the first glass was poured.

### FULL BLOWN

It must have been the *baklava.* This headline from the *Turkish Daily News:* "PREMIER INAUGURATES NEW FARTILIZER PLANT."

### PASSING THE TIME

All you grandmothers please take note! We spotted this classified ad in a regional daily: "Grandfather Cock — Italian made slim design, black and brass. With chimes. Excellent condition."

### JUST ONE FLICK AND THEY'RE GONE

Here's an alternative way of looking at zero population growth — a huge sign greeting recent arrivals at the Bangkok airport read : "WELCOME PESTICIDE CONTROL/PLANNED PARENTHOOD MEETING."

### A BIT OFF TARGET

James Cunningham, a lonely Adelaide man, went looking for love one Saturday night recently and the police were called in to intervene. When he saw the woman of his dreams, he shot at her with a speargun he happened to be carrying. He missed. Not only did the spear fail to snare the object of his affections, but the target itself was a man dressed as a woman. Perhaps it's better to just let nature take its own course in such matters.

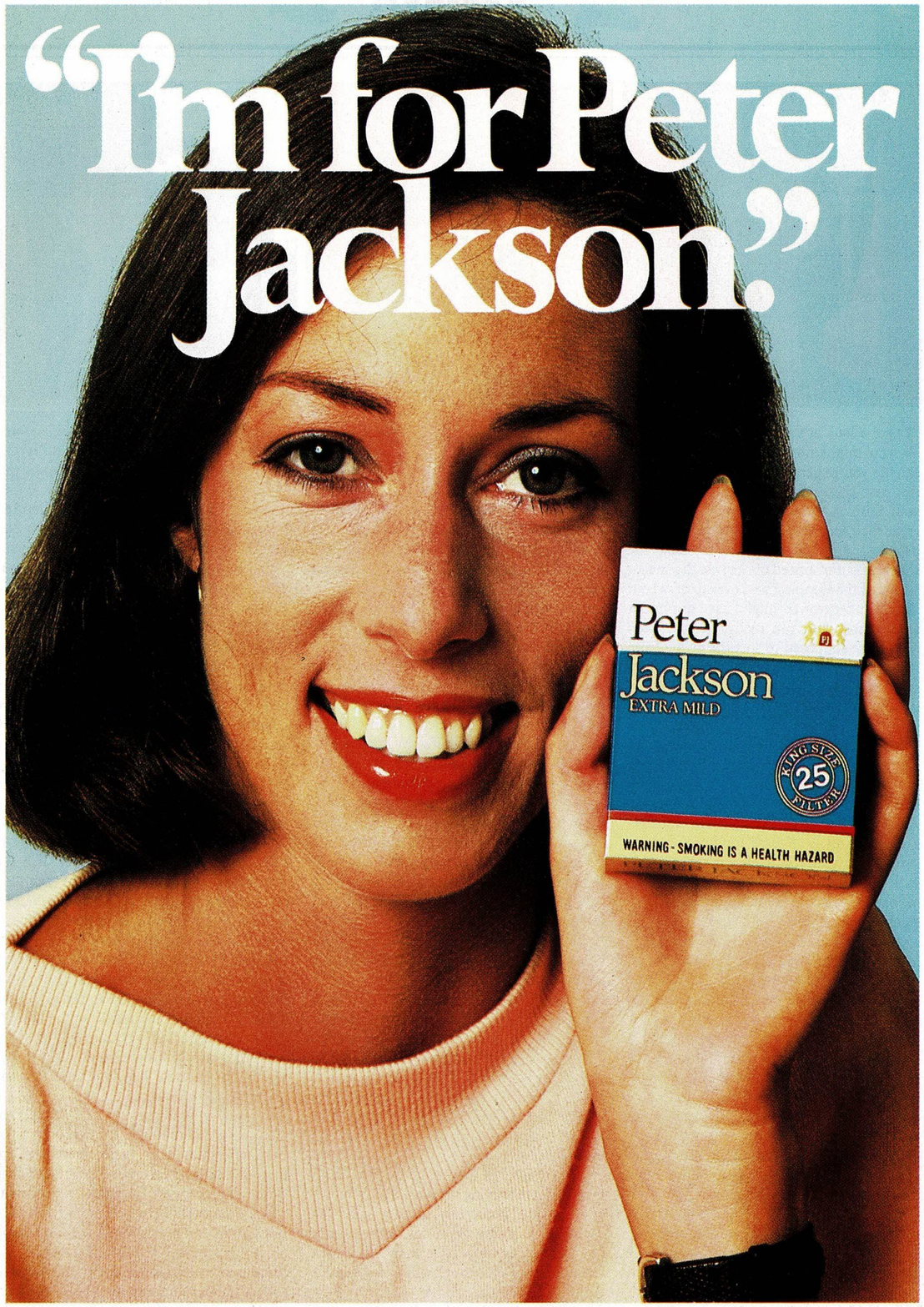
### TOP SAVINGS

After years of inflation, it is heartening to hear of price decreases, even when they are simply the result of movements in that most esoteric of areas: foreign exchange.

We have been informed that, because of appreciation of the Australian dollar against the Italian lira, the price of Ferraris in Australia has fallen. They are now cheaper than they were last year.

The least expensive is still around $70,000, but the biggest savings are in the top of the range, which cost around $130,000. Obviously, if the price falls by a set percentage, the higher the price the greater the saving. At least that's one line of argument you could use, although we don't think many bank managers would swallow it.

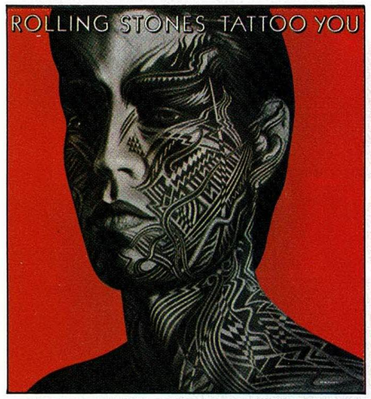
While we're talking Ferraris, you'll note they never get the same kind of heavy testing by motoring writers as other motor cars. This is because the importing agents just don't let them out for road testing. The belief is that people who buy Ferraris don't buy motoring magazines to read whether the thing understeers or not. The cars are sold on the name alone.

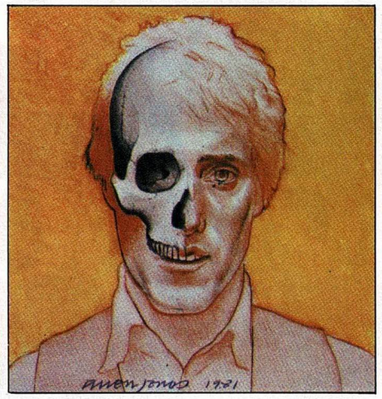


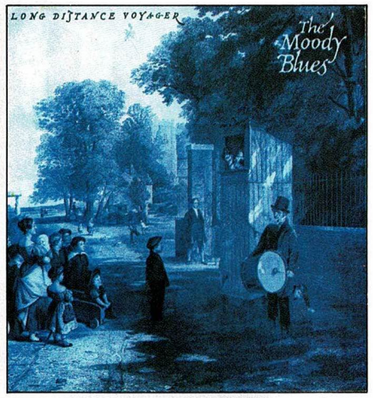

"It's still the best extra mild value in Australia."

PHL851 CC871/82

# MUSIC






Take a look at your record collection and you might notice the small amount of change you're getting out of investments of the past three years has partly destroyed your faith in the vinyl product. Okay; the great rock and roll purge that blew in on the back of punk was supposed to shake the shavings out of a tired ole girl. It also meant a herd of the sloppiest acts ever to crawl out of the undergrowth might have got under your guard. And you really thought A&R guys were supposed to sort the grime from the gold? A small parcel of the newer acts stood up under the quality test and few customers — or retailers for that matter — will mind if the Police, Blondie, Jam, Madness, Human League, Clash and Ultravox go from strength to strength. By the same token, there'll be no queue to mourn the final passing of Adam and the Ants, the Knack or even Shakin'-bloody-Stevens. This is all a bit too late for those gamblers who have taken too many punts with their $10 vinyl investment and, instead of bringing home a bit of quality, have stocked their shelves with junk.

PLAYBOY's tip is to parcel it all up, cash it in with your nearest second-hand retailer, and get ready to invest again. What rock's minor revolution did achieve was to galvanise some of the better, older performers into shaking out the mothballs and getting back into the studio. Consequently the past year or so has thrown up some brilliant albums from a collection of rock music's tried and true. We're selecting our top dozen in the range to remind the record buyer that albums of this quality still cost the same but offer much more value than most high-risk, new acts.

*Give The People What They Want* (Arista) by the Kinks. Age nor 20-odd albums down the rock and roll track shall not weary Ray Davies! Listening to the energy with which the Kinks get into this set, it's hard to believe 17 years have slipped under the bridge since they first flung their considerable creativity behind the Brit rock movement.

## *they're hot, they're sexy, and they're middle-aged*

*Being With You* (Tamla) by Smokey Robinson. One of the trumps in the Motown pack exchanged his business suit for a touring wardrobe. But before he hit the road he ducked into the studio to pour his suave romantic style around a collection of songs. The single Being With You was the pick and captured the album title, too.

*Tattoo You* (Rolling Stones) by the Rolling Stones. If the champs were looking for the perfect lubricant to slide into the smash US tour, it came with the release of this classic album. Kicked into life by the joint-snappin' single, Start Me Up, it secured the standing of middle-age rock relevance.

*Arc Of A Diver* (Island) by Steve Winwood. News of its release hinted *Arc Of A Diver* was but a pale ghost of the Traffic director's best. But those who bought it in blind faith snapped up the surprise of the year. Shot through with luxurious keyboard melodies, the album was recorded as a D-I-Y project by Winwood in his own studio. His voice still stands alone and is capable of attracting old and new fans.

*Chemistry* (Festival) by Mondo Rock. Ross Wilson is one of the finest figures ever to shuffle across the Australian stage, and his power is even more impressive now than it was in his reign with Daddy Cool a decade ago. *Chemistry* projects the writing brilliance of Eric McCusker whose product is the perfect fodder for Wilson's interpretive skills.

*re-ac-tor* (Reprise) by Neil Young. With Crazy Horse playing on every cut, Young's genius stabs accurately at the American social pulse. There are no soft textures here but an electric-aggressive mood in a rock assault to shoot the rough riders of Reagan's America out of the saddle.

*Shot Of Love* (CBS) by Bob Dylan. If you thought the Zim had lost his way with his born-again bent, *Shot Of Love* might slightly sour some hopes. It's got a dash of bitterness that says Bob has let his guard slip, but his melodic structures and lyrical webs recreate some of the old magic and put some sheen back on his sceptre.

*Another Ticket* (RSO) by Eric Clapton. Poor health made 1981 a tough year for EC, but the faithful won't forget this brilliant Tom Dowd-produced (and engineered) album. Backed by one of the best touring bands in the world, EC has run the ole Slowhand over nine excellent tunes.

*Long Distance Voyager* (Threshold) by The Moody Blues. The addition of Patrick Moraz' keyboards sparked the Moodies into new life. Hayward, Lodge and Edge are beyond duplication and their rushing acoustics are as possessing now as they were in 1970.

*Hotter Than July* (Tamla) by Stevie Wonder. Genius starts to lose relevance when applied to Wonder. Arguably his finest ever, this album had the distributors and AM radio ducking for cover with the strength of its political statement. But look beyond that for what Stevie does when he applies a gloss polish to reggae rhythms.

*The Fox* (Rocket) by Elton John. After a bout of mediocrity, a flirtation with disco and a series of unsuccessful writing associations, EJ got back with Bernie Taupin to restore the magic to the act. He slipped this one in very quietly, but the modern grasp of his melodies suggests his spreading paunch has not effected his judgement.

*Face Dances* (Polydor) by The Who. Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey aren't the best of mates and band members are pursuing individual projects, but still The Who supercruiser ploughs on. Townshend's output is the pervading influence but should you ever tire of the sound, hang on to the album cover — it's a gem.

Rock and roll is not really old enough to collect the pension, but if you tally the ages of the people in these acts the sum would make Noah, Moses and Ian Meldrum seem like infants. Ah, well. Nobody can stay forever young.

— NEIL JAMESON

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Model S4200 Stereo System.

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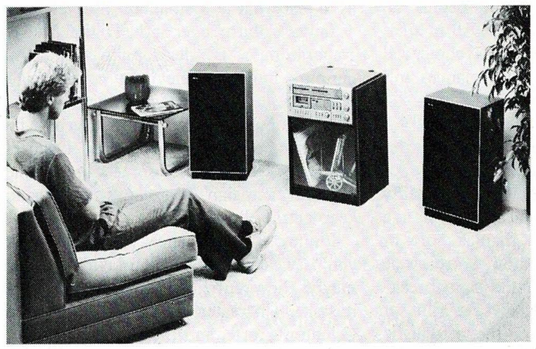

Model S4200 Stereo System. Includes 2-way speakers and general purpose stand with glass doors.

You'll find the price tag pretty attractive too.

Remember — the ultimate test of a good stereo system is how it sounds to your own ears. Visit your Philips retailer soon and discover for yourself the sheer ease of the new Philips Stereo Systems.

Ask your Philips retailer for your FREE brochure: 'Taking the mystery out of buying stereo systems'.

## UNCOMPLICATED STEREO SYSTEMS. $299-$499*

*$299-$499 are suggested retail prices only.

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# MOVIES

*Left: Alan Bates chats up Isabelle Adjani; above: James Cagney in* Ragtime; *right: Franco Nero is a Ninja goodie.*

The staccato syncopation of ragtime music was the sound of everything from the Model T Ford to the great American nation clattering into action. And so Milos Forman's epic scale *Ragtime* explores the passions and emotions of those who cranked the nation into life. E.L. Doctorow's best-selling novel takes in a vast sweep of American life and times, and somehow director Forman and screenplay author Michael Weller have distilled the essence of it without in any way reducing its exuberance and vibrance.

The 20th Century is in its infancy but, in America, it's a pretty precocious infancy. There are automobiles and moving pictures and nickelodeons, Teddy Roosevelt, Gibson girls and European migrants. There are people submitting to temptations, other people killing them for it, and bribes being offered to pervert the subsequent course of justice. But, most of all, there's a swelling momentum and excitement that infects white and black alike. . . it's just that the blacks get kneed in the nuts when the whites notice they're riding the same waves.

Weller's screenplay lifts the rock on all this and illuminates a random selection of characters and incidents that multiplied a few million times would give us on-the-move America. When the events come together and escalate to their cynical conclusion, what we have is a whole young nation experiencing the Puberty Blues. . . a nation losing its innocence and picking up some of the blemishes that will scar its complexion forever.

Most interest in the cast is focused on the great James Cagney, making a comeback at 82 as Police Commissioner Rheinlander Waldo, a pugnacious old real-life character who would have been stamping his considerable personality all over New York law enforcement when Cagney was a kid playing in the Lower East Side streets. Most brilliant performance, however, comes from Howard Rollins as the proud but tragic negro pianist who finds that America is evolving a little faster for the white man than for the black man.

●

The real star of James Ivory's *Quartet* is its setting . . . a stylish reconstruction of bohemian Montparnasse in the Twenties, its beauty diffused through the decadence and boredom of its inhabitants. But the boredom of this particular quartet doesn't make them any less fascinating to us. The fateful four comprise H.J. (Alan Bates) and Lois Heidler (Maggie Smith), Marya (Isabelle Adjani) and Stephen (Anthony Higgins).

The innocent, carefree lifestyle of Marya and Stephen is shattered when he is jailed for the carefree but slightly-less innocent theft of art works. Marya is seduced into sharing the house of the eccentric Lois and her Svengali-like husband H.J., bored and wealthy patrons of the Paris art world who regard house guests as pets for their unhealthy amusement. Their suffocating attentions drive poor Marya to the point of hysteria.

The house becomes a Luna Park of malign temperaments, of deceit, hypocrisy and monstrous mind games. Traps are set and invariably the wrong person is caught so that the complexity of the relationship ripples like an overwound watch spring. The story, of course, goes nowhere like its characters, trapped as they are by the hopelessness of another diversion gone wrong. The whole mood is one of elegant evil and eventually the insidious nature of everything within the film begins to pervade the audience's senses. All in all, a quite compelling exercise in psychological voyeurism with superb performances and impeccable production.

●

Now that the local industry has developed its own code of gratuitous violence with *Mad Max* mayhem, it's probably reasonable to regard martial arts cinema as a legitimate genre rather than a sort of Oriental Tom and Jerry show. Kurosawa's *Kagemusha* made the significant breakthrough by being judged best film at Cannes, but even then the ritualistic Japanese approach of having action unfold rather than happen, made it a bit quaint for local consumption.

Now, East and West get it together in more lively fashion with *Enter The Ninja,* starring the unlikely trifecta of Franco Nero, Susan George and All-Japan Karate champion Sho Kosugi.

Ninjutsu, the art of "invisibility", originated in China more than 2000 years ago and its exponents were regarded as the deadliest of all combat opponents. Today, a mere handful of Ninja masters keep the tradition alive and Kosugi is a student of one of the masters. He plays the evil Hasegawa whose waves of terror cut through the countryside like a medium strength typhoon.

Franco Nero confirms his ranking as the most versatile actor in the world by portraying Hasegawa's former classmate and sworn enemy. This must have also put a considerable strain on fight choreographer Mike Stone, but the fluency of the fight scenes and the spectacular Philippine backdrops make *Enter The Ninja* visually sensational. Come to think of it, that's probably where Susan George makes her greatest contribution, too.

●

If Michael Crichton hadn't already made a film called *Coma*, he'd have a pretty apt title for this one. . . a mentally mudbound effort called *Looker*. It begins promisingly enough with US Playmates Terri Welles and Jeana Tomasino contributing a bit of glamor. . . but when they die mysteriously, so does the movie. Seemingly satisfied that he has cracked on to something ingenious, author/director Crichton guns his plot along without giving the rest of us any clue as to just what he's on about. But, let's see.

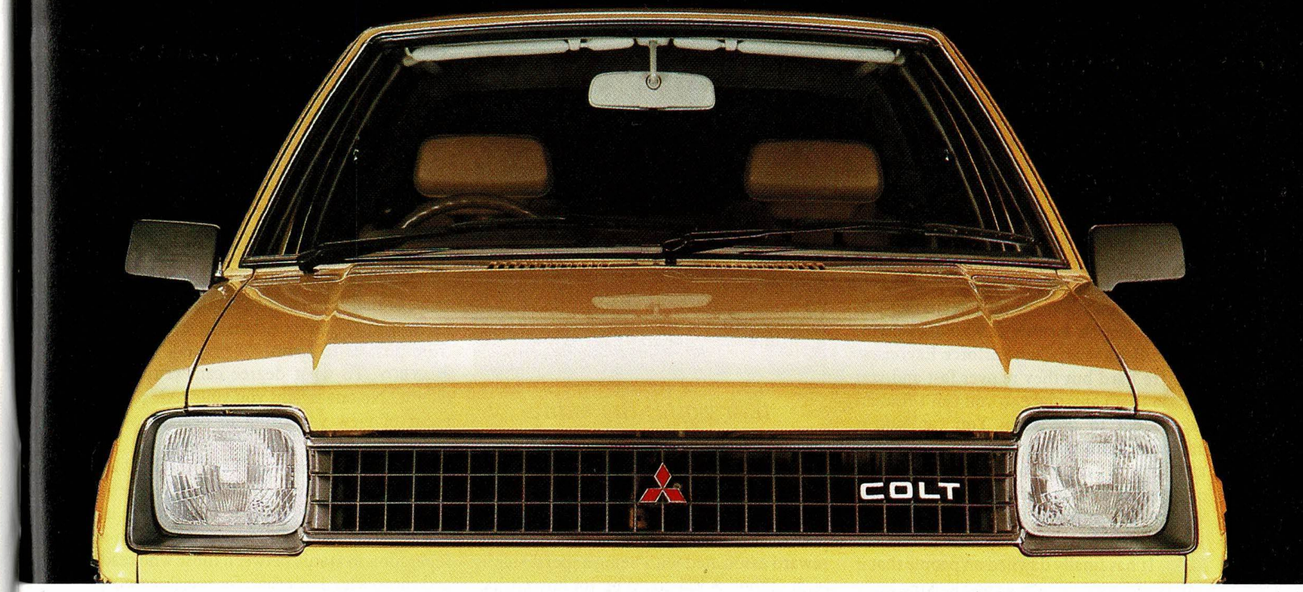
James Coburn, over at the Digital Matrix Laboratories, is developing dastardly-cunning hypnotic television commercials for political as well as advertising purposes. Albert Finney is an ace plastic surgeon who recycles good sorts into flawless beauties that are presumably of some value to the Coburn campaign. . . except they seem to keep getting bumped off.

Finney's performance is so laid-back you'd swear it was shot on his day off, or maybe they sent him the *Coma* script by mistake. Characterisation has never been Crichton's forte, and the Finney character is the sort of guy you could share a telephone box with without noticing. Then there's Susan Dey as the pretty heroine who helps Finney — if not the audience — fathom it all out. Their revelations ignite a holocaust of audience indifference that maybe solves the riddle of the Playmates' disappearance. . . they just died of boredom.

— ROBIN INGRAM




"We punished it unmercifully from Sydney to Perth and it didn't miss a beat." *MODERN MOTOR, MARCH 1981*




In March 1981 Modern Motor declared Mitsubishi Colt their 'Car of the Year'. Then they set out to prove it.

A transcontinental crossing. A sustained, high speed, coast to coast run, from Sydney to Perth in under 30 hours.

Enough to scare the pants off most big cars, let alone a small, 4-cylinder hatchback.

But Colt proved beyond any doubt, it's no ordinary small car.

Modern Motor summed up its performance this way:

"It's a remarkable little motor car. We punished it unmercifully for over 4,000 kilometres and nearly 30 hours.

We drove it as fast as it, or we, could go, conditions permitting. It consumed no engine oil. It didn't miss a beat."

MITSUBISHI MOTORS

**Mitsubishi Colt. What a cheek.**

**City cycle: 35.3 mpg (8.0 l/100km). Highway cycle: 51.4 mpg (5.5 l/100km).** Manual Colt tested according to the Standards Association Test No. AS2077-1977. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Y&R ANE41

# BOOKS

Tom Wolfe may not have invented that raunchy style of writing known as "new journalism", but he is one of its best, and most famous, practitioners. He has written of hot-rods, psychedelia, architecture and astronauts with flair and life enough to impart the excitement — the obsession even — of the heroes in his stories.

His most recent books are *From Bauhaus To Our Housė,* a critique of those glorified concrete-pourers called architects, and *In Our Time,* a collection of essays and drawings.

A well-known super-stylish dresser, he met our interviewer wearing his usual flash suit (black and white houndstooth) with pocket handkerchief.

PLAYBOY: Are you always dressed up?

WOLFE: This is, I swear, my knockabout gear. I had a lot of hard physical things to do today.

PLAYBOY: What is it about formal dress that appeals to you?

WOLFE: To be honest I think I do it because it annoys people. I don't know what that says about me or why I should enjoy that. I first started wearing white suits in New York in the winter because I'd paid a fortune to get a white suit made and it was too hot to wear in the summer. My fellow reporters at the *Herald Tribune* were highly ticked off by the way I dressed. One of them used to say, here comes the man in the triple-breasted underwear.

PLAYBOY: Your new book, *In Our Time* includes a thing called "The Jogger's Prayer". I read it and couldn't figure out if you do or don't jog. Do you?

WOLFE: I don't. One thing I do, in fact I'm the only person I know of who does them, are the Royal Canadian Airforce Exercises. They're hard but they're over fast and you can do them any place so you can't find an excuse not to do them. You can find a million reasons not to jog.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is at the heart of America's fitness craze?

WOLFE: It's different for men and women. For women I'm convinced it's purely for looks. It has finally dawned on people that if you really want to have a good looking body and face there's no substitute for exercise. With men the motivation is different. Men are all — or at least 95 percent of them — like myself, failed athletes.

As children in school, it was drummed into them that the most important thing on earth, if you wanted applause, appreciation and popularity, was sports.

PLAYBOY: You don't think rock 'n' roll has superseded sports as the adolescent fantasy of choice?

WOLFE: I'm not that close to school any more, but I would doubt it. I would think that to this day there's still a great deal of reward associated with being a sports star in high school. A kid could be Johnny Guitar and that's certainly better than merely being a brilliant student who's going to benefit mankind, but I doubt it would be better than being a sports star.

*tom wolfe: the man in the triple-breasted underwear*

PLAYBOY: What would you say the equivalent secret obsession is for women?

WOLFE: Romance, to be candid. You can create all kinds of castles in the air, but on a visceral level, I think women are driven to achieve status through love — which is not the same as status through sex or being Delilah.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you say that many of the people who experienced the alternative life-styles of the Sixties have proven to be fairly conservative today?

WOLFE: Not always. I've kept in touch with many of the people who were in Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters, and although the Pranksters no longer exist as a body, I can't think of any of them who have gone back into the straight world.

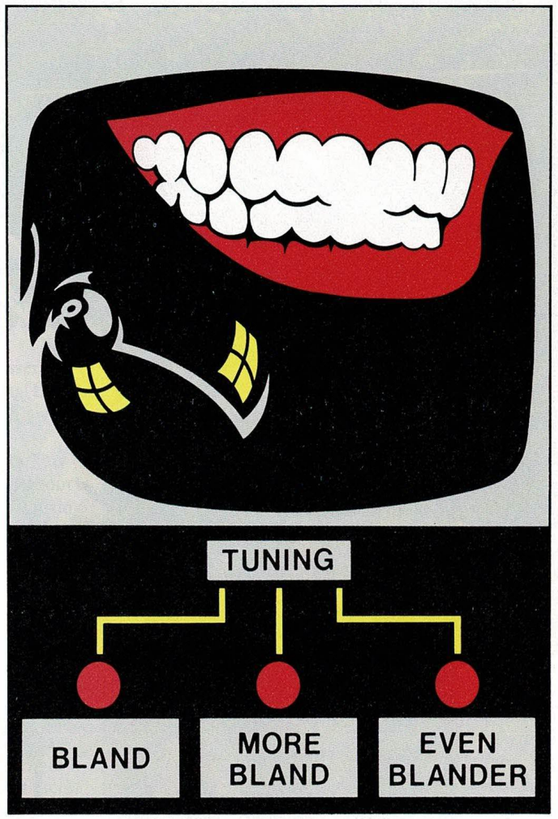
Kesey had this idea of taking the values of the American family, which he considered bizarre, and driving them to what he called the western most edge of experience, which to him was both the Pacific Ocean and a metaphysical notion. At the time he was telling me this, for example, the Buick Electra 225 four-door sedan was considered a family car. A car with 427 horsepower and tailfins. Kesey said that by the standards of human history it was one of the wildest creations man ever came up with. And this is the family car! Bud and Dad and Mom and Sis get into this thing that'll go 140 miles an hour for a Sunday drive! They go to drive-ins with waitresses on roller skates, huge banks of fluorescent lights and backlit plastic — this is where people go in these dreamboats to get a hamburger at night! This is everyday family life! Kesey said this is so wild already you don't need to buck it, just rev it up and take it faster. Make the lights brighter until there's a light show in your head!

PLAYBOY: What things bore you that most people consider fascinating?

WOLFE: I don't watch television. I've had it with that, although I don't think television is to blame for America's illiteracy. The fact that writing isn't taught in school is the cause of that. I attended a school where you had to write compositions in every class from physics to Latin.

PLAYBOY: To what degree can writing be taught? No one taught you your style or the point of view you bring to bear on your subjects.

WOLFE: That's true, you can't teach style, but I am convinced you can teach people to think. I think we're going to see a change in the situation shortly. There is now such a separation in status between those who read and those who don't that, for social reasons, reading and writing are going to make a comeback. After World War II it became such a status necessity to go to college — quite aside from any reason you might have for going to college — that everyone who could possibly do so sent their children to college. There was often nothing for them at the end of the line after college, but going was just what you did. I think a similar sort of thing is going to happen with reading and writing. It will become what you do to prove that you're not one of those dolts who just watches television.— CHRISTINE McKENNA




He is called Turps. This is not because he has a special ability to remove paint, but because of the irritating and somewhat childish Australian custom of playing around with people's names. He was christened Ian Turpie. An amiable sort of cove, Mr Turpie's search for the elusive dollar has taken him before cameras to host a television program called *The New Price Is Right*.

With all the flashing vulgarity that is the hallmark of a production from the Reg Grundy factory, *The New Price Is Right* is possibly the only show in existence where members of the audience actually clap and cheer inanimate objects such as washing machines and lounge suites.

I find this unnerving and not a little weird. Can the time be far away when, say, a vacuum cleaner takes over a program and is awarded a Logie for the best personality of the year? Or a dishwasher as best female personality? I shudder.

But back to the patiently smiling Mr Turpie and *The New Price Is Right*. As in programs of this ilk — and the commercial channels are now littered with them — *The New Price Is Right* employs several young women, quite splendidly clad in bikinis that would have had them ordered off Bondi Beach a few years ago, whose only job is to drape themselves over the various prizes on display.

It's unashamedly sexist. The women are there only as adornments like a Chinese vase on the shelf. Seldom saying a word, they are at times the butt of sniggering jokes, the hosts of most game shows not being noted for their sophisticated riposte.

Mr Turpie has a different view. He believes the women on his show are doing nothing that is demeaning, that there is no reason for their more militant sisters to march on the studio and tear the trousers off of the producer in protest.

"Sure, all the girls on my show are beautiful and glamorous, but they are definitely not on it to be sex objects," he declares. "They play an important, probably a vital role, in maintaining the flow of the show."

Those who watch *Mastermind* on the ABC might like to quibble over this point. *Mastermind* flows with more speed — and with more tension — than any quiz or game show on a commercial station. Yet, unless my bleary eyes have failed me, I have not witnessed a well-developed young women in next to nothing lead a contestant to his or her seat to answer questions.

But let Mr Turpie continue: "By itself, a prize like a car or swimming pool is cold and sterile. But put an appropriately dressed woman beside it and you give it warmth and life. When a person is in the picture, the audience relates to the prize better."

Mr Turpie goes on: "Look, sex plays a very important part in all our lives, but in *The New Price Is Right* it is the last thing we think of."

I'm relieved. It is a comfort to know *The New Price Is Right* is not about to turn into a sex orgy of spectacular depravity, with blokes having it off with microwave ovens and birds saying yes to Sunbeam Mixmasters. But as much as Mr Turpie protests, the role of women in these shows has always been a subordinate one, merely decorative with various parts of their bodies provoking many a merry quip.

I cannot recall one game show in which a female was the host and men stood about in swimming trunks sensuously rubbing the top of a juice extractor. Not one.

Admittedly, some shows use a male, coyly called a presenter, but it's as if he is there under sufferance, no more than a token in case some smartarse lodges a complaint under the sexual discrimination acts in force around the country.

However, there are two exceptions to the accepted practice of using women only as adornments. One is Patti Newton in *Ford Superquiz*, hosted by her husband, the ubiquitous Bert Newton. Mrs Newton appears in the show in clothes that look remarkably like those worn by Dolly Dyer when she was assisting her husband in *Pick-a-Box*. I assume Mrs Newton is playing an enormous joke on the viewers and I tend to look at her in that light and find it mildly amusing.

The other exception is Victoria Nicholls who works on *Sale Of The Century* with Tony Barber. I can find nothing amusing at all in the behavior of Miss Nicholls.

She is gauche. She seems to be under the impression that it is wickedly funny to speak and act like an uneducated or careless ocker, that curious costumes draped over her angular frame will have viewers falling from their armchairs in laughter.

Maybe it's the fault of the show. In a recent interview, Miss Nicholls admitted: "At no stage, since *Sale* began, have I ever had a rehearsal." It shows, my God how it shows.

And while we're on the subject of quiz and game shows, the executives who control television have decided there is room for two more. One is *The $100,000 Moneymakers*, hosted by Jimmy Hannan,

The other new show, which is actually not new at all, is *It Could Be You*, hosted by Barry Crocker. *It Could Be You* was originally screened in 1961 and operated for eight years with Tommy Hanlon in control before he ran away to buy a circus.

In announcing the show's revival, the executive producer, Lyle McCabe, said in a press release: "I don't think there will be too many dry eyes in Australian lounge-rooms when viewers see these stories."

He was right. From the first episode tears were trickling around the country because viewers were howling with laughter.

And, of course, *It Could Be You* has its token beauty. Her name is Melissa Hannan, the daughter of Jimmy on the other new show, *The $100,000 Moneymakers*.

— NEAL AKERMAN



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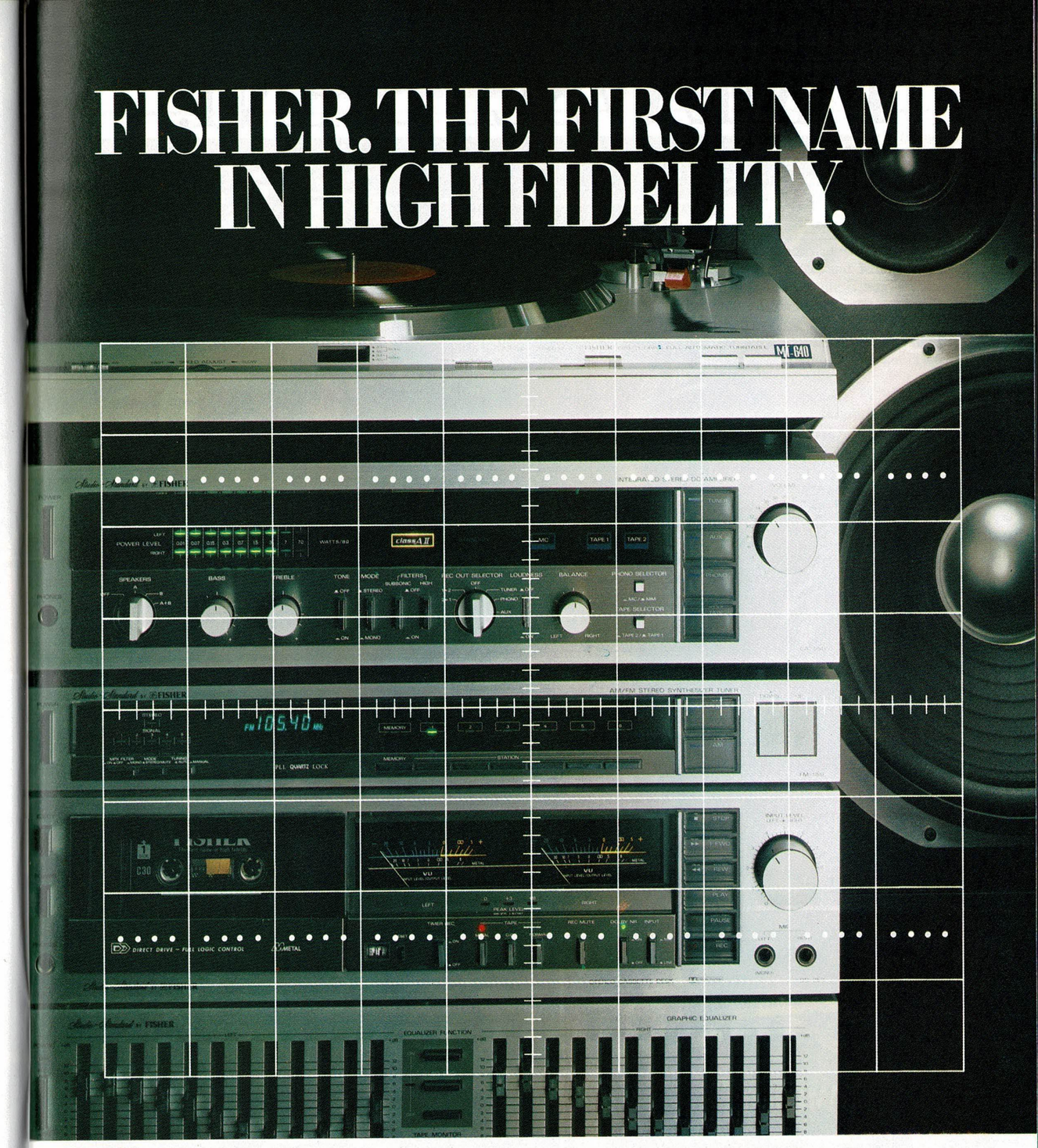

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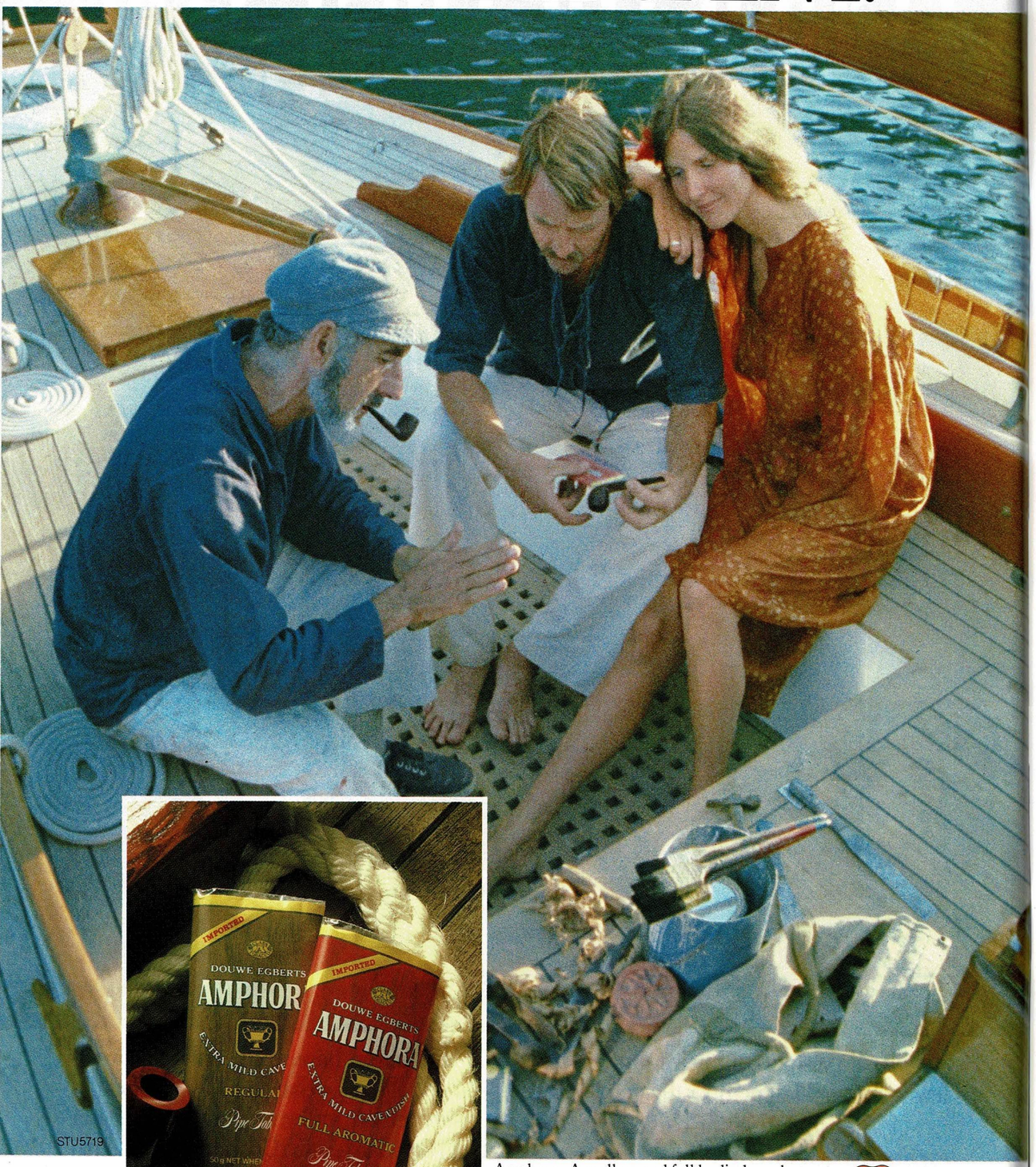


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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

*questions about today's lifestyles are answered by our experts*

Recently I have been investigating the possibility of travelling from Australia to Europe by road. While the problems of passing the more troublesome countries like Iran and Pakistan don't seem to be insurmountable (at least not according to some of the new "Overlander" books), there is a strange situation with Burma. One cannot enter Burma by car, nor import a car into the country, even for transit purposes. Burma never seems to be in the news, and is a country that has always appealed to me, appearing much better off than neighbouring Laos, Vietnam and Kampuchea. Can you give me any advice on how to get permission to drive through Burma, or suggest an alternative (other than the ship to Bangladesh or India), and can you explain why touring Burma by car is banned? Perhaps you can also tell me why that country seems to keep such a low profile in terms of world news? — W.H., NT.

*One of the reasons why we hear so little about Burma is that the Burmese prefer it that way. Having seen the dramatic effects that Western influences have had on other South-east Asian countries, they have chosen to have as little as possible to do with the outside world. They allow in only those influences they consider good for the country, and this involves, among other things, placing great restrictions upon the access of tourists to Burma. Until a few years ago, it was only possible to obtain a two-day tourist visa. Seven-day visas are now available, but these are very strictly enforced, and tourists must arrive and leave by air. We know of no means by which you could obtain special permission to travel through Burma by car, and this situation is unlikely to change in the forseeable future. Those alternatives that you have already investigated — shipping the car to either India or Bangladesh — are probably your only available choices at the moment.*

How can I get my girlfriend to stop dropping cigarette ash all over me when we're in bed? She's a heavy smoker, and though I know it's difficult to cut down, she could at least try a bit harder when we're between the sheets. Quite apart from the mess and discomfort, all that smoke blowing around dampens my ardor. What do you suggest? — B.P., Tas.

*If you haven't already done so, you could start by telling your girlfriend just how irritating you find her habit. Without seeming as if you are trying to force her to give up completely, point out to her that some sort of consideration on her part would help your relationship a great deal, and she should try and at least limit her consumption during your more intimate moments together. On the other hand, if there is any larger problem in your relationship, it could be that she smokes in bed due to her anxiety about it. If that is the case then you will have to look beyond the smoke haze for an answer, but there will be no improvement in the situation unless you make the effort to find out.*

*Smoking in bed can be more than a health hazard*

My girlfriend and I would like to have sex together but there is a slight problem. She hasn't had her periods for the past six months, and even before that they were fairly irregular. Her doctor says she is perfectly normal, and that the reason for her not having periods is that she is underweight. She is 18. Is it possible for us to have sex together, and are there any signs to go by? She doesn't want to get pregnant and I can't take the risk. If there is no way out and we can't have sex it would split us up, and neither of us wants that to happen. We have a beautiful relationship and don't want to lose it. What do you suggest? — M.F., SA.

*Your girlfriend's doctor is in the best position to give advice on this matter. You could suggest to her that she pay him another visit and find out exactly what the position is. The fact that she is not menstruating should mean that she is unlikely to get pregnant, but as her condition could easily change, it is not something to be relied upon. Her doctor may well recommend some form of contraception that does not interfere with ovulation, such as a diaphragm or IUD, but that decision will be up to him. The solution to this sort of individual medical problem is best sought in a doctor's surgery, rather than the pages of a magazine.*

I'm terribly concerned with the size of my nose. It's very large, and I think it is the reason that my sex life is non-existent. I have lost all confidence in my approach to women. They just seem to resent me, and I can't get anywhere with them. I've thought of having plastic surgery, and would like to know whether you think it could help me, and if it is very expensive. I do have health insurance. I'm also a bit worried about how my mates will react. I'm travelling round Australia at present, and thought I might get it done somewhere a long way from home, like Perth. — P.M., Vic.

*The fact that you are embarrassed not only by the shape of your nose but by the idea of other people knowing you are doing something about it, suggests that your real problem is one of overall self-confidence, rather than mere appearance. There is no guarantee that plastic surgery on your nose would increase your success with women, and you could be very disappointed if you pin all your hopes on that happening. It is your approach that must change, and for this to happen you will need to learn to like yourself a lot more, and realise that women need you just as much as you need them. Of course, if you are absolutely convinced that the appearance of your nose is repelling women, there are numerous plastic surgeons available in all cities. The operation isn't cheap, though some of the more comprehensive health care schemes will cover it. As for the reaction of your mates, no matter where you have the operation, sooner or later they are going to find out. If they can't come to terms with the change in your appearance without resorting to ridicule, you know what you can tell them to do.*

Last week I travelled on a Qantas flight from New Zealand to Sydney. I am a good-looking 27-year-old Australian lady, and was hoping that at least one gentleman would chat to me during the flight. However not one man smiled, said "hello", or even "excuse me" in passing. Was it because I had a six-month-old baby boy beside me? He was well behaved, and slept most of the time, so he wasn't getting in the way of anything. So what's wrong with all you Aussie and NZ guys? Where are your manners, and consideration for ladies travelling on their own? I find it hard to believe that a baby renders a woman uninteresting to speak to for a short while. — B.B., NZ.

*It sounds as if you found yourself travelling with an unusually silent group of passengers. Who you get to travel with is totally a question of luck, and on another flight you might well*

*have found several men happy to strike up a conversation. However it is undoubtedly also true that a woman travelling with a baby is much less likely to be approached by men. Some conversations are initiated purely as a spontaneous friendly gesture. Others, though, have an ulterior motive, the not unreasonable hope that the conversation will lead further, ultimately into bed. If there is a young baby on the scene, many men will assume that the woman is not available, and direct their attentions elsewhere.*

Can you tell me if it's true that at one stage of his career Elvis Presley sang in a group with Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis and Little Richard? A friend told me that he had heard a question about this on a quiz show recently, but wasn't sure of the exact details. — M.A., Tas.

*You're probably thinking of the group of performers contracted to the small "Sun" record company in Memphis, Tennessee, in the early Fifties. At one stage, the company's founder, the legendary Sam Phillips, had Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash, and the great rocker Carl Perkins (the man who wrote* Blue Suede Shoes*) all signed with his shoestring organisation.*

*They undoubtedly played together but never performed in public, nor released any records as a group.*

I have recently been requested to be the master of ceremonies at a wedding. It is my wish to do something different and memorable at speech time. This could range from having the guests sing, showing old slides, or having a surprise appearance by someone.

It cannot be too rude or crude due to the age of some of the guests and the venue at which it is being held. My aim in short is to make it a real fun night that is out of the ordinary. Could I please have your suggestions? — A.A., NSW.

*What is appropriate to one wedding party will not suit another, and the decision should be based entirely upon what sort of people you expect to be there. Your idea of having the guests sing, for example, is only likely to work if they are people who can easily be encouraged to participate, and who are not overly concerned with preserving their own dignity. Showing old slides could easily put everyone to sleep, unless they are something out of the ordinary, but then you run into the problem of having to keep them clean due to the presence of elderly relatives. Music or comedy are probably your safest bet, and there are plenty of professional entertainers around who are available for special functions. Try to keep the evening as light as possible, and break the entertainment up into short sequences, perhaps interspersing it between the inevitable speeches. Depending upon how much money you have to spend, and what sort of venue the function is being held in, you could also give some thought to providing unusual decorations, so that the guests find themselves in a bizarre environment.*

Do you think there is anything peculiar about my taste in women? The thing I look for first in a woman is her ankles, and if those aren't exactly the way I like them, nothing else about her can get me interested. I like ankles to be slender, tapering down to almost nothing, and find myself walking along looking at the ground, hoping to find a pair that I can get off on. People keep telling me that there is a lot more to a woman than her ankles, but for me, that's where everything has to start, and I'm curious to know whether many other men feel the same way. — A.N., NSW.

*A pair of well-turned female ankles can be a delightful sight, and has been a source of pleasure for countless men over the centuries. Of course, they are just part of the overall picture, but the eyes have to find an initial point to focus on, and the ankles are as good a place to start as anywhere else. Other men's eyes are drawn initially to breasts, bottom, or waistline, or even to knees and elbows.*

I have a girlfriend who is mad keen on outdoor sex. Somehow for her just being out in the wild is an enormous turn on, and she becomes uncontrollably passionate. That's fine by me, as it means our camping trips and walks through the bush are non-stop excitement. The only problem, though, is that she just doesn't seem to care about any of the discomforts that are part of making love in the bush. When she is in full flight, I doubt that she would even notice if a funnelweb was biting her somewhere intimate. I'm a bit more sensitive though, and don't really enjoy finishing up covered in scratches and insect bites. On the other hand I wouldn't want to do anything that would put our fantastic sex life at risk. Do you have any suggestions? —J.S., NSW.

*"People keep telling me that there is a lot more to a woman than her ankles, but for me, that's where everything has to start."*

*The answer, as any boy scout will tell you, is to be prepared. As you can apparently expect something passionate to happen every time the two of you come within sight of a tree, you should put together some sort of small survival kit, and try to keep it with you as much as possible. The most basic requirement would be a ground sheet, such as you would place beneath the floor of a tent. Spread this out any time the urges seem to be rising, and it should eliminate most of the cuts and abrasions you have suffered in the past. You could also take along a small pressure pack of insect repellent. It might be difficult to remember to spray the stuff on when you are in the middle of tearing each other's clothes off, but you could perhaps overcome this problem by using the pack as some sort of erotic aid. For those times when these precautions are not totally successful, you could also take along a tube of antiseptic cream, and take delight in rubbing it over each other's injuries.*

I have an Elvis Presley record called *Chartbusters Salute the Hits of Elvis Presley* (Volume 1.). It is recorded on the Astor label. What I would like to know is whether this is a pirate recording. The reason I ask is that I have a list of all Elvis records, and this one isn't on it. Also, to my knowledge, Elvis only recorded on Sun Records and RCA. I would greatly appreciate any information you could give me, as I have been curious about this for some time. — G.E., Qld.

*The record you ask about is not a pirate recording, but one of the numerous compilation albums from songs already released on other albums. Complicated licensing arrangements allow companies like Astor, and numerous others, to place their own label on recordings made earlier by other companies, and re-release them.*

A very big problem has come up in my life, and could get worse. I have been living with a guy for two years, and have two daughters by my first marriage, and another from the current relationship. For a while we broke up, and I started going out with a dark guy, until I found out that he was already living with a woman. I am now back with the guy I was living with before, and have found out that I am pregnant. I wasn't on the pill when I was going with the dark guy, and though the doctor thinks that the guy I'm living with now is probably the father, I'm not sure, and I'm terribly worried about how he will react if the baby turns out to be dark, and he knows it isn't his. I've told him about the situation, and he says he will try to accept the baby even if it isn't his, but can't promise anything. I am worried sick that it might be the other guy's baby, as it is due in the middle of June, and I left him at the end of September last year. What do you think I should do? — J.S., WA.

*As you already know the child's probable date of birth, and are able to pinpoint the date upon which you last saw the man in question, it should be easy enough for you to work out whether the two events fall within the usual nine months. The doctor you spoke to has probably already made this calculation, and it is likely that his prediction will be right. Even if it is not, there is no certainty that the child's complexion will be different enough for you to be able to say definitely that the other man was its father. You should take heart from the fact that the man you live with has been willing to discuss what has happened, rather than making an angry scene. It sounds as if he is already partially on your side, and there is a good chance that by the time the baby arrives he will have completely accepted the situation.*



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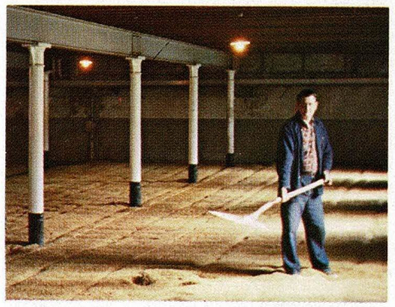
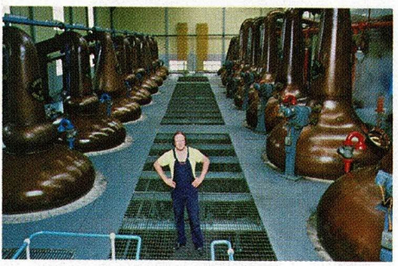


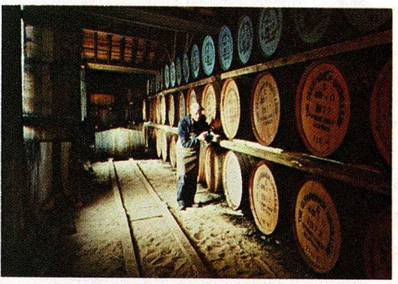
The barley is laid out to malt – and turned by men using wooden shovels or "shiels". After germination, it is dried over burning peat, a natural process which lends to Malt its distinctive aroma.

And Glenfiddich, made the traditional way, is perhaps the finest single Malt that the Highlands have to offer. It may cost a little more. But it is authentic. It is Glenfiddich – the Pure Malt Whisky.

When you drink Scotch today, you're probably enjoying a blend of thirty to forty different Scotch Whiskies. Yet for many centuries before the art of blending was developed, the Scots drank only Malt Whisky – the "Water of Life", first mentioned in the Scottish Exchequer Rolls of 1494.



Distinctive hand-beaten copper pots used for distilling. This adds to the unique character of Malt.



To develop the full flavour, the young spirit is matured in hand-made oak casks – yet another traditional skill.

Such a Scotch is Glenfiddich Pure Malt Whisky. Its pure taste comes from the fact that it is 100% Pure Malt. And from the fact that it is still made the traditional Highland way, under the care and supervision of the fourth generation of the Grant family. Right now, people are rediscovering a taste for Scotch Whisky as it used to be.

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The Glenfiddich Distillery beside the pure "burn" water of the "Robbie Dubh". Glenfiddich is the only Highland Malt to be distilled, matured and bottled at the same distillery.

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW XAVIER HERBERT

*a candid conversation with the 81-year-old outspoken author of the classic works, capricornia and poor fellow my country*

*Number 399 Kamerunga Road, Redlynch, is a modest, unpretentious house, no different from its neighbors. It is built in low-set, Queensland cottage style, practical, with no fancy trimmings. It is neatly kept with lawns, fruit trees and flowering shrubs. You would take it to be a typical working class home — and that is exactly what it is, except that here at the base of the Kuranda Range, just outside Cairns, resides Xavier Herbert, the grandfather of Australian literature, and angry critic of the established order.*

*The living-room is suburban-ordinary, not what you would expect in the domicile of an extraordinary man. A few bookshelves, not overloaded. A color television. A few works of art. No clues that herein lives the most controversial of Australian writers, one who attracts fierce loyalty or bitter dislike.*

*H.G. Wells spoke of him: "Here is a master writer." He is admired and respected around the world for his ability to portray the Australian character with clarity and insight. Yet there are others who consider him overrated, and a ratbag to boot. He is not bothered either way. Praise and criticism are interesting, but have no lasting effect.*

*Francis Xavier Herbert, the renowned author of* Capricornia *and* Poor Fellow My Country, *is 81 years old. He looks a good 10 years younger, and shows few signs of his advanced age. His stocky frame is upright and well-muscled, due to a lifetime of disciplined exercise. He neither drinks nor smokes, but admits to being a "booze artist" in his youth.*

*Herbert does not suffer fools gladly. He is blunt, and speaks his mind in any company. He says he is not too welcome, nor comfortable, in the presence of the literati, or upper echelons of society. He sees himself as belonging in the realm of the working class. He is a fierce champion of the underdog, and deplores the inequalities of our social structure. He insists, with a touch of irony, that he is really just an ordinary person "who writes when he has nothing better to do". This from a man who can write a million words for one book, as he did in the unedited version of* Capricornia. *He says of himself: "I'm a frustrated fitter. I enjoy using tools and working with my hands." Working with tools is only one of the many things he can do. He is a qualified pharmacist, a one-time pilot, pearl diver, drover, soldier, and skilled bushman.*

*Always a bushman at heart, camping out, in the Gulf Country, or Cape York Peninsula, is where he is most at ease. It is in these surroundings that he does much of his thinking and writing, and where his many characters live and die in his stories. So much of his life has been associated with the Australian outback that he considers it his first home.*

*His knowledge of Aboriginal folklore is comprehensive and strengthened by a determined loyalty towards these people. He believes them to be the true owners of Australia, now deprived of their homelands, living as fringe-dwellers and second class citizens to the white invaders. In his eyes, they have the perfect right to force the removal of the usurpers from their rightful land, and to use any means to achieve this end. He shares with them the love of the land, but decries their treatment at the hands of his own race.*

Poor Fellow My Country *is the lament of the Aboriginal removed from his tribal land, but it is also the cry of Herbert for his "poor destructed country".*

*Apart from* Capricornia *and* Poor Fellow My Country, *he has published the novels* Seven Emus, *and* Soldier's Women; *plus a book of short stories,* Larger Than Life; *an autobiography entitled* Disturbing Element; *and* Dream Road, *which is a chapter taken from* Poor Fellow My Country, *and illustrated by the artist, Ray Crooke.*

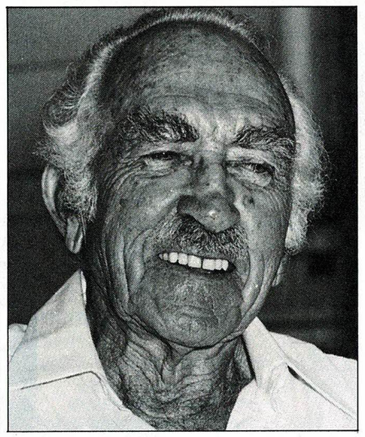
*Xavier Herbert is notorious for his readiness to provoke his fellow man. An avid anti-royalist, Bible detractor, and politico-prodder, he invokes howls of rage in response to his public statements. For some strange reason, Queensland has an extremely large quota of Herbert-haters. His occasional letter or comment in the daily press is invariably followed by a surge of incensed feedback.*

*Showing no signs of slowing down his output, Herbert continues writing, following a rigid work schedule which excludes all but the most pressing interruptions. He is an intense worker, and has no time or patience for irrelevant pleasantries or chit-chat, and will readily resort to plain rudeness if he deems it necessary to preserve his privacy. His dedication to writing is total, it demands his entire physical and mental being, and he accepts the challenge and solitude without question. It is this energetic drive-force which made him the author of the 900,000 word* Poor Fellow My Country, *instead of a corner pharmacist dispensing pills and potions to neurotic housewives — a fate he views with horror.*

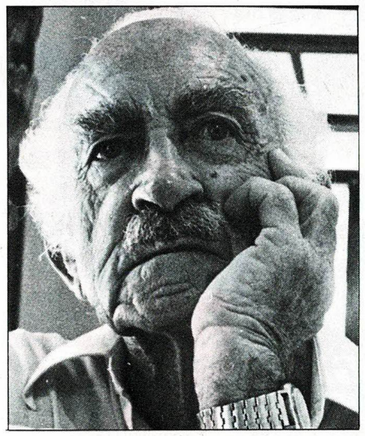
*Herbert writes of his beloved Australia as no other writer does. His are monumental stories, staggering in their breadth of scope and feeling.*

*Xavier Herbert does not much admire the*

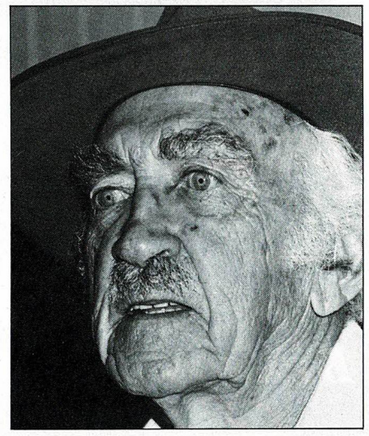
PHOTOS BY DAVID MARSHALL



*"I think it's true to say I pioneered the interest of blacks in literature. . . other than that they were just cursed."*



*"I am ashamed of the monstrous bastards I belong to. I would much rather belong to one of these downtrodden peoples."*



*"I was really a lair. Once upon a time. I'd done all sorts of things. . . and I just saw myself as a smart guy."*

# At Menton I made a big splash with my Benson and Hedges Extra Mild

Filming a Para-Glider sequence above Monte Carlo, the tow-rope parted sooner than I'd gambled on.

With things a bit up in the air, I made for a landing at neighbouring Menton. I hit the water just short of the beach.

"Taking the waters, George?"

"Just thought I'd drop in and share my Benson and Hedges Extra Mild."

"Glad to see you're splashing out," she smiled, pocketing my pack.

BENSON and HEDGES
Extra Mild

Excellence...in an extra mild cigarette

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*Australians of today. He considers them, with few exceptions, to be plunderers and betrayers of his land, selling out the life and blood of his great country and its people. In his face is the experience of 81 years of life. He has lived almost the whole of this century. He is not glad for Australia.*

*The dust-jacket notes to the massive* Poor Fellow My Country, *describe the book as "his full and final statement", and, "it is a stunning conclusion to a rich lifetime's thought and writing". Judging by his present working capacity, Herbert will frame those quotes, and hang them on the wall. It's not hard to see him writing in 10 or 15 years.*

*Forthright frankness is a Herbert trademark. He is scathing in his attack on the established ceremonies of flag waving and drum beating, yet he is the most patriotic of Australians. His great dream is of an Australian Republic free of imperial trappings, planning and enacting its own destiny. His vision of an independent Australia lights the fire in his eyes. A noble country, peopled by noble inhabitants.*

*Writer* ***Robert Reid*** *visited Herbert at Redlynch for this exclusive* PLAYBOY *interview on the eve of the author's departure on yet another trek to the Northern Territory — Capricornia. Reid filed these impressions: "He seems out of place, and out of time, sitting in a chair, as though his existence only really begins when he loads up the four-wheel drive and heads away from the cities and towns, and the selfish materialists who populate them. He has a fundamental respect for the earth and its creatures, none at all for the misusers and despoilers.*

*"It is easy to imagine Francis Xavier Herbert packing up and leaving his town cottage forever, and heading out to his hideaway in the wilderness, there to contemplate and reflect on the idiocies of man.*

*"Our interview was casual and relaxed. He spoke of his life with humor and ease.*

*"At the end of our conversation, he apologised for not being very good at interviews, and suggested that I was being too serious, because he was 'not such an important person after all'.*

*"In his presence, however, one is aware of that special quality, that unknown, which sets apart those who create, from those who merely copy, advise, emulate or follow-on."*

**PLAYBOY:** What are some of your writing habits, the methods you use?

**HERBERT:** Well, one difficulty is if I've been typing and discover the carbon paper laying arse about. A terrible thing. I'm talking about typing in earnest, writing a story.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you write longhand first?

**HERBERT:** Yes.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you find you can invent as well by talking to a machine, rather than writing it down?

**HERBERT:** Yes, you can get it out of your mind just like talking to someone. My method of writing has been this: I used to be idle in the afternoon for a couple of hours, and I would just work with my hands, work which I like — I've always called myself a frustrated fitter — and there would be a build-up of the writing urge.

If I was away in the bush I'd go for long walks. . . running first, then walking. I'd usually go to wild places and just wander around, and I would be thinking to myself about the parts of the book I had recorded. I had a system of little cards in plastic sleeves to protect them from sweaty hands, and I would make notes, mouthfuls, mindfuls of ideas.

Then I'd go to bed about 7.30, and get up about 1.30 in the morning, and I would start work. I would work through until breakfast time. I always had a good breakfast, and I'd go to sleep for awhile, and then I would get up and go on with the work until about somewhere around noon, 12.30 or 1.30, usually about 12 hours. I wouldn't be working all that time, but work would be close at hand.

**PLAYBOY:** It would be on your mind though, of course.

**HERBERT:** Well, I mean I would be sitting

*I was the Aborigines' advocate in the lower court when they'd get into trouble, because in those days they couldn't plead for themselves.*

down, writing it by hand, and I'd be sitting down so much that I had to get out and exercise quite violently, use all the muscles in my body. I'd go for a run, and run very long distances, to 12 miles, but usually from two to five, depending on how I felt. I'd be in a sort of a trance. I wouldn't know exactly how far I ran, but I would keep running until this stuff would start to pour out of me, and I had visions. . . a crazy sort of thing. . . just a pair of shorts and gym boots and hat, and it gets so hot you just run and sweat. I used to try to keep up a seven-minute mile if I could. It's gradually going down on me now, but I endeavor to get as close to seven minutes as possible. Then when I had finished running, I used to just drop down in the bush, exhausted, but within five minutes I would be on to those cards writing the stuff down, the highlights of what I had thought during the running.

**PLAYBOY:** With a massive work like *Poor Fellow My Country,* would you lose the thread of the story during writing? Do you have to re-read regularly?

**HERBERT:** Well, I have to keep my eye on it. In the case of *Poor Fellow My Country,* I *started* at chapter five. I did not know how to. . . I had my people working, and when I tried writing the beginning, I just couldn't do it. The best thing to do is to have a whole mob of people in operation, get them going and then. . . well, once you've mastered it, you can work out what is going to happen in the beginning. After writing about a third, I went back and wrote the beginning, you see, but there were, I think, 24 or 25 chapters in that book. Because of the amount of themes, it's done in chapters and sections. Sometimes those sections would have to be swapped over. . . you go five chapters back or ahead, and if it didn't belong here, you'd see as you went on that it would be better there, you see, and the whole thing was done in this way.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you acquire your comprehensive knowledge of things Aboriginal?

**HERBERT:** Well, I was Protector of Aboriginals at one time, in the Northern Territory. I lived very close to them in that respect. I knew all those things. I used to be their advocate in the lower court when they'd get into trouble because in those days they couldn't plead for themselves. They were not allowed to, and they didn't know what was going on anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** They would be totally mystified, with the whole procedure, wouldn't they?

**HERBERT:** Yes. I think their understanding was that the white man was just a torturer, that's all, and everything the white man did meant pain, just the way Jews would feel about the Nazis, that whatever you did wouldn't get you anywhere at all. I read a story just recently about a man who had a lot to do with them, and had a great deal of sympathy for them. And some particular black boy that he was associated with closely, brought a woman to the place with his blessing, because his other wife had gone. So he had a new young wife. And this black man had, under the tutelage of his master, learned to regulate his drinking. I think they had been boozing, but the rule at the homestead was they would have a few drinks each day, which had to be put away for this purpose. This is not the Aboriginal way, of course, and the girl, knowing there was a quart of rum there, wanted to go on, which is the black man's natural way. While that stuff is coming from heaven you pick it up and get on with it. . . don't put off until tomorrow what you can drink today. Anyway, the usual thing happened when Aboriginal people start boozing too much, they were quarrelling and really rowing, and so this man came out with a rifle, a .303, and blasted it over their tent, you see, and said "the next one goes through the bloody tent". The point is that the association between that man, and that Aboriginal man, was very, very close — as close as you would find between the white man and the black man. But then it stopped dead.

And that's what the black men do. As I've often said, you only have to say "boy" and you'll stop everything. It's a monstrous thing. They are people who have been so brutalised.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you acquire your sense of justice and support for black Australians?

**HERBERT:** I grew up amongst black people, and from a very early age I developed the feeling that I have for them, which is that they are Aboriginal people, and have an entirely different way of thinking and looking at things, just as anybody with any deep tradition, like say the Jews or the old-style Moslems. Only more so because of the fact that they have been separated from the rest of the world for such a vast length of time. As far as intelligence goes, I don't see any difference in the mentality, if that is the word, between black men or white men, there are smart ones and stupid ones just the same. There is always a tendency, however, to chuck up things and go back to the bush.

I think it's due to the richness of their lives. I think they look at what the white man does, all of them being so conditioned to the simplicity of things. They've got a simplistic way of living which to conventional whites is utter squalor, but it's not squalor to them, it's simplicity. . . their way. Those people are used to living in houses, for example, but they can do without houses if they have to. They could live under a tree, but they're used to our way now.

**PLAYBOY:** They are weakened, though, to some extent, by white man's food. It must lower their resistance to hard, outdoor living.

**HERBERT:** Oh, they've got a hell of a lot of resilience, to live the way they do. Trees — they've got to have trees to sit around, it's part of their need. But white people around here, they cut down any trees at all.

**PLAYBOY:** One common urban situation regarding black and white is this: what do you do if you get black neighbors who continually hold noisy booze parties? No matter your tolerance or humanism, you're up against a very basic problem there. You can't blame anybody at all for saying, "Either they go, or I go", can you?

**HERBERT:** The white person should go, shouldn't he?

I always say this, and I've said it to the police, as far as I am concerned the black man can do no wrong.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a splendid viewpoint.

**HERBERT:** It's the only way to live with it.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about Charles Perkins' comments on the possibility of racial violence disrupting the Commonwealth Games?

**HERBERT:** Well, you see, Charlie is not really representing them, they are representing themselves. Of course, Charlie is part white, you know.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that mean his thinking is white-oriented?

**HERBERT:** He's a cross-bred black man, you see, and the cross-breed's militancy is a very different thing from the black man's docility, a very different thing. Joe McGinniss (Aboriginal elder and member of the National Committee of Discrimination in Employment and Opportunity) was very angry about it (Perkins' speech). He was afraid. Now I saw Joe and he said Perkins doesn't understand that Joh (Bjelke-Petersen) and Hinze could make it very bad for the blacks. They are after a consorting law, and if they get it — they can classify militant blacks and stop them speaking.

**PLAYBOY:** There would be a massive hue and cry if that happened.

**HERBERT:** Those people only laugh when anybody raises a voice. I mean people like Joh and Hinze. But the average working man in Queensland is anti-black, you see, and only Queenslanders can vote Joh out.

**PLAYBOY:** It's no secret what kind of a State Queensland is, regarding repressive laws and racism.

**HERBERT:** Even Dick Roughsey (the artist) was taken and beaten up by the police.

**PLAYBOY:** Where and when did this happen?

**HERBERT:** A couple of years ago.

**PLAYBOY:** In Cairns?

**HERBERT:** Mm. He was drunk at the time, and they just picked him up. The point is that he was an important person, and they were going to put him down, deliberately.

*They've got a simplistic way of living which to conventional whites is utter squalor, but it's not squalor to them, it's simplicity.*

**PLAYBOY:** Did the police know who he was?

**HERBERT:** Yes. They beat him up, and locked him up.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the official charge?

**HERBERT:** Drunk and disorderly, but they lost the case. There was an appeal, but it was chucked out. It was nothing. He was under the influence of liquor, but he was doing no harm at all. They were after him, you see. They thought he was a smart nigger, or something like that. That's the way they do it.

**PLAYBOY:** What is your personal opinion regarding black militancy at the Brisbane Commonwealth Games?

**HERBERT:** It's a wonderful opportunity to confront Joh. If they can stop the Commonwealth Games it will be a wonderful thing. The point is, will they do it. . . will the blacks do it?

**PLAYBOY:** I think the worst part of the whole thing is we're getting black people with white minds. We might possibly preserve the Aboriginal race if we find the guts to do it, but what of the people themselves, what are they going to be?

**HERBERT:** They've never given up. That's why the white people hate them, because they have *never* given up.

**PLAYBOY:** It's a strange thing that the worker, fighting all the time for better conditions, shuns the black person, who is also fighting for those things. It's like they've got a line; they will support certain minorities, but the line stops at the Aboriginal and his problems. Do you think this is from a sense of ignorance, or fear?

**HERBERT:** From a white person's point of view, the Aboriginal still lives in the Dreamtime. The black man still knows everything belongs to him, he never works for the white man, or very few of them do. They refuse to accept the white man's way of life, and that is why they are hated. That's why they say: "The black bastards, they can't work, can't do anything, they're useless." The whites want them to work the way they do, and the black man won't, so he is hated for it.

**PLAYBOY:** In *Poor Fellow My Country,* the central character, Jeremy De Lacy, laments the failure of Australians to produce a genuine mixed society when they had the chance. Could it still happen in Australia?

**HERBERT:** There are too many white people and too few blacks. If it all started in the early days, say at the time of Port Jackson, when there were half a million blacks and a thousand whites, or something like it, and if it started then, if they were going to cross with the blacks from the very beginning, then they would have naturally mixed, with the blacks always dominant. They would have had a lot of children who would have found it easier to live, as the white man has, and you would have had a situation similar to South America, or anywhere else where the true Creole people belong.

**PLAYBOY:** We would probably be a happier, freer race of people.

**HERBERT:** I think so. I reckon it would have been a contribution to the world. I would have liked to have seen something like it.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you recall, offhand, a black man from the early days who particularly impressed you?

**HERBERT:** Well, there was a wonderful man in Western Australia called Pinjarra. There have been other people, all forgotten. . . put down and forgotten, although they are beginning to name them again now. For instance, there is a special park called Nimelak in Darwin. Nimelak was a complete rebel, so they grabbed him, threw him in jail, but he broke out and fought with them. It went on until they killed him.

**PLAYBOY:** People compare the Aboriginal with other conquered races. The Maori and North American Indian, for example, who both resisted the white invasion violently, so there is a tendency to consider the Aboriginal as lacking in courage.

**HERBERT:** Firearms had a lot to do with it. The French and other people supplied the Indians with firearms, and taught them how to use these things, this was a factor.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying the Aboriginal resistance was as formidable as, say, the Maori wars?

**HERBERT:** The Aboriginals had fierce battles everywhere. Look, you travel around the country and you'll see signposts in creeks and gullies. Battle Creek. . . Battle Creek everywhere, and Mount Treachery, for example, where the blacks fought for the land every few kilometres. But the whites were so efficient at killing that they, the blacks, couldn't stand it and had to run away. A few of them would sneak back, and that required great courage. There's some terrific tales told of those days. We are talking about the days of violence, when the black man tried to hold his ground with a spear. He couldn't do it, of course.

**PLAYBOY:** Daisy Bates, in her book, *The Passing Of The Aborigines,* relates a few of these instances.

**HERBERT:** Yes, they're everywhere. Massacre Bay. . . Look, truly, there is list upon list of the massacres of blacks in this country, and we massacred them because they refused to accept the white man. They didn't take it calmly, with any degree of docility. It's a bloody frightful history; they are no more defeated than the red man in America is.

**PLAYBOY:** I was interested to learn the origin of the word "boong" from your book, *Poor Fellow My Country.* It's a word used with great regularity in Queensland, especially by workers; but if they knew what it meant, I doubt if it would be so popular. It means "brother", doesn't it?

**HERBERT:** Yes. The Malay divers in the early days worked the waters of Northern Australia on luggers and so forth, and they didn't have a word for the black Australian, so they used the word "boong". Yes, it means brother.

**PLAYBOY:** A fine word, then, ruined by contempt.

**HERBERT:** The Malays didn't treat the blacks like the white man did, with contempt, they wouldn't say "boy", for example, but used the term brother. To the white race, all blacks are the same, all to be put down. I was with some Japanese one time on Melville Island, at a place called Snake Bay. It was the spring tide when they couldn't dive — enormous 28-foot tides, spring tides. They'd have to anchor the boats say a mile offshore, otherwise the boats careen in the water. This time we were coming in and the blacks started to come out, a lot of them, in canoes. The Japanese visits meant a great deal to them. Suddenly the canoes rushing out stopped, you see. They stopped and just hung around, and I said to the captain, what's the matter with them? And he said: "They see *you.*" Now, there was very little difference between me and the Japanese, because I had lived long periods of time in the sun, I had close-cropped hair, and I was wearing underclothes the Japanese divers used — sort of like a track suit, you know the things they wrestle in. . .

**PLAYBOY:** What were you doing, were you diving?

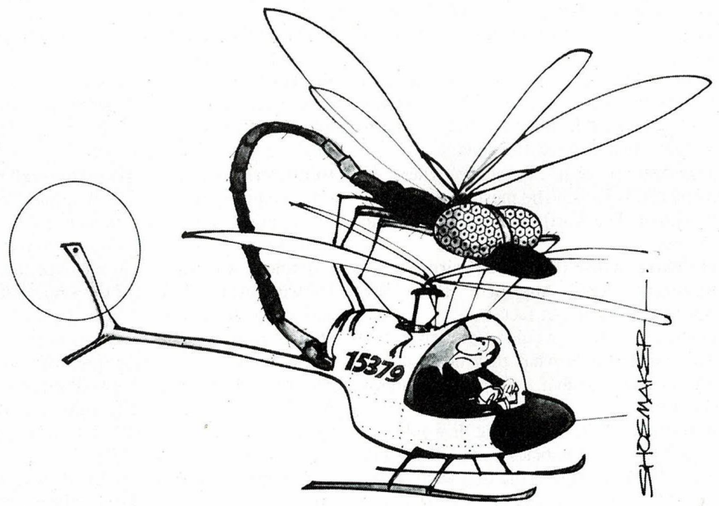
**HERBERT:** I was what they called a bosun. A white man was supposed to be in charge, you see. Well, wearing those things, I was just as tanned as any Japanese on board, and, as I say, I had close-cropped black hair, and because I was living their way, out on the water, I was quite dark. There are photos of me in the archives in Brisbane which show me with the Japanese, and it's pretty hard to tell. I said, "Oh, they can't tell the difference," meaning they couldn't pick me out from the Japanese, and he said, "They see your eye". My blue eyes, you see.

The point is that they knew there was a white man on board, and they stopped dead. They stopped, even though all the great things they enjoyed once a month or so when the Japanese came, the feasting on different food and grog and everything else — this bacchanal of theirs with the girls playing up, of course; it was all ruined by my presence. . . the bloody white man again. Talking to the captain about it later on — he was a very intelligent man — he said then that the white man was like a devil. To everybody who was not white, the white man was a devil. Everybody of a different color saw it like that, including the Japanese, and it was a terrible thing to have said to you. The thing that has changed it all, in these modern times, has been education.

**PLAYBOY:** In your autobiography, *Disturbing Element,* there didn't appear to be any clue from your early years that you would develop such a strong moral stand towards black Australians. Your parents didn't have any particular feeling for these people, did they?

**HERBERT:** No. Where we grew up the blacks had to be put down by the white man, in order for him to get in there, for the gold, the prospecting. Of course they murdered the blacks, just murdered them. They went into the desert, and the blacks were of no use to them (whites) — the blacks stood up against them, fought them — so they were killed, most of them, the others were sent to the coast. I remember, as a little boy. . . I had an uncle who was supposed to have been killed by them, but everybody knew someone, some white people who had been killed by them.

You see, the fact was that they were taken as animals, that's how you saw them in those days. But to me they were never animals. They were savages. One used to see them come out of the sandhills as they did, and they used to wear headbands, and their hair would be sticking up, and they would be painted, and they always carried spears. They were naked, they were weird people, and they were dangerous, too. We were frightened of them and used to run when we



saw them. We would hear their voices sometimes, when they were talking to one another, out there, and we were very frightened of their voices. The voices would get shrill, and they would call out and laugh at you, particularly the women. We were very frightened of them and would take off. I had a respectable fear for them, but I didn't despise them.

I think it's true to say I pioneered the interest of blacks in literature. . . other than that they were just cursed. "Black is the scourge to the cattleman" as they used to say. In 1937, a woman wrote a romance called Coonandoo, in a magazine, *The Bulletin,* it was. Katherine Suzanna Pritchard was the writer. It was rather a stilted sort of thing, about a poor black girl, Coonandoo, and a white man, and the black man hanging around, that sort of thing. Quite untrue to life, really, but in those days stories like that were everywhere. It set me off ranting, to write about them as they really were.

Things were said and written at that time, things like "the Australian Aborigine could excite no higher feeling than pitiful amusement or comical contempt", and that was written by a man named Cecil Mann, who is a leader in Australian letters, and a literary critic. And right on top of this, I read a thing about blacks being the scourge of the cattlemen in the North. They said the blacks would kill a beast, eat its tongue, and leave the rest of the carcase to rot. Now that is patently absurd, because anybody who knows anything about it will tell you it takes a week to cook a tongue. You have to have a kerosene can full of water to do it, for a start, and the blacks are people who grill things. You just can't grill a tongue. . . the utter absurdity of it. . . these are meat-eating people. If they kill an animal, they go right for the real stuff. They killed a lot of the white man's cattle of course, but it's idiotic to talk about taking the tongue. . .

**PLAYBOY:** In your experience, where, in Australia, is racism the most evident?

**HERBERT:** The North-West, the North, the Centre.

**PLAYBOY:** Worse than here (Cairns)?

**HERBERT:** Yes. Anywhere there are Aboriginal people, in fact.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you give the Aboriginal people what they need, if you had the power to do it. . . how would you go about it?

**HERBERT:** Well, first thing I would do would be to ask the blacks who live around here what piece of land did they want. They would be able to select their own part of the hillside, say, instead of being given a place they don't want, that nobody else wants. They could pick out a nice piece of land, alongside Freshwater Creek, or wherever they wanted. The best piece of land. Or I would say: "Where do you want to camp. . . how big do you want it?" And then, when I'd done that, I would tax all the people who live around here a certain amount of rent money, which would be a very small sum of money compared with what they were earning, or what was taken in other taxation.

All these other people around here who are making millions with all this very rich sugar cane country, they would have to pay. . . all of us — everybody! It would be Aboriginal rent tax. Now, that is the only thing you could do about it, to put it right. Where the country is not in use, has not yet been used, they have an inviolable right to it. If they wanted to lease it to white people, that would be their business. It has nothing to do whatsoever with the government. We would be paying rent for the use of this land. That's the thing I would do. And also to let them live as they liked. I'm sure the black people would accept this.

**PLAYBOY:** Any positive movement for the black Australian has to start with the land, doesn't it? You can't give them anything without the land first, as a basic security. They couldn't use it as in the old days, though, for hunting and so on.

**HERBERT:** That can't be done, no. But whether they want to, I don't know. Living by hunting is very hard, anyway. You have to live on the land to know how bloody hard it is. They couldn't do it.

*You've no idea how hard it is to get a feed . . . to get a feed in this wilderness of ours, you've got to keep working all the time.*

**PLAYBOY:** Most Aboriginals are urbanised now. Even country black people are really urban. And like you said, it's a hard road catching your tucker each day.

**HERBERT:** Humanity is progressing all the time, including the Aboriginal people. They just want to progress at their own rate. Or at least, what we call progress. I'll give you an example. I was working in a compound in Darwin towards the end of my tenure there and we had to build a new compound at last, after so many years. There were about 500 blacks there. They were dispersed, told to get the hell out of it. I was Protector of Aborigines at the time. The compound was a notorious place. . . the word itself belongs to the slave days.

The attitude towards the blacks was you can't trust them, so you lock them up at night, that sort of thing. There was a large group of people, from broken-up tribes, living around Darwin, and not too far out were good hunting grounds, a lot of game about, we used to go out there hunting ourselves, over the years. So I made this suggestion: what about getting away, don't go into the new compound, go back into your country, you see.

And they wanted that. . . always talking about going back to their country. Walkabouts, as they said. Just go away for about a fortnight and come back. Anyway, I sent these people away, and everything had settled down, when they all turned up again. I asked them what was the matter. They all growled about this and that. . . me hungry, and so on. The thing was, they were all getting on in years, and they went out there to face it, face their country again, whereas what they were doing before was just a walkabout, with their tucker worked out and everything, after which they would come back to work for the white man, you see.

But this was the ordered life, and when they went out there on their own, they just couldn't do it. You've no idea how hard it is to get a feed. . . to get a feed in this wilderness of ours, you've got to keep working all the time.

**PLAYBOY:** According to Daisy Bates in *The Passing Of The Aborigines,* the black people moved in a particular pattern to conserve the natural food supply. They only ate what they needed for the day, and even though there would be some food left, they moved on to the next part of the pattern where there also was food. Do you think that's true?

**HERBERT:** Oh, probably. As I know it, as soon as they go to a new place they have a certain area to move around, but when the hunting became hard they would just move on. Then there were the ducks and pigs and geese which fed at the billabongs and lagoons, but these creatures would become shrewd and leave, you see. After they knew that nobody was around, they would come back again, just a natural cycle.

But the blacks didn't work it out that way, there was no plan, no rationale, but certain of them were responsible for "singing" the hunting season. If the magic wasn't done, then they would reckon something had gone wrong, either in what they were doing, or, as was often the case, their next-door neighbors were "singing" them. For instance, if they had a storm, they never believed it was natural. A storm was always caused by "somebody". Somebody's up to something over there, they would think, you see, something that was causing them discomfort.

**PLAYBOY:** Their whole life was governed by magic then, by the totem.

**HERBERT:** Yes, but it is a sort of logic. Just as people will say the Lord will provide. Christian people, of whom there are still some about, would say that such and such is the will of the Lord, or something like that, but they do live by it. Even Joh (Bjelke-Petersen) would, probably. Joh says praise for everything he wants. He's such a megalomaniac, he thinks God has got his eye on him. "Truly", he says. . . I've heard him say it, haven't you? "I pray". But maybe he's just pleading. No sense of humor, of course.

**PLAYBOY:** I'd like to ask you about your notorious Royal Wedding comments in the press. You certainly stirred up a lot of feedback, especially from the diehard royalists.

**HERBERT:** The ABC's *PM* program rang me about three o'clock in the afternoon and asked would I comment on the Royal Wedding. I said yes, I'd be glad to, but given time. They were in a hurry, but I said I'm very busy and can't drop what I'm doing, more or less a take it or leave it statement. Now if you don't do that, they'll catch you with your pants down, and you end up just shooting your mouth off. The best thing to do, is to make a draft of what you are going to say, so you stay out of trouble. What these people do, they "take you live", as they say. They ask for your comments, you see, and you say yes, and away she goes. . . and they say we'll give you some voice level, or something like that, and away it goes again, and before you know it you've got something else on your mind.

So I said I can't do it, I'm busy, give me an hour, during which time I made a little draft of it. This is quite a common thing, actually, but they took the damn thing and, of course, edited it.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think your public comments stir up so many emotions, especially around the North here? So many people jump on the anti-Herbert wagon, it's like a minor conspiracy. It's very amusing, of course, if you see it that way, but there seems to be a larger than usual response to your statements, almost a conservative backlash.

**HERBERT:** It's the expression. I know the words to use. In this instance I started off by saying the English are past masters of pageantry, you see, and giving them a reason for it, saying what pageantry was a part of human existence, and what a dull world it would be without it. But then I dropped this one in — that *all* official pageantry has an ulterior motive. You see, you say that, and instantly, those who like to be taken in, are affronted. Well, then you go on nicely for a little bit, and say what a beautiful thing it was, what a lovely thing the whole business was, but that one could not help feeling cynical.

**PLAYBOY:** One outraged citizen wrote a letter to the local paper — after your comments were published — with a fervent hope that you would not be with us when a royal birth occurs.

**HERBERT:** In spite of what I said on the radio, those things I mentioned, I also said they seemed to be a nice couple, and were so much in love with one another, that it is to be hoped that the next event will be a royal baby, but that it is to be hoped that they wait a while to enjoy themselves first, before they get involved with the prison of having babies.

I mean royal babies are not like ordinary babies. I said that, but they left it out, you see, they left out all the nice things I said. Even so, wherever I can drop the acid. . .

**PLAYBOY:** Are you an anti-royalist though?

**HERBERT:** Yes. Definitely.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you see them as a group of people doing no harm except spending millions of dollars?

**HERBERT:** No. The first thing is that it's medieval to have what you would call a blood-royal, and I use that expression because it, too, is medieval. It means that there are some people who, because they are born of a certain stock — it doesn't matter if they are half-witted or anything else — they belong to the blood-royal, and that's the bloody end of it. Now as far as I'm concerned, that is medieval, and I could not have a bar of it. It has affronted me all my life.

When I was a little boy, and had to listen to the things about Edward and Alexandria, and all the things, rumors and so on, that got about. Nonsense, a lot of it. For instance, Edward was supposed to be a drunken lecher, that was a story at the time. He was supposed to have cut his wife's throat, so she used to wear a black velvet band around her neck to hide the scar. She was the one who invented the neckband.

**PLAYBOY:** There's a story about a royal party that crossed the Nullarbor by train in Daisy Bates' time, when she was camped on the Nullarbor in a tent. She, of course, was an avid royalist, and this was a big event in

*(continued on page 129)*

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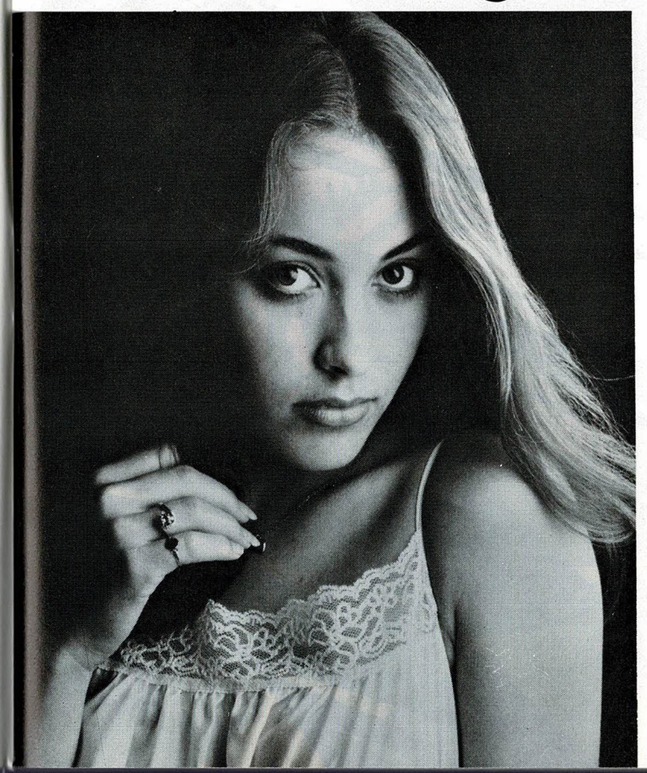

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PRE 6353

# THE MISSING LINK GAMES

*for our angry blacks, brisbane's commonwealth games is shaping up as the big event*

ON LEVEL 14 of a plush Brisbane office building, a king-sized Torres Strait Islander is rehearsing his intimidation of the police commissioner. Like any black who's been around, Steve Mam knows that most white men bluff easily. All it takes is a fixed white pointer smile accompanied by the soft, icy tones of Rod Steiger in *In The Heat Of The Night*. Big Steve leans on his desk and does it right.

"Mr Commissioner, if you don't tell your pigs to move off, I'll tell the rest of the blacks to jump on you!" It sounds so convincing — so *right* — that Mam springs out of his chair and dances all around the office. His big white teeth burst apart and out comes a force-10 hilarity storm that rattles the furniture and drowns out the

*article by frank robson*

DAVIS/FARRELL

muzak two floors below. Here in the office of the Queensland chairman of the National Aboriginal Conference, a Federally-funded black organisation, plans are well advanced for the XII Commonwealth Games. The event activist Charlie Perkins has threatened to stop. The Friendly Games. The games that will bring thousands of blacks together for singing, traditional dancing and being locked up. The games with more security than Ronald Reagan, the Pope and the Royal Family. The Paranoid Games. The Russ and Joh Games. Australia's Wounded Knee Games. The $100 Million Games. . . The Missing Link Games.

The Missing Link Games will begin in Brisbane on September 30. For two weeks from then, if Steve Mam and other black leaders are correct, between five and 10 thousand righteous blacks are going to tell the international media that 200 years after white settlement they are still being treated like the Missing Link.

The brothers (and sisters) are going to talk about land rights, self-determination, recognition for them as the original inhabitants of this country, racism, genocide, VD, alcoholism, murder, poverty, cultural suicide and despair. Those not familiar with public speaking will dance and sing about the same subjects. There will be slick urban blacks, wide-eyed outback blacks, timid blacks, furious blacks, derelict blacks, Christian blacks and political blacks.

For the first time, they will be all together. Even now, in pubs and offices and on Aboriginal reserves across the land, the blacks are talking and laying plans for their most important gathering — their *only* gathering — since it all began.

And of course all of them know that Joh Bjelke-Petersen and Queensland Police Minister Russ Hinze, two men for whom Abraham Lincoln died in vain, are not going to let them protest. Joh and Russ, supported by an immense body of public opinion in Queensland and elsewhere, are determined that the Friendly Games will stay that way. . . no matter how many heads get busted. The blacks say, half-heartedly in some cases, there will be no violence, just protests. The police say there will be no protests, and Russ Hinze has given them the Commonwealth Games Bill — under which breathing could become an offence — to make sure there won't.

Throw in Charlie Perkins' comments about the Games going ahead over Joh's dead (political) body and the pole-axing of two black American athletes at the Alcoa series in Melbourne by Aboriginal activists, and the scene for Bloody Confrontation is complete. Not just complete, but a veritable work of art. Had Ronald Reagan, Richard Nixon, Idi Amin and Fidel Castro organised every detail, the potential for disaster couldn't be greater.

The black protest, it is hoped, will so embarrass and humiliate Malcolm Fraser, sensitive friend of Third World countries, that he will be obliged to somehow make Bjelke-Petersen and certain other State leaders "give" Aborigines and islanders freehold title to a fraction of the land taken from them before it was generally agreed they were not the Missing Link, merely different.

Presumably this will happen after Fraser starts getting angry phone calls from his Third World pals who have suddenly become aware how badly blacks are being treated in the Great Statesman's own Lucky Country.

Reaction to the impending confrontation has been intense and predictable. After the Alcoa incident, newspaper editorial writers went purple in their swivel chairs. Between the lines of their outraged Stern Warnings to black troublemakers, one could sense a real desire for reprisal. . . it was not difficult to picture a vast mob of middle-aged, beer-bellied hacks galloping on horseback to teach the nig-nogs a lesson.

Interfere with sport will they? Upset sport with their damned unpleasant complicated problems! Well, (this phrase was

*Had Ronald Reagan, Richard Nixon, Idi Amin and Fidel Castro organised every detail, the potential for disaster couldn't be greater.*

used 16 times in daily newspaper editorials) it's just not on!

But it *is* on. It's been on for a couple of centuries and it will be on long after the Games are forgotten. The editorialists and other sport junkies constantly miss the point: running, jumping, hitting balls and swimming quickly may seem more important than just about everything in the cosmos, but not to everyone. Steve Mam, for example, believes land rights to be of more significance than gold medals. Mam is not a radical activist, despite what you recall him saying to the police commissioner earlier in this account. Fact is, the police commissioner wasn't even in Mam's office. I was in his office pretending to be the police commissioner. What began as a serious interview became black comedy, a spontaneous bit of theatre, with Chairman Mam playing Chairman Mam and me playing both Police Commissioner Terry Lewis and Russ Hinze.

Mam's islander assistant, Bill Lowah, played too. It was a ton of fun — the idea being that Hinze and the commissioner played the straight guys in a debate about Games protests, while Mam and Lowah put their case with devilish wit and considerable skill in the international black technique of mau-mauing — the art of scaring white men by playing on their inherent fear of the noble (but damned unpredictable) savage.

But if we are on the verge of another Wounded Knee, why is the democratically-elected Queensland chairman of the NAC playing games with a reporter in an air-conditioned office 150 metres above Brisbane? If his people are so badly off, why is Mr Mam fart-arsing about imitating Rob Steiger? The answer is partly that Mam has a terrific sense of humor, but — even after many years in the field — too sunny a nature for politics. He and his lads have been the underdogs so long that laughing in the teeth of a crisis (like old Hawkeye when the *M*A*S*H* choppers bring more wounded) is second nature.

But there's another reason. Steve Mam, Bill Lowah, Charlie Perkins and other activists are *enjoying* themselves. After years of piddling around with tent embassies and preaching to the converted at boring gatherings of counterculture trendies, the Big One has finally arrived. No page 35 treatment for this issue, this is headline material!

Their exuberance is obvious in these excerpts from our game in Mam's office. Mam has just explained to me (as Russ Hinze) that the black organising committee will obtain an area of land as HQ — there they will talk to foreign media and perform their traditional songs and dances of protest. Mam asks for a written assurance that my police will not enter the black area for any reason without permission from him or the organising committee.

Hinze: "There is no way my government will agree to an area of land being used as sanctuary by black terrorists."

Mam: "But there are channels you could go through. If you refuse, then let the blood spilled be on your conscience."

Later. . . Mam is about to escort me on to the black area in search of trouble makers. He addresses the crowd.

Mam: "The Police Minister is here today because a few of our boys have been down to the Commonwealth Games and broken a few fences and knocked a few white fellas around. We can't defend that type of thing, that is the law my brothers and sisters. Those of you who know the whereabouts of the law breakers, tell us please. . .

"Mr Hinze, don't turn your back on your police, because I've known them to also break the law. Please sir, come with me. Bring the police force with you. I advise that the 9999th police car be left outside to watch for other trouble. . ." (Long break for wild laughter.)

The law breakers have still not confessed. Chairman Mam attempts to appease the police minister with a tip-off.

Mam: "Sir, there's a coupla little glue sniffers down at the Games, having the thrill of their lives. It's an international scene for them also — they probably just like to sniff glue internationally!" (Bill Lowah laughs so hard he has to support himself on Mam's desk. The chairman is staggering around the office clutching his sides. Russ Hinze watches them sternly.)

Mam: "Hoooooee! That's the way I talk to ole Russ Hinze. Yeah! And if Hinze was really here, I would say, 'Mr Minister, you look outta breath, would you like me to get the resuscitator?' " (Gales of mirth. Hinze's eyes narrow, but he says nothing.)

Lowah: "Good ole Russ Hinze, Minister for Everything, a big man for a big job!"

Mam: (discussing police harassing blacks within the black protest area) "All these blacks keep comin' up and telling me, 'Uncle Steve, Uncle Steve, these police, they keep jumping on us.' So now I'm talking to the police commissioner. Please police, hey! that's good. Please police, I'm a fair dinkum fella, and I will say it once and then twice more, like this: if you don't tell those pigs to move off, I'll tell the rest of the blacks to jump on YOU!"

This is the best line yet. Mam delivers it superbly, wrapped in ice, his eyes burning holes in the commissioner's. The instant the last word is out he jumps from his chair and lurches about choking and gurgling like a big black epileptic bear.

So Big Steve and Bill Lowah are enjoying themselves. As Torres Strait Islanders, whose blood is as much Polynesian as anything else, they are of a race in which laughter, sensuality and pleasure combine with nature to form life. And God.

But it would be dangerous to give the impression that they are gleefully anticipating violence at the Games. Steve Mam, known among other things for starting a black dance theatre in the Torres Strait, supports a peaceful protest which he hopes will help the black struggle for land rights. His jokes and Rod Steiger impersonations seem mainly a spontaneous expression of excitement. . . I read somewhere that soldiers about to enter battle sometimes behave in the same way.

Mam thinks Charlie Perkins, one-time leader of the Freedom Riders and now head of the Federal Aboriginal Development Commission, was somewhat brash with his comments about stopping the Games. He thinks Perkins did a reverse Russ Hinze, but understands the tendency towards overkill.

The National Aboriginal Conference is but one of numerous black organisations that will be organising Games protests. They're all hard at it now, arranging transport for blacks, devising strategy, discussing protective clothing for the brothers, designing protest banners, rehearsing speeches. And as they come and go from their various meeting places and offices, the blacks are being watched, naturally, by police and internal security personnel. Almost certainly, some of their conversations are being bugged. Down at Brisbane police HQ, the files on black activists are growing. The police too are gearing up.

Apart from getting the feel of their new long-barrelled Smith and Wesson .38s (a shipload arrived the other day from the US), the cops, junior and senior, must bone up on what they can and can't do to protesters under the Commonwealth Games Bill, the legislation introduced into Queensland Parliament by Russ Hinze last September. Its preamble says it is "to facilitate the holding of the XII Commonwealth Games and to provide for the orderly conduct of persons and for the security of persons and property during the Games."

The Bill will give private security men powers of arrest, enable senior police to declare "situations of emergency", give them the power of detention without arrest and compel people to supply police with names and addresses on demand. Police will have the right to confiscate "prohibited things" — such as placards and political pamphlets — being displayed or distributed in "restricted zones" (such zones to be declared by the government: ie, police dept.) not necessarily only in Games venues or areas.

Despite early police intelligence that demonstrations by Aboriginal activists will be insignificant, Hinze says the extra

*As they come and go from their meeting places and offices, the blacks are being watched, naturally, by police and security personnel.*

security is necessary to prevent the possibility of a Munich-style massacre. Given circumstances to date, Hinze could be right. . . at least about the potential for disaster. But claustrophobic security won't solve the real problem. Nor will it enable Steve Mam and other black leaders to watch constantly over thousands of protesters, any one of whom could buy a ticket, enter the Games and commit terrorism independently of organised peaceful demonstrations.

What makes the looming confrontation so dangerous is that, broadly speaking, there are only two attitudes toward black demands for justice in Australia: that of blacks and sympathetic whites, and that of hostile whites who think Aborigines are the Missing Link. The latter whites have not changed their thinking since colonisation. Although they sometimes claim to support a better deal for blacks, the Missing Link group are easily identifiable — in any serious discussion of the issue, they either make black jokes or question why "we" should "give" land to the blacks instead of selling it to them.

The argument that it is a matter of restoring a tiny percentage of the land taken from the blacks by force, seems to make their brains hurt. "That's apartheid!" they say. Anyway, get these two factions together (police and demonstrators) with emotions inflamed by months of hype and posturing, all of them excited by the alleged *importance* of the Games, and a peaceful outcome is about as likely as snow at Surfers.

That's before considering the activities of fascist-type white groups and sport freaks —remember the fury of NZ rugby spectators during the recent Springbok tour protests? — who might be tempted to join the fray. Few of them could put it as succinctly, so a quote from Hal Porter's latest collection of stories, *The Clairvoyant Goat*, adequately covers the sentiments of white Australians who simply don't like Aborigines.

Describing the black inhabitants of a Queensland coastal town: "They have been gulled by rabble rousers into believing that their existence is an immeasurable addition to the nation's quality; and misuse the largesse illogically bestowed by a society they would clearly not sorrow to see exterminated."

The misuse concerns booze and leaves Aborigines "struck insensible in the midst of a ritual without reason" — a familiar scene in any Australian city. At Brisbane's Musgrave Park in the ethnic melting pot of West End, the "ritual without reason" rarely ceases. But, far from wanting to see white society exterminated, the blacks of Musgrave Park — unlike almost everyone else — show no interest in protesting about their life of cheap sherry and welfare cheques. They sit in groups of up to 50 around the park that was once a sacred bora ring site, and should a reporter ask them if they plan to demonstrate at the Games, they laugh. "Go and see that old fella over there," a young man says, pointing. "He's our fella about politics, ask him."

But it's a set-up. The old man is so drunk and sick that when he opens his mouth, only a long tormented groan comes out across rotten teeth. For the rest of the group, it's the biggest giggle of the morning. Demonstrate at the Games! You crazy? On the other side of the park, a black woman in her thirties is angered by the very notion.

"Why those agitator fellas want to bother doing that?" she says. "They should worry about getting food and housing for the people in this park. . ."

As she leaves (in a taxi) the woman calls out something which could have come direct from the thoughts of Joh. "Those agitators, they getting ideas above themselves, they getting too big for their boots!"

Ideas above themselves. . . in the old days — the days when Aborigines were killed off in large numbers by white settlers who seeded their flour with arsenic —blacks who "knew their place" were called Jacky boys. "They are still called that," says Bob Weatherall, 30, the solidly-built director of the Foundation for Aboriginal and Islander Research Action, in his dingy George Street office.

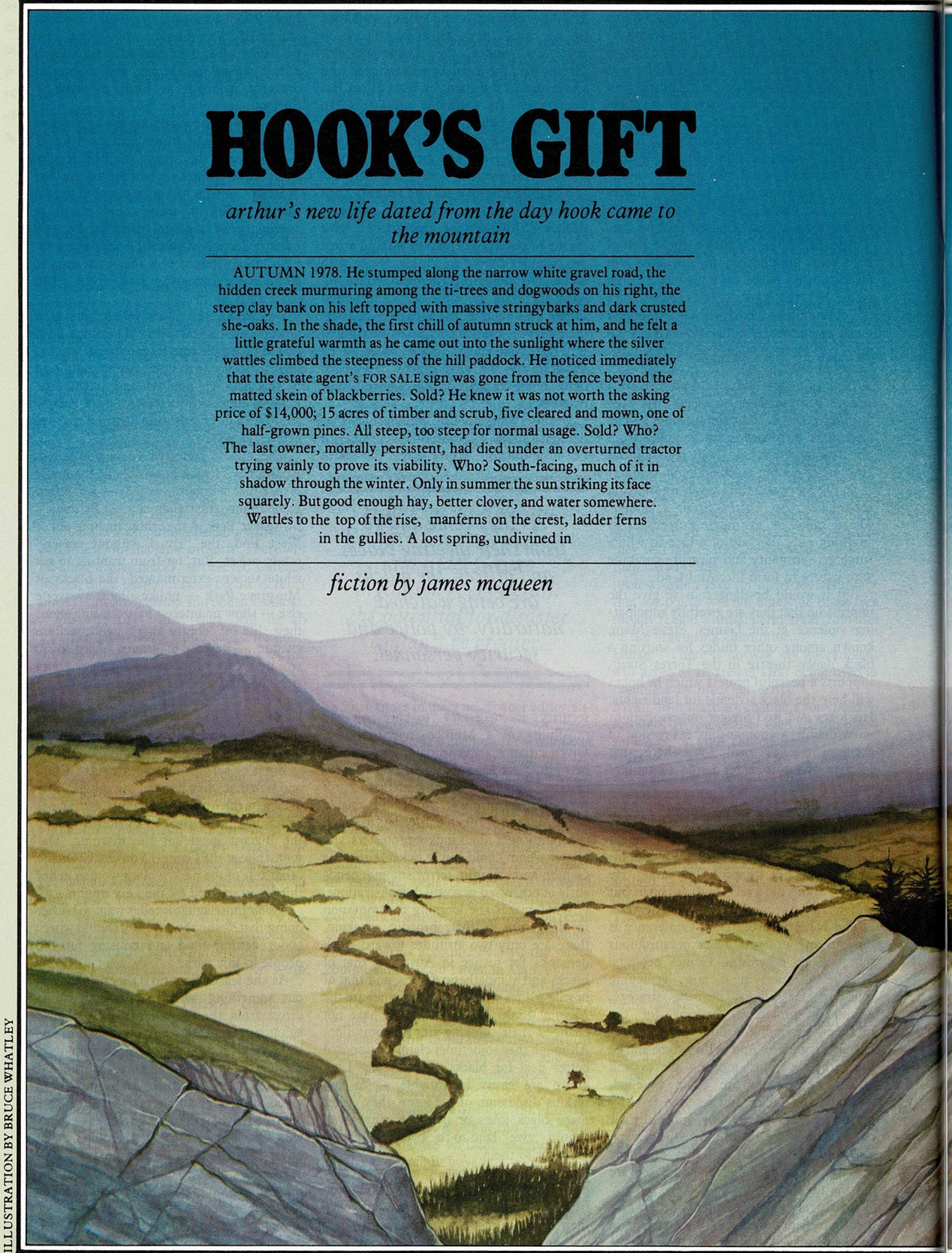
*(continued on page 109)*

# HOOK'S GIFT

*arthur's new life dated from the day hook came to the mountain*

AUTUMN 1978. He stumped along the narrow white gravel road, the hidden creek murmuring among the ti-trees and dogwoods on his right, the steep clay bank on his left topped with massive stringybarks and dark crusted she-oaks. In the shade, the first chill of autumn struck at him, and he felt a little grateful warmth as he came out into the sunlight where the silver wattles climbed the steepness of the hill paddock. He noticed immediately that the estate agent's FOR SALE sign was gone from the fence beyond the matted skein of blackberries. Sold? He knew it was not worth the asking price of $14,000; 15 acres of timber and scrub, five cleared and mown, one of half-grown pines. All steep, too steep for normal usage. Sold? Who? The last owner, mortally persistent, had died under an overturned tractor trying vainly to prove its viability. Who? South-facing, much of it in shadow through the winter. Only in summer the sun striking its face squarely. But good enough hay, better clover, and water somewhere. Wattles to the top of the rise, manferns on the crest, ladder ferns in the gullies. A lost spring, undivined in

*fiction by james mcqueen*



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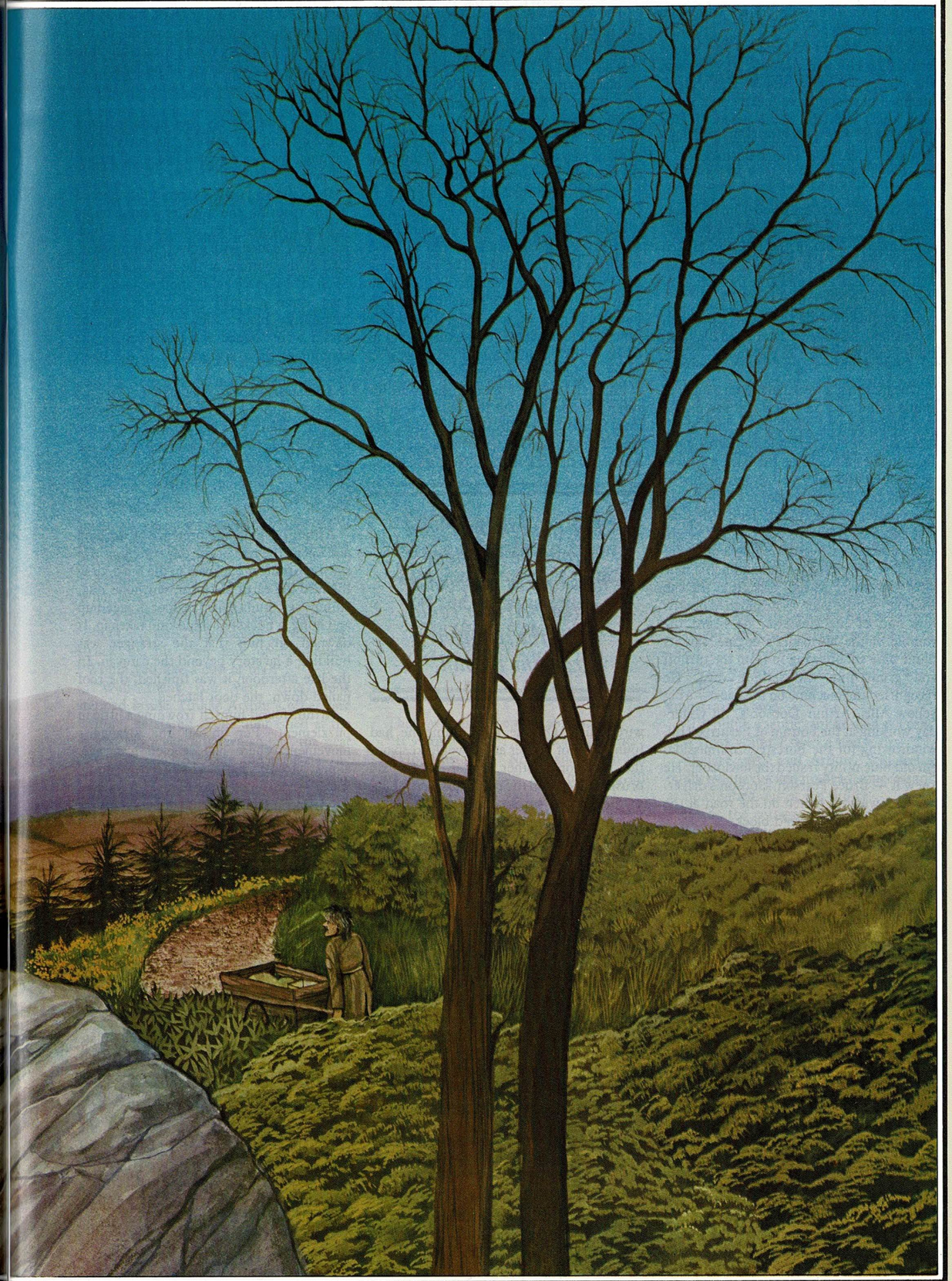


generations. The gully filled with rich topsoil. But steep. . .

A view. Mount Victoria to the south-west, Blue Hill to the south-east, Myola in the valley. Rolling slopes and ridges, stamped here and there (nearer and nearer each year) with the dense green of pine plantations, but receding into grey-blue distances that held the cloudshadows. A view, yes. But who?

●

That night, fetching wood from his stack, pausing to piss, he looked northward, watching the loom of the hill, the broken outline against the frosty night. Still, lightless, silent. Not pines, he thought, they won't plant more pines, surely. . .

He would know soon enough, he thought, as he knew — sooner or later — all the small things that happened in the valley.

●

One morning a week later, after a night of gentle wind and soft dew, he sat on his verandah, leaning back in the old green armchair, sipping his mid-morning mug. Beyond the railway line the back road was defined by the high hedgerows of blackberries, the grey punctuations of lichened fence posts, the edge of the creek's thickets. The red milk truck with its cargo of bright cans rumbled eastward, trailing a plume of pale dust. He raised a hand and half a mile away the driver waved back from the cab window. A little later, as he pinched out the tiny end of his cigarette, he heard the rumble of the lowloader's engine, saw its blunt blue snout swing in from the turnoff and grind into the settling dust. He recognised the machine on the back — a big yellow Allis, Arthur Dobson's, till yesterday working at the bottom of Ferntree Hill, windrowing for the Forestry Commission. An old blue utility trailed the lowloader. He knew it — Bruce Pearson, Dobson's driver.

The lowloader halted on the road at the bottom of the newly sold block.

Abandoning his small routines, Arthur stooped under the drooping wire of his fence, walked to the railway line, struggled up the steep bank and crossed the bright rails, squelched across the low-lying paddocks, picked his way over the creek. He climbed over a rough stile and stood on the road's dusty edge looking at the hill.

It was then that he saw Hook for the first time, standing by the dozer. A man, he thought, of 50 or so, dressed in clean old jeans, a plaid wool shirt, new work boots. His hair was thick, steel-grey, curling a little round his ears; his face weathered the color of old oiled wood. He was thin and lightly boned, but his frame seemed strung with tough sinews, like a knotted spar that might not lightly be split. He held himself very straight, his head tilted back a little as he talked, and he made small economical motions with his hands to Dobson and the driver. They all turned to look at the hill, and it was then that Arthur saw the white-capped pegs — painted wooden stakes driven into the slope.

The dozer coughed and chugged into life, its 12-foot blade lifted, and it began to gouge a track up the steep bank. Arthur saw that a section of the fence had been cleared of blackberries, the wire strained back to new posts. When had it been done? He should surely have noticed. . .

As the big tractor began to gouge up great kerfs of rich dark brown earth, Arthur saw the stranger start up the hill ahead of it. And it was then that he became aware for the first time that there might be something distinctive and special about the man. For it seemed to him almost as if the hill had suddenly been flattened and he was walking on level ground. He went up the slope at an easy walk, with a kind of grace that lay in no individual part of his body, but was a function of the whole. He seemed never to make — to be incapable of making — a clumsy or an uncertain movement.

Puzzled, Arthur retreated slowly to his verandah. He watched the hill for a little, then forced himself to the day's tasks. He climbed the rough ladder to his sagging roof and began to work on the ancient iron with a

*The sunlight had gone from the hill slope now and in the pool of shadow Arthur could see the stranger ranging the hill.*

wire brush. On the town dump he had found a tin of primer and it would keep out the rain for another winter or so. He brushed deep into the rust spots, scrubbing at the pocked surface until bright metal caught the autumn sunlight. Moving the ladder a foot or two at a time, he brushed, brushed, his back to the hill.

But the roar of the dozer filled the valley and he could not ignore it. He looked over his shoulder occasionally and caught glimpses of the hill. By midday a road had been cut up the steep slope; by mid-afternoon a deep dam excavated in the gully near the top fence; by evening a track pushed into the bush to the west, a flat platform levelled between the two roads. At five o'clock, the dozer fell suddenly silent and a little later the driver left. The sunlight had gone from the hill slope now and in the pool of shadow Arthur could see the stranger ranging the hill, stopping here and there to look southward where the light still lay on the hills.

When he looked again the stranger was gone.

The next morning at kettle boil, the dozer coughed into life again. Arthur looked out into a chill morning, grey and drizzling. The yellow machine was crawling slowly up the new track, pulling a bright aluminium caravan. At the top of the track, high on the hill, the dozer swung its tow on to the newly-cut platform, edged it carefully into place, and lurched down the hill again. An hour later, the lowloader came and took it away.

Arthur climbed his roof again in frank curiosity and sat astride the rusty ridge capping, his legs clamped like small strong calipers.

He could see, now, a green utility parked by the roadside, the stranger leaning on its bonnet. While he watched, a truck appeared, loaded with gravel. It dumped its load at the bottom of the track, departed. Soon it was back with another load, and then came a small red tractor with a diminutive blade. Slowly the heaps of gravel were shaped and smoothed to the contour of the track, graded to the steep slope.

The stranger was moving now. Arthur watched with a kind of detached envy the smooth economy of his movements on the hill. He made two trips from the road to the caravan site carrying tools — pick, shovel, chainsaw. Later he carried sheets of galvanised iron up the slope beside the track.

Arthur gave up any pretence of working and spent the rest of the day watching. He saw the stranger cut spars in the bush, drag them to the earth platform; saw holes dug, stumps set, studs nailed, a door dragged up and hung, a bucket of some kind taken in. It dawned on him that the stranger was building a lavatory beyond the caravan. In the late afternoon it was finished, the roof nailed down, the door latched.

Arthur found himself frowning a little in puzzlement. For in all the stranger's movements there had seemed a savage, almost a frantic, haste; a haste that sat oddly with the controlled grace of his movements. To Arthur it seemed a kind of perversity, as if a fine machine were running ungoverned and beyond safe limits.

He shrugged and went inside to his fire, to a meal of bread and jam, tea. He had neglected his cooking. Late at night, urinating sleepily by the woodheap, Arthur saw on the hill the dim yellow shapes of the caravan windows. And behind their small panes he fancied that he saw a shadow moving; passing and repassing, slow, restless, sleepless.

●

Early porridge eaten, pot and plate scraped, teapot filled and brewing, Arthur heard the soft tread on the crumbling brick path. At the light rap he left the fireplace and opened the warped door.

The stranger stood quite still on the verandah, looming against the backdrop of the blackberry hedge, the ti-trees, the misty streamers of fog by the creek bed. Arthur, squinting a little against the light, looked up at the man's face. It seemed to be composed of slightly mismatched planes, beaten into a kind of unity by time and random blows. The thin straight nose carried a small knot of scar tissue at the bridge. A slightly grey stubble flecked the long chin.



Arthur stood wordless in deep surprise; the stranger was clearly older than he had thought, older even than Arthur. The distant sight of the long slight body moving so easily on the steepness of the hill had suggested no more than a vigorous maturity. Arthur's eyes went to the lean frame under the checked shirt and old denims.

"Mr Blackberry?" The voice was soft, a little high-pitched, with odd rising inflections. To Arthur it seemed a voice held carefully in check, its energies suppressed, restricted to curbed subtleties.

"Mr Blackberry?"

Arthur blinked at the prefix. "Oh, well," he said at last, "Artie. . . yes, that's me. . . Artie Blackberry."

"I asked at the Post Office yesterday," said the stranger. "They told me that you sometimes did odd jobs. . ."

"Ah. . . sometimes. It depends."

"My name's Hook," said the stranger. "Lachlan Hook. I'm living across the valley." He turned his head briefly to glance at the hill behind him where sunlight was beginning to creep up the slope. "I've got a small job, small but regular. I'd like you to see it, have a look, see if you'd do it. At your convenience, of course."

Arthur hesitated. "Well. . . I could look. What is it?"

"I'd rather you *saw* it," said Hook.

"Oh. . . well." Suddenly Arthur was struck by his own lack of hospitality. "Would you like a cup of tea?"

"Well, thank you, yes." And Hook stepped inside. Unlike Arthur's other rare visitors, he stared about unabashed at the sparse and makeshift furnishings, the neat row of unmatched mugs, the meatsafe, the chipped sink, the sooty fireplace, the threadbare rugs, the shelves of tattered books.

"You're pretty comfortable here," he said.

Arthur, flushed and confused, poured tea, reached nervously for sugar and milk.

Hook shook his head. "Black, please, no sugar."

They drank their tea standing by the fire in silence. Hook tossed the dregs of his cup into the fireplace, went to the sink and rinsed his cup carefully. "Could you come now," he said, "get it settled?"

Arthur nodded, choking a little on the last of his tea. He was suddenly glad that he had made his bed; he knew that, for some reason which he could not understand, he would have felt ashamed and embarrassed had Hook seen the tousle of his blankets.

"Good," said Hook. "I've got the ute parked up the lane."

Hook drove the utility up the steep track, the vehicle sliding a little in the fresh gravel. He swung the wheel gently, fed a little throttle, and parked beside the bright new caravan.

"This is where I'll build my house," said Hook as they got out. Arthur noticed that the caravan was set hard against the rear wall of the cut and that there was space left on the earth shelf to accommodate a small house.

"Cold in winter," said Arthur. "The sun hits it late."

"Worth it," said Hook, looking out across the 50 miles of hills and valleys to the south. "That view. . ." He paused a little, almost as if embarrassed. "Come on," he said, "I'll show you the job."

He led the way towards the small lavatory and pushed upon the door to show the wooden seat, the galvanised pan beneath, the bucket of sawdust, and paper roll on a loop of twine. Then he stood silent, a little awkwardly.

Arthur realised, with a tiny shock, that for all his assurance Hook was ill at ease.

"What I need," said Hook, a certain flatness in his voice and his eyes as suddenly chill as grey creek rocks on a winter morning, "is someone to empty the can once a week. I'll dig the hole. I just need someone to bury it, cover it."

*On the way back to his cottage he watched Hook's hard long-fingered hands on the steering wheel, saw the callouses, the old scars of rough use.*

There was an uncomfortable pause.

"It's not a thing I like to ask anyone," said Hook distantly. "No one should have to bury another man's shit. But I'm asking, all the same."

Arthur smiled a little, suddenly almost composed. He looked up at the other man's taut face a foot above his own. "Shit's shit," he said. "Your own, or someone else's, all the same." He stepped into the tiny building, raised the seat lid, noted the even layer of sawdust that covered the small pile of faeces. "I've been emptying cans since I could carry them."

"Five dollars a time," said Hood tightly. "For the job. Another five for the bloody *indignity!*"

Arthur was shocked at Hook's vehemence, the unmistakeable flavor of self-loathing in his voice.

"There's no indignity," he said. "Washing dishes, gutting rabbits, emptying shitcans. . . it's all got to be done, hasn't it?" He paused. "Just the five a week, that'll do." And with abrupt and comic grandiloquence: "Think nothing of it."

And suddenly they were both laughing, their voices echoing across the hill.

Hook touched him lightly on the shoulder. "Deal, then." He was smiling. "And *thank* you, Mr Blackberry."

"No one calls me *that*," said Arthur. "Artie, that's what everyone calls me."

"Arthur?"

"Yes, Artie."

"*Arthur.* Artie's no name for a man. Arthur, then, if you like. My name's Lachlan."

Arthur felt a small wave of shock run through him. It was less at the obvious impropriety of calling Hook by his first name than at the sudden transformation of his own. No one, in all his life, had called him Arthur or said, 'Artie. . . it's no name for a man.' For a small and magic moment it seemed to him that he stood as tall as Hook, that his thick stumps of legs had stretched themselves and raised him to some sort of equality. He felt notably confused.

On the way back to his cottage he watched Hook's hard long-fingered hands on the steering wheel, saw the callouses, the old scars of rough use. "If you don't mind me asking," he said a little timidly, "you don't look like the kind of man who'd. . . well, you look if you've worked with your hands, seen a few rough times. . ."

"Yes?"

"Well, I'd have thought you'd emptied a few cans in your time. . ."

Hook changed gears, swung off the road into the laneway. The sun blazed at them through the windscreen, a momentary glorious blindness. "I don't mind digging the holes," said Hook. "But once I crawled into a Japanese shit-pit and had to lie there all night. It took *weeks* to get rid of the smell. . . everything I tasted, touched. . . Jesus, for weeks. . . and ever since then. . ."

"Oh," said Arthur, filled with an embarrassed awe.

"I'll put in a septic tank as soon as I can," said Hook. "But I need a house first."

"I dare say," said Arthur. Still feeling oddly tall, he ducked his head unnecessarily as he climbed out of the utility.

Inside the cottage, alone once more, he decided to boil the kettle again. Certain new dimensions had been added to the day, and he needed a little time to consider them.

●

The rubbish dump lay four miles from Myola, halfway between the valley and the town, on a narrow side road screened by a belt of trees. It crept out, week by week, with the persistent pressure of a glacier, into a deep gully. Once a week the Council sent a dozer to push the accumulation of rubbish over the lip of the plateau, and at irregular intervals a convoy of trucks would dump soil filling to be spread and scraped flat.

On a grey morning of wind and low scud, Arthur stood beside his wheelbarrow at the edge of the dump's small cliff. Below at the bottom of the ravine lay old car bodies, washing machines, empty drums, cans, bottles, unidentifiable twisted machinery; all half-buried, overlapped, interlocked. The burnt crust along the edge of the drop made a kind of boundary between the warped and deliquescent wreckage of past years and the smelly discards of the

previous week; a week of the town's history, told in garbage.

Arthur picked a clean carton from a heap, shook loose the woodwool packing, and began, like a slow and methodical basset hound, to search the piles of spilled and spoiled detritus.

Skirting the stinking carcase of a sheep, he found the week's dumpings from the electrical store; kicked away the old invoices, the ephemeral pamphlets, the white slabs of polyurethane. Rummaging, he discovered an old electrical switchboard, seven brass light switches, a clump of twisted copper wire. He put it all in the carton and moved on.

Slowly the carton filled: a hardly-spoiled pineapple, a pack of grapes only slightly bruised, a cluster of plastic flower pots; in a split garbage bag, two pairs of women's slacks, a child's sweater, old lengths of cloth. When the carton was full, he took it to his barrow, set it by the worn handles, found another carton, went back to work.

Cars, trucks, utilities came and went. None of the drivers paid any attention to Arthur. Occasionally a dumper would wander idly among the piles, picking. But the silent scavenging figure of Arthur seemed to discourage them, his purposeful search a kind of reprimand to their random hunt.

He was sorting the last carton of the morning, drizzle beginning to fur his thick eyebrows and dew his jacket, when the baker's van swung into the dump, reversed, rocked to a halt. The young driver gave Arthur a single contemptuous glance, sprang out, opened the rear door of the van and began to heave out piles of stale loaves still in their bright plastic wraps, empty flour sacks, mounds of dirty dough, greasy shortening drums. Arthur watched, standing immobile until the youth had finished and driven off. Then he walked slowly to the heap, scattering the flock of seagulls that was already converging on the mound of bread. He picked over the loaves carefully, collecting unbroken packs: wholemeal, Oslo, rye, a large white Vienna; two frosted Boston buns in cellophane, a bag of soya fruit rolls. He looked a little longingly at the remainder, but, conscious of the load already in his barrow, he left it for the gulls.

Carefully he repacked everything in clean Hessian bags. Then, his big old barrow stacked high against the sideboards, he grasped the smooth-worn handles, backed his legs against the weight, and heaved the barrow forward, bumping over the scattered rubbish towards the road, passing beneath the large yellow sign nailed to a tall stringybark: SCAVENGERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

Bending his head into the wind, he began the long push home. Half a mile down the main road, he looked up at the sound of an approaching car, recognised Hook's green utility. He saw Hook's finger rise from the wheel in salute and nodded solemnly in reply. Fifteen minutes later he heard the slowing sound of an engine behind him, heard the crunch as tyres bit into the gravel of the verge and lost traction in a quick stop.

Hook slid quickly from the driver's seat and began unfastening the cord of the tonneau cover.

"Wheel it over," said Hook. "I'll give you a lift."

Arthur hesitated. He had refused lifts for so many years that now only strangers offered; and were spurned shortly. But he found he did not want to rebuff Hook, to offend him. It was partly the thin unsmiling face, the grey hair plastered down by the increasing rain; and something more. Something — he did not know. But, somehow, rejection was out of the question. So, heavily, slowly, he turned the barrow, trundled it across the bitumen. Hook helped him to stow the bags and, before Arthur could move to help lift the barrow, seized it almost savagely, swung it into the air, set it lightly, almost delicately, beside the sacks in the utility, and refastened the cover.

*Hook, shirtsleeved and bareheaded, was on the edge of his house site swinging a pick in what seemed a fury, a madness, of energy.*

They did not speak during the short drive to Myola. Hook drove the utility down the rutted track to the cottage and helped Arthur to unload. A dribble of smoke bled from the worn bricks of the chimney, and Arthur knew that the kettle would boil soon enough yet he felt suddenly dull and sulky at the shattering of his routine, and decided not to offer tea to Hook. Instead he reached into the bread sack.

"You eat bread? What sort?"

"Ah," said Hook, "wholemeal. . . when I can get it."

"Here." Ungraciously, Arthur thrust two loaves of wholemeal — the only two — at Hook. "Bit stale, but it's all right, got dumped while I was there."

"*Thank* you," said Hook. He seemed a little surprised. "Thank you, that's most considerate. . ." He placed the loaves carefully on the seat of the utility. "I'll get on, then."

Arthur said nothing; watched him drive away, then shuffled moodily over to the sacks and carried them to the verandah. Instead of making tea he began to sort their contents. He wanted tea, but was perversely and irritatingly intent on denying himself.

The wind blew with increasing force, and he could see nothing of Hook's hill but a vague blur beyond the sweep of the rain.

The next day was the day for emptying the can. Arthur walked slowly across the paddocks towards the hill, his old khaki overcoat spotted darkly with rain. A cutting wind blew from the southeast, beating in on the exposed hillside. He looked up from the road and was surprised to see Hook, shirtsleeved and bareheaded, on the edge of his house site swinging a pick in what seemed a fury, a madness, of energy. He'll kill himself, thought Arthur, heart attack, pneumonia, Christ knows what. . .

He trudged up the track. It was holding firm in the rain, rivulets running down the side gutters and disappearing under the culverts. He lost sight of Hook beyond the swell of the hill, came out suddenly by the new and slowly-filling dam to see Hook still swinging the pick. Arthur stopped, puzzled as much as concerned. He could not see Hook's face, but the back and shoulder muscles under the clinging wetness of the shirt moved and rippled like strong snakes as the pick rose, fell, rose, fell. . .

Behind Hook lay a 30-foot trench, gouged deep into the clay and rocky subsoil. Cords crossed and recrossed the plateau, strung taut on pegs. Hook, Arthur realised, was setting out his house.

He was reluctant to move, and watched Hook silently for a minute or two. There was no break in the strong steady rhythm. The long-handled shovel lay 10 feet behind Hook, tossed across the mound of soil. He realised then, watching the older man, that there was something involved beyond the mere habit of hard physical work; some kind of steely persistence, some hard and hidden will behind the closed face and the deception of the man's light body.

He moved forward, past Hook's shoulder.

Hook saw him, paused, let the head of the pick fall into the heavy clogged ground. He leaned on it a moment, breathing deeply, face strained and wet with rain. Then the harshness lifted and a twist of a smile caught his mouth.

"Hole's. . . dug. . ."

Arthur nodded, picked up the shovel. As he walked away towards the lavatory, he heard the pick blade ring on rock; heard it strike again. . . strike, strike, strike. . .

When he returned with the shovel 10 minutes later, the pan emptied, phenyled, brushed, the hole filled and tamped, Hook was gone from the trench. Arthur struck the shovel into the clay mound and hesitated; wondering if, after his surliness of yesterday, he should leave and collect his money the next week. There was no pressing need. . .

Then Hook's face appeared at the caravan door. "Tea. . . primus is lit, won't be long. . . come in out of the wet." His breathing was still heavy and a little ragged. There was a towel draped round his neck.

It was the moment that Arthur had half hoped for, half dreaded; a moment that might lead to softenings, to commitments

*(continued on page 147)*

*"Says he won't do another stroke till he sees the chop steward."*

# ~~KICKING~~ CUTTING THE HABIT

*a saga of human endurance, nicotine chewing gum and needles in the ear*

TO SAY THAT its effect was like a chunder in reverse might be carrying journalistic licence too far. But the way the nicotine chewing gum blazed a nauseous trail from my mouth to my stomach certainly brought this comparison to mind. Called Nicorette, the gum had been given to me by a friend who'd purchased it in the UK.

The first sensation I experienced as I began to chew was a slightly sweet taste. This was quickly followed by an uncomfortable burning of the taste buds and palate. Then a bitter flavor all smokers are familiar with: that popular poison, that Agent Orange of taste buds — nicotine. My salivary glands reacted and I began to swallow a dreadful cocktail of nicotine and spit.

As the juices hit my stomach, there was an immediate queasy sensation. I didn't feel sick in the conventional sense (I suppose you'd have to chew a really big wad of Nicorette before you started reaching for the wastepaper basket), but my stomach was in a kind of nauseous purgatory. However, this "gut reaction" didn't affect my ability to remain in good spirits and go about my business as normal. And *I didn't want a cigarette.*

I later discovered that my system handled the gum much more satisfactorily if I chewed just half a square at a time. Masticating it almost incessantly throughout the day, I was able to refrain from smoking until mid-evening. It was then that a T-bone steak with chips and two cans of Four X took their toll and my willpower broke. A piece of Nicorette just wouldn't have seemed the same as an after-dinner smoke.

Unlike most previous aids to quitting smoking, the chewing gum continues to feed the nicotine addict's habit. But it's such an unpleasant alternative that, hopefully, the chewer will give up nicotine altogether. In one British test, the gum was given to 69 heavy smokers who wanted to kick the habit. A year later, 38 percent were non-smokers (and non nicotine gum-chewers), while a group of others who'd tried to quit through pure willpower had a success rate of only 14 percent. The gum has been available in Britain, Sweden and other countries for some time. Australia's National Health and Medical Research Council has approved it as a prescription drug and at least one company is seeking the licence to put it on the market here.

I persevered with the gum for two days,

*article by tony maguire*

ILLUSTRATION BY COLLIDE

managing to restrict my cigarette consumption to about four daily. But I found the substance so distasteful that I eventually gave it up and went back to my evil old ways.

You see, it was my intention to give up smoking cigarettes the *easy* way — to try a range of different methods and get paid for doing it because I'd be writing this article.

Some medical authorities state that smoking is probably the most addictive form of behavior known to man. The American Psychiatric Association's latest manual of mental disorders lists the "tobacco withdrawal syndrome". Its symptoms include anxiety, easily-sparked aggression, restlessness, headache, difficulty in concentrating, drowsiness and stomach upsets. And as any smoker who has ever tried to give up knows full well, the number one agony is that terrible craving for a smoke. The more you smoke, the more difficult it is to quit. An American Cancer Society study has shown that smokers of low-nicotine brands are giving up at a much higher rate than others. So there's definite merit in products such as Medi-Holder and Tar Guard.

There is quite a range of other aids available through chemists: Refrane capsules, Wardex Smoking Deterrent, Souls No Smoking Lozenges and Respatom lozenges. Pharmacists can also prepare a special mouthwash containing silver nitrate or acetate. This has a pleasant astringent taste — until you light up a cigarette, when your taste buds are assaulted by a vile flavor. A mouthwash using this principle has recently gone on sale in Canada. Its enthusiastic marketer claims it produces a bileous yellow liquid which tastes something like a dead rat.

The Seventh Day Adventists' Five Day Plan is another way of quitting smoking. It incorporates lectures, films, a day-to-day control book and the "partner system".

Another increasingly popular method of kicking nicotine addiction is hypnotherapy.

●

Leslie Bullock has helped thousands of people give up smoking through hypnotism. He runs special group sessions at his Quit Smoking Centre in Manly, Sydney. A silver-haired and affable man in his fifties, he started learning how to hypnotise when he shared a cabin with a psychiatrist in the American merchant navy during World War II. He later developed his skills while working as an insurance broker, and turned pro 14 years ago. Bullock claims to treat more smokers than anyone else in his field in Australia. The night I attended one of his sessions, there were 20 hopeful non-smokers: a dozen women and eight men. At least two had travelled a considerable distance to get there, coming from Dubbo and Newcastle.

As we make ourselves comfortable in reclining chairs, Bullock told us that it's essential that we *want* to give up. "I've had lots of people coming here because *other* people want them to give up," he said. "It doesn't work."

He remarked that there seemed to be some familiar faces. "You've been here before, haven't you?" he asked a heavily made-up woman aged somewhere between 60 and 70. Yes, she had — twice. The first time, she gave up for two years, the second for five. And each time, her downfall had been that one cigarette. The four others who had attended a previous session agreed.

Bullock tells us: "I haven't smoked for well over 20 years, but I still wouldn't dare have a cigarette."

The people in the room then started comparing notes on how many they smoked a day. Most, like me, were in the 30 to 40 bracket.

A laid-back-looking bearded man at the end of the room cleared his throat and said: "Mr Bullock — I have a question." He gave an embarrassed laugh. "Some people might want to give up cigarette smoking, but still enjoy the occasional joint. What happens with marijuana after you've been hypnotised?"

*Imagine that your cigarette is a factory chimney, with stinking smoke billowing from it, poisonous smoke that coats your lungs.*

Bullock replied: "Apparently it's okay as long as you don't mix tobacco with it. I've been told that marijuana is not in itself an addictive substance."

After answering some more questions and again underlining the importance of wanting to give up, Bullock advised us to remove our shoes because we'd find it more comfortable during the three-hour session. Then he told us to relax and close our eyes. . .

"Imagine that you're going down an escalator. The further down you go, the more relaxed you get, much deeper. . ."

Bullock used a number of different hypnotic techniques to ensure everyone sunk into a light trance. At one point, he asked us to put our left arms out in front of us and make a fist. Then to imagine that our fists were holding a bucket which was being filled with wet sand. "As the sand pours into the bucket you feel your arm dropping down. . . you just can't support that weight. . . your hand is dropping down to your thigh or the edge of the seat. . ." My hand made contact with my thigh.

Then it was back to the escalator. Bullock, talking gently but persuasively, told us to take a really, good, deep breath, then let it go with a big sigh. "That's really all you were doing with smoking: just filling and emptying your lungs and getting rid of tension. . ."

Bullock asked us to think of something or someone really irritating. "Now take a deep breath, then blow it all away," he said. "See how easy it is?. . ."

After that, he brought us out of our trance. We were to have one or two other "intermissions" before the end of the session. Bullock asked members of the group what irritating things they'd thought about.

"My business partner," said one man. "Everything about him annoys me."

"My mother," stated a Jewish-looking young man. "She makes me eat things."

A young woman at the opposite end of the room spoke up: "I just thought about a general sense of self-defeat."

Bullock told us we didn't need cigarettes to overcome such anxious moments. All we needed was to take that deep breath in and out. At this stage, we were still out of our trance, although we may have still been in a slightly altered state. Even during my deepest state that evening, I felt that I was aware of everything going on.

During our final break, Bullock disappeared briefly to return with ashtrays and matches. He handed them round, and people who'd brought cigarettes in with them distributed them to those who hadn't. Then the hypnotist told us to close our eyes, and we began descending that now-familiar escalator of the mind.

"As you descend the escalator, count backwards from 300. . . you're finding that the numbers are getting confused. . . now they're all jumbled up in a heap at the bottom of the escalator. . ."

The numbers were big and multi-colored and they loomed steadily closer. A voice inside my head was repeating one of them like a scratched record. Meanwhile, Bullock's voice, sounding as though it was at the end of a long tunnel, was saying that soon we'd be lighting up those disgusting cancer sticks commonly known as cigarettes.

After bringing us "back up the escalator", Bullock said to open our eyes and light up. As we did so, he donned a white surgical face mask.

While we puffed at our cigarettes, Bullock said: "As that filthy smog goes down your throat into your lungs, you realise how people smoke their way to cancer and heart attacks, inhaling that horrible smoke. . ."

My cigarette was now starting to taste as if it didn't contain tobacco, but old socks. A middle-aged man gave vent to a deep, juicy cough and the heavily made-up old lady let loose an equally-impressive smoker's hack.

". . . it's a rotten taste, isn't it? Imagine that your cigarette is a factory chimney, with stinking smoke billowing from it, poisonous smoke that coats your lungs with vile tar and makes your hair smell. . ."

By now there was a positive chorus of coughs. I was making my own modest contribution with a few small throat-clearings. Bullock continued to reel off the many nasty things about smoking. After the last die-hards had stubbed out their gaspers, he told us to close our eyes and start counting backwards again.

This time, the back-to-front counting had a very interesting effect on me. I found myself travelling back to my childhood, back to a time when I found cigarette smoking quite sickening.

I don't know if childhood regression was part of the desired effect, or whether it was some quirk of my own mind. It was certainly the deepest trance I entered that night, and looking at smoke through the eyes of an infant nicotine virgin brought the full horror home. I remember Bullock bringing us out of it and collecting $40 from each person, then everyone getting up and hurriedly leaving. I stayed relaxing in my chair, wanting to ask the hypnotist some questions. He, meanwhile, went to his office to discuss something with the woman who'd said her number one irritation was a sense of self-defeat. I looked around the empty room, where the smoke of what could be several peoples' last cigarettes was starting to clear. On the floor were a number of packets, I went round counting them and found seven cigarette packs, most more than half-full.

Bullock reappeared. No, he said in answer to my tongue-in-cheek question, he *didn't* run a thriving black market trade in cigarettes on the side. He gave them to his sons, who had yet to be hypnotised by him.

"Quite a few people have to come back for a second or third session," he said. "But I have a much higher success rate than anyone else.

"People think it's aversion therapy, but it's not. The cigarette which people smoke at the end of the session is just to make them realise what a nasty habit it is. But deep down, everyone knows that anyway."

●

I found the hypnotherapy quite successful. I didn't smoke a cigarette until 24 hours after the session. I broke while working a casual night shift for the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*.

A phone call from a man who said he was from the Corporate Affairs Commission put me on to a good story. But to confirm that he was who he said he was, I had to contact a fraud squad officer at home. By the time I'd done that, the deadline for the second edition was almost upon me. I bummed a smoke, feeling a certain sense of guilt but a large degree of satisfaction as I drew the filthy smog into my lungs.

●

The brass plaque said: "Dr P. Sinn, Acupuncture Institute of Sydney". I took a final drag at my cigarette and stubbed it out on the footpath. Since the hypno session the previous week, I'd managed to keep my consumption down to about four or five a day. However, the night before, I'd gone on a bender, smoking six.

A diminutive and bespectacled Chinese gentleman, Dr Pui Sinn has four acupuncture practices at various locations around Sydney. His fee for anti-smoking treatment is $14.

A Chinese nurse ushered me to one of the partitioned-off cubicles in Dr Sinn's Chatswood practice. I removed my shoes and lay down on a small bed. Then the doctor appeared with a plastic case resembling a lunch box.

"How many cigarettes do you smoke a day?" he asked me.

"Oh, 30 sometimes more."

"Show me your tongue."

I obliged, and as Dr Sinn nodded knowingly, I asked: "What's it like?"

"A little furry," he said, laughing.

The first needle went into my right lower leg, about one third down the front of my calf. I hardly felt a thing — it didn't hurt as such. Dr Sinn repeated the process at the same point on my other leg.

Next, a needle was stuck in the back of each hand, right in the middle of that fleshy bit near the thumb. This *did* hurt slightly.

*I bummed a smoke, feeling a certain sense of guilt but a large degree of satisfaction as I drew the filthy smog into my lungs.*

Dr Sinn said the purpose of the leg and hand-puncturing was to alleviate tension. The actual smoking treatment was yet to come.

I began to feel very relaxed and somewhat sleepy as I waited for Dr Sinn to return. This was despite the fact that a woman in an adjoining booth seemed to be having a needle stuck into the top of her head.

The doctor reappeared beside my bed and dabbed at my left ear with meths. He said there were about 200 acupuncture points in each ear. The idea was to cause a chemical reaction in what he termed the brain's "smoking centre".

All I could feel as he poked a small stud through the cartilage of each ear was a tingling sensation. He covered the spikes with Elastoplast which later proved to be more painful removing than all the needles of the session rolled into one.

Dr Sinn said I should squeeze the area where the studs were whenever I felt the urge to smoke. He gripped my ears with his fingertips and squeezed — hard.

"Ouch!" I cried.

After Sin had finished laughing, he told me that the pain was important. He said: "Now you try — do it as hard as you can take."

While I practised, he told me that I might have to come back for a second or third session. Then he went on to explain that similar ear-spiking and squeezing was used for alcoholism and other addictions. I asked him about marijuana, and he said marijuana treatment is the same as for cigarette smoking, same points and everything.

As I drove back to the city from Chatswood, I wondered what Dr Sinn's administrations would lead to. From the Harbor Bridge, I noticed a cloud over the city which resembled a giant smoke ring. I willed it to go away, but it wouldn't. So I squeezed my ears.

●

I'm afraid that the acupuncture was even less successful than the hypnotism. I lit up my first cigarette at around 4pm (less than four hours after the consultation) while writing a story at the *Telegraph*. I was to bum another four or so smokes from pitying colleagues before my shift ended at 11pm. Each time I cadged one, I was very conscious of the Mark of Cain pieces of plaster on my ears.

It's very easy to say this as a smoker, but I guess smoking is just one of the many unhealthy things people do quite deliberately as they go through life. Perhaps life wasn't meant to be healthy! Smoking comes into the same category as alcohol, coffee, and sweets. And usually, we *like* these things. At first, anyway. Later, we *need* them.

I have now cut my intake down to about a third of what it was, and I enjoy every cigarette I smoke. I suppose I'm still a nicotine addict, but I am a slave to the cigarette companies by choice. And as hypnotist Bullock told me, you've got to want to give up.

Smoking is the worker's consolation, the macho man's trademark, the ultimate concentration aid, the pyromaniac's social outlet, the fidgetter's savior. . . it can be almost anything you want it to be. And probably the best way of giving up is to come to grips with the twisted pieces of logic you nurse about cigarettes.

While preparing this article, I encountered a derro picking up cigarette butts from a city footpath and placing them in a tin.

"Excuse me," I said to the purple-nosed man, whose fingers were the color of rust. "Why don't you give up?" I prepared to dodge a possible blow from his grimy fist.

The derro gave me a thoughtful, rather pitying look with his bloodshot eyes. Then he opened his tin, pulled a paper from his packet of Tally Ho's, emptied two good-sized butts and rolled them into a cigarette. It was all done in the space of a few seconds.

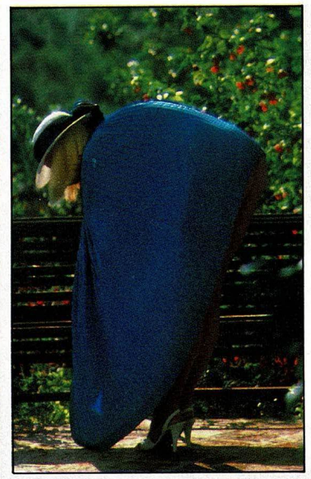
Accepting my light, the man took a deep drag of his foul gasper, looking at the ranks of cars moving up and down Park Street.

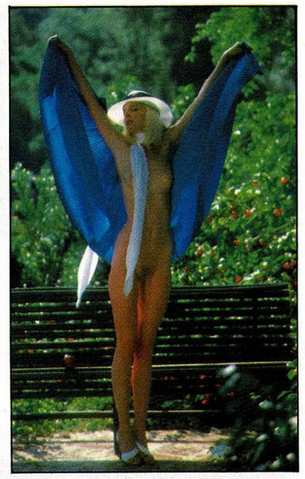
Then his crimson eyes regarded me again and he said: "'Cause it gives me something to do with me hands. . ."

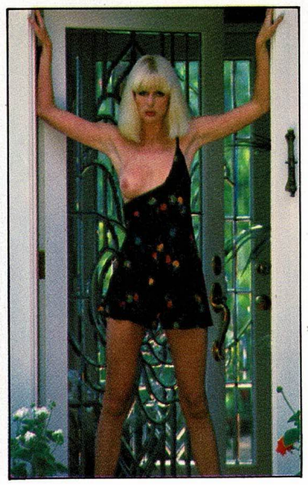
# KAREN

She's cool, calm and mysterious. "Just call me Karen," says this blonde beauty who describes her occupation as "a lady of leisure"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS







Being independently wealthy has allowed Karen to live in a luxurious "cottage" set in rambling gardens. "I walk in my garden every day," she says, "especially at dawn or dusk. The feeling of dewy grass on bare feet is very. . . invigorating!"

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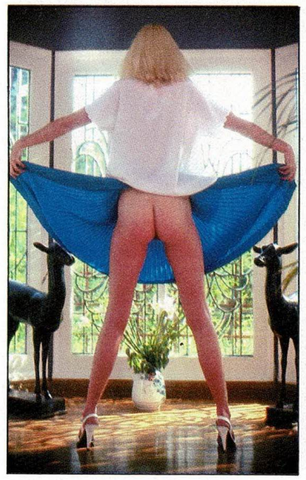

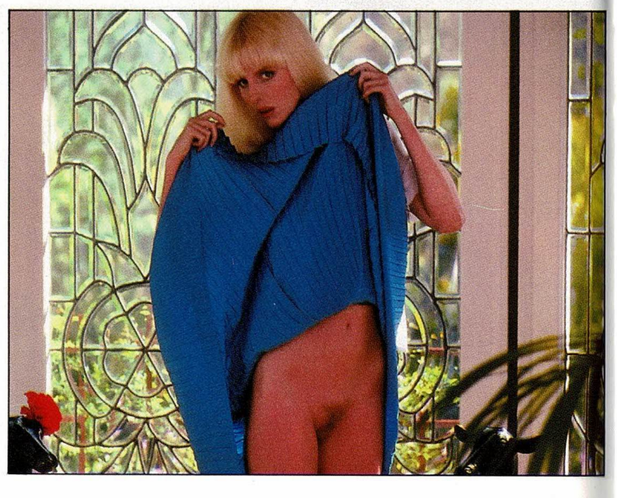

"I like to be pampered," says Karen. "Long, relaxing bubble baths. . . diamonds or gold. . . champagne (French, of course). . . and a man to love me. These are the things I demand from life, and what I want I usually get. I'm totally spoilt — and I like it."

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"I have green eyes in more ways than one," says Karen. "When I'm in love, I'm very jealous and very possessive. If a man is going to share my life — and my bed — I have to be sure that he's all mine. And, of course, I'll be faithful to him — for as long as it lasts."

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# AFTER THE SHOW IS OVER

*neil jameson concludes a playboy investigation into the death of the motorcycle superstar*

THE KID in the white leathers with the red and blue trim cranked the Yamaha around in a final arc and pointed it at the ascent ramp. Dirt kicked from the knobbly rear tyre as the low-geared YZ motocross 250 charged across the showground. The full thrust of the accelerator continued until the bike hit the ramp at which the kid shut the throttle and then reopened it wide. At almost 140km/h, bike and rider leapt into space above a row of 15 single-decker buses. Trimming the throttle, the rider kept the back wheel spinning just enough to act as a gyro and keep the bike on an even plane during its flight. The bike drew a perfect arc against the floodlit sky, but there had been a tiny miscalculation. When the machine landed, it straddled a join linking the descent ramp with the last bus. The unexpected impact tossed the rider forward over the bars where he clung on, attempting to regain control of the bike as it blazed down the landing ramp. The rider lost the struggle as the bike flipped over and over before both came to rest on the grass. He was knocked out but suffered nothing worse than bad bruising and sprains. Dale Buggins had crashed again. Dale had many crashes before he

**DALE BUGGINS PT 2**

ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

attempted to jump 15 buses at Newcastle Showground in October, 1979. He was just 18 then, but the pressure was on. For that Newcastle jump, executives from Edgley International, Australia's greatest spectacle promoters, were on hand. A representative of an American group was also appraising the Buggins potential that night. And if that wasn't enough, a bigshot toymaker was also running the rule over the Buggins appeal. He had to look good, to stay cool, even in failure. And of course, he did. That was the Dale Buggins style. Never ruffled.

When PLAYBOY'S Russell Deiley profiled Buggins for the February, 1979 issue he reviewed a video of an earlier crash at Sydney Showground and remarked to Buggins that he had nearly killed himself in that fall.

"Yes," replied Dale, "But I didn't. Did I?"

No, not that time.

In the stunt community, Dale Buggins was an enigma, which is another way of saying that most of the other hands were appalled by the risks he took. Ian Jamieson, a stuntman with vast experience in film and most forms of stunt-work, including bike jumping, is one of the more articulate in the field. The author of a recently-released book, *Bring On The Stuntman,* Jamieson was at Newcastle the night Dale crashed. Jamieson has his views on Dale's crash that night but it is his opinion on what contributed to the kid's ultimate fall which is more enlightening. Ater all, Jamieson is one of the few who trod the same path.

"Dale was set to clear 14 buses that night which meant he would have broken the world record by one," says Jamieson. "But at the last moment somebody decided to go one better, just because they were out to impress the promoters.

"An extra bus was added but nobody adjusted the angle of the ramps or the length of the run-up. Dale did everything right for 14 buses, but he fell short for 15."

Jamieson believes that Dale was a unique talent who hit on something brilliant early in his career. But perhaps the kid was too nice for the more ragged aspects of showmanship.

"It's very hard for a 20-year-old to perform in front of huge crowds, put his life on the line and then go back to his motel room alone because he finds he can't talk about something which is so individual," offers Jamieson.

"That's the sort of life Dale had been leading since he was 15. I know how hard it is because when I was 21, the same pressure almost caused me to have a breakdown."

Jamieson's observations are a partial explanation of Dale's inability to relax. It was also a subject for comment, says Jamieson, by other stunt hands who admired Dale's extraordinary talent but were concerned at the way he pushed himself to greater efforts. These men knew the risks, both mental and physical, and were obviously concerned. Many of those close to the family say that Ken actively discouraged dangerous stunts. However, it is undeniable that Dale could have killed himself on any one of his jumps. The boy had videos of attempts which had killed other bike stuntmen and he must have known the risks.

Most stuntmen take time between high-risk outings to "get the head back together". The tension level is high and most stunts require great mental preparation and a suitable let-down period. It worried the old hands like Jamieson and Frank Lennon that Dale did not budget for these breathing spaces. It also worried them that Dale rarely joined them for a relaxing drink after a tension-packed performance.

In the beginning, Chantell was reluctant to take up the high wire act. When she did, did this take the pressure off Dale or did it increase the tension? Dale knew he was not only contributing to his sister's income but literally balancing her life in his hands.

But Terry Blackwell, the 23-year-old support rider who found Dale dead in his Melbourne motel room, insists Ken "never, ever" pushed Dale. Blackwell says that he once assumed Ken was the driving force behind Dale's obsession but after 19 months with the team he formed a different opinion. Ken's plan, claims Blackwell, was to establish Dale's fame and commercial standing so well that the marketing of toys and other promotional items would generate enough income to see Dale into another business, such as a bike dealership, when he was old enough.

*Dale could have killed himself on any one of his jumps. The boy had videos of attempts which had killed other bike stuntmen.*

Blackwell has a lot of respect for the Buggins family. He was introduced to the act by another stuntman, Spike Cherrie, and became a fixture around the Buggins' 12-hectare Dooralong property. He worked on the bikes and equipment and Ken taught him many skills including the use of explosives. It was an association which removed him from a mundane lifestyle and provided glamor and adventure. The touring probably cost him his marriage, but he has no regrets.

He well remembers grinding a bike part on a lathe in the Buggins' workshed when a spark ignited a tray of petrol on the floor. The explosion burned Terry badly on the upper legs and face and it was primarily Mrs Buggins' action of throwing him under a cold shower which confined his injuries. While they waited for an ambulance, Chantell kept talking to him and prevented him slipping into shock. He lost a lot of skin and hair but there are few signs now. Above all else, he remembers the concern and care of the Buggins family.

One of the Edgley people at Newcastle the night of Dale's crash was Wayne Stevens, a director of the company. His association extended from Edgley's handling of the Evel Knievel Australian tour and he had been more than impressed with Dale Buggins. Stevens saw Dale as, "the absolute professional and a gentleman".

Stevens is unreserved about his praise for the Buggins style. When a German high wire precision act toured, the Buggins team took a close look at it and within 12 months not only had duplicated it but had improved what was recognised as the best in the world. The speed and spectacle of Dale's act could fill a football field and keep a crowd entertained for two hours. There were rarely any hitches. Ken Buggins was a thorough planner and if one bike failed to kick over, Dale would drop it and grab another. There were 13 bikes in the Buggins stables. All were Yamahas but the Australian importer would not pick up the sponsorship because nobody wanted to put his name to a death fall.

It's likely the same applied for life assurance. In any other line of empire building, someone of Dale's stature would have qualified for a heavy "keyman" policy. After all, the business rested on his talent. A check with an assurance broker with an extensive clientele on the Central Coast and in Sydney and Newcastle, suggested attempts to have Dale insured had failed. In the end, the nature of his death would have ruled out payment, anyway.

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Terry Blackwell recalls Dale discussing suicide well before his death. During the American tour between July and September, 1981, a public figure — Blackwell can't remember who — suicided.

"I can remember Dale saying something about how I had told him about three of my acquaintances back in Australia who had killed themselves," says Blackwell. "Then Dale said he could never understand how anyone could do something like that."

The way Blackwell describes the conversation suggests that he might have speculated as to whether it planted the suicide notion in Dale's mind. Blackwell, who knew him better than almost anyone, is still confounded by theory.

However, one notion he can't abide is the "gay" theory. A report in a Melbourne paper within days of Dale's death had the stunt star visiting a gay bar known as a cocaine haven the night before he died. The connection was just too sweet, with one particular tabloid all but telling its readers that Dale (as a gay with a drug habit) had enough reason to kill himself.

Blackwell has heard the reports and dismisses them out of hand.

"The nightclub manager who was said to have seen him on the premises has since said that he didn't see him at all," asserts Blackwell. "Anyway, at the time he was supposed to be out on the town, one of the guys staying at the motel says he saw Dale open his door and take a look around."

Ian Jamieson's appraisal of the Buggins psyche further cans the gay theory. According to Jamieson, Dale was a naive, country kid who, if he wandered into a gay bar, wouldn't have had the faintest idea what — or who — was going down.

According to Jamieson, Dale's immature, country style made him gawkish around girls but the homosexual theory was stretching it way too far. Dale's social drawbacks might by partly answered by comparing his upbringing with Terry Blackwell's or most other kids. When Dale left school at 15, he went into the stunt business under his father's scrutiny. Despite all Ken's attention, it wasn't like having an older mate who showed his younger partner how to chat chicks, hurdle the wall between adolescence and manhood and emerge with adequate maturity and sophistication. For the insularity of his lifestyle, Dale might as well have entered a seminary school.

Conversely, Terry had tasted a little more of life before joining the stunt team. He'd had several unskilled jobs which offered him contact with people of various ages and he'd learned to relate to most of them. A natural maturing process. Dale, however, had missed it. In the final summation, it meant the younger man possibly had trouble keeping things in proportion.

Money was rarely a problem with the Buggins family. Ken was a shrewd businessman whose comprehensive skills meant savings in almost every area. Terry puts Ken Buggins in the "genius" category for his ability to plan ahead and create the unexpected. The father and Dale had successfully negotiated a marketing deal through Fred Gaffney International Licensing of Sydney for the sale of Dale Buggins stunt toys. The rights could have netted Dale a fortune in the short term and guaranteed an income which would have easily outstripped his performing fees. It was Ken Buggins' plan to establish such a strong financial base that Dale, unlike Evel Knievel, would not have to perform his risky routine for much longer.

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The back road from Wyong towards the Hunter Valley cuts past the Dooralong turn-off. Ten kilometres down the track, nestled at the foot of the Watagan Mountains is Dooralong. Rolling hills, horses and a showcase for hobby farmers, it's also the Buggins home and it would be hard to imagine a more suitable retreat from the focus of public attention. The modern, two-storey brick home stands among well-cultivated lawns at the end of a long drive. Care and attention to detail are evident inside and out, from the Italian marble fireplace to the duck pond set in the lawn.

In February, 1982, Ken Buggins put the property up for sale. His wife, Jan, who would proudly show visitors how her decorative flair had influenced each room, clearly regretted the prospect of moving. But for Ken Buggins there were too many memories in the house.

Outside in the shed, Ken and Terry Blackwell had been working on pulling down the equipment and preparing it for selling. The 13 Yamahas were stripped of their transfers and sold bulk to a Newcastle bike dealer. Ken Buggins was anxious to dismantle the act as soon as possible.

Every member of the Buggins family was crushed by Dale's death and the circumstances, but it is Ken upon whom the weight rests most heavily. His refusal to shake it is casting a pall over the family. It seems that Ken Buggins can barely confront life's challenge again.

The sale of the property should guarantee a measure of financial security for the family but when PLAYBOY spoke to him in February Ken had no plans. He was worried about the prospect of re-entering the earth-moving business and had no idea where the family would live.

Chantell's attitude was more positive. The teenager who always wanted to be a hairdresser rather than a performer had undertaken a beautician's course. With some qualifications she hopes to later get a job and restore equilibrium to her life. It was this resolve that helped terminate her act with Terry Blackwell.

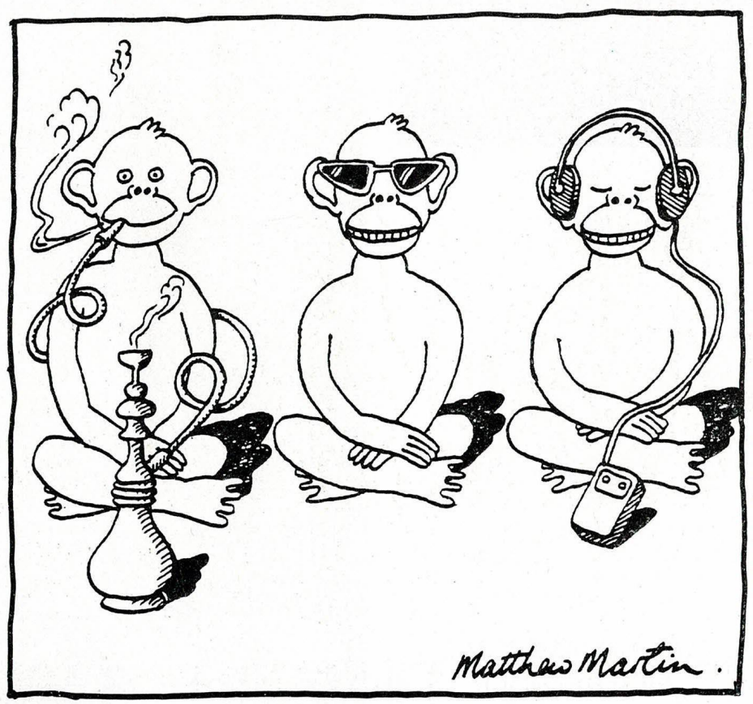
When Dale killed himself, Terry was faced with the lonely task of driving from Melbourne to Wyong in the ute loaded with bikes and equipment. He didn't return to the Buggins property but instead took the ute to his Maitland home and parked it around the back. On the trip north he had had plenty of time to examine his future. The lifestyle had cost him his wife and rubbed a few scars he had almost forgotten existed.

When he drove the ute into his street, the local kids recognised the Buggins insignia and flocked around. A couple of kids just wanted to touch Dale's bike, nothing more. One kid asked if Dale would be performing in their area soon but was cut off by the leader of the push who seemed the only one old enough to grasp that Dale Buggins was past tense.

Terry made up his mind not to ride the bikes anymore. He has gone into partnership with stuntman Spike Cherrie in an act which puts the emphasis on display and precision rather than speed or impact. Terry learned a lot about marketing and promotion from Ken Buggins and his new job will be the management of the Spike Cherrie act. Terry discovered many important lessons during his time with the Buggins troupe and will particularly heed the one about eggs and baskets. Both he and Spike will have other jobs, other diversions — alternatives to pursue when things get tight.

"A lot of my old mates gave me away when I got into this business and I'd like nothing more than for everything to return to normal," says Terry.

His request is simple in comparison to the members of the Buggins family who have often prayed for the impossible. But nobody — not even Ken Buggins — can turn back the clock.



# GYPSY PRINCESS

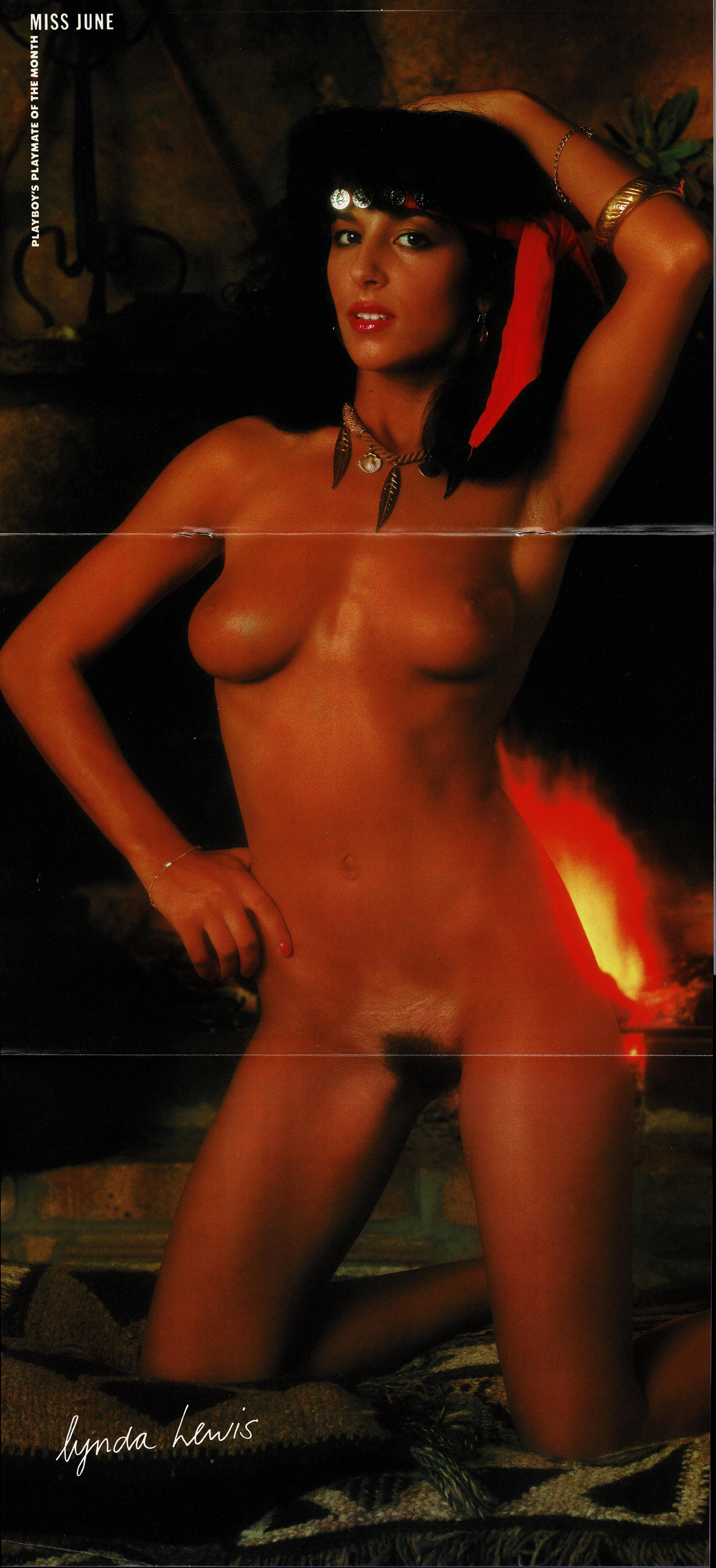
"I must have been a gypsy in another life," says petite Lynda Lewis, "because I yearn for the rover's life, the open road, the freedom and the excitement."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICO METTBACH

Our Playmate of the Month travelled extensively in Europe during the 16 years she lived in London. "I'd like to be able to combine my modelling career with my desire to see more of the world," she says.

Lynda admits to having a few "vices". "I'm a compulsive shopper," she says, "and I have a weakness for desserts — all desserts. Luckily, I can eat what I like without getting chubby."

Lynda is very secretive about her lovelife. "There's a special man," was all she would say. Then with a laugh she added: "If you want to find out more about me, ask a gypsy!"


MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
lynda lewis

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: LYNDA LEWIS.

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5-5. WEIGHT: 7½ SIGN: TAURUS

BIRTH DATE: 13-5-58. BIRTHPLACE: SYDNEY.

GOALS: To TRAVEL OVERSEAS and a Good Modelling CAREER

TURN-ONS: MY BOYFRIEND DAVID. BUYING SILK UNDERWEAR and dining out.

TURN-OFFS: Crowded Places. and PEOPLE WHO ARE CRUEL to Animals

RELAXING: Playing SHOW RECORDS and walking along the beach at NIGHT.

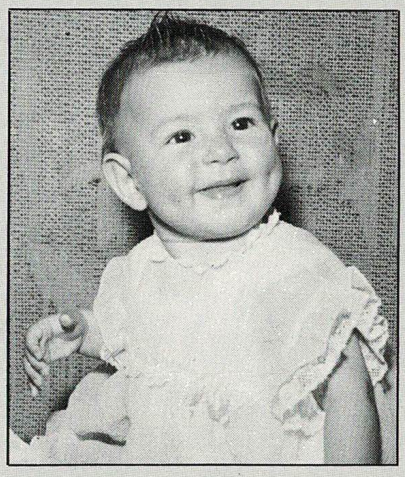
FAVORITE SPORTS: WATER SKIING. SNOW SKIING. PARA-PLANING. PRIMITIVE DANCING. HORSE RIDING. Swimming and Gym.

FAVORITE FOOD: HOME MADE ROAST DINNERS. FRESH FISH and FRENCH FRIES and MAINLY DESSERTS.

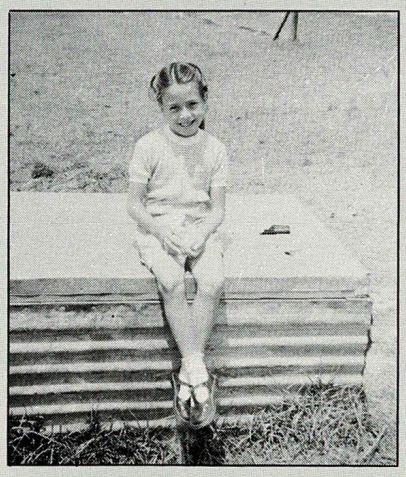
FAVORITE MOVIES: MIDNIGHT EXPRESS. HORROR MOVIES LIKE HALLOWEEN THE FUN HOUSE. and TERROR TRAIN & LOVE STORIES.

FAVORITE ACTORS: NATALIE WOOD. CLINT EASTWOOD. ANTHONY QUINN.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: ROLLING Stones. AC DC. FLEETWOOD MAC. Kate BUSH BREAD. UB40. and CHER.



SMILE FOR the Camera.



7 YEARS OLD. A Real Tom Boy.

18 YEARS OLD

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"You wanna swing a little, mate?" inquired the past-her-prime prostitute.

"Not on your life!" snapped her target. "You know," he added, "you could get into trouble working like this."

"With the cops? Screw the cops!"

"No, with Social Services."

Small boy to mother: "Did you know birds have spare parts?"

Mother: "No, where did you learn that?"

Son: "I heard Dad saying to Uncle Ted this morning that he'd love to screw the arse of the bird next door."

Our unabashed dictionary describes *contraception* as an heir-traffic controller.

Do you fit diaphragms?" the girl asked the pharmacist.

"Yes," he replied.

"Well go and wash your hands," she retorted. "I want 50 cents worth of barley sugar."

Shortly after a new police commissioner took office, the local massage parlor was raided and the girls were lined up outside for questioning by the cops. A little old lady who chanced to be walking by noticed the commotion and asked one of the girls what it was all about.

"We're standing in line for free lollipops, love," came the reply.

The old lady joined the line and a few moments later, a police officer approached her and asked, "Aren't you a bit old for this dear?"

"Officer," she replied, "as long as they keep making them, I'll keep sucking them."

This guy was hard on my heels last night," the girl related to her friend.

"You mean he kept following you and trying to pick you up?"

"Oh, that happened, all right — but then, when we went to a motel, he turned out to be a foot fetishist!"

I haven't been in bed with a woman for such a long time," confided the man, "that I may be a little rusty."

"That's just great!" was the reply from under the sheet. "You'll wake up in the morning with a satisfied smile on your face, and I'll wake up with lockjaw."

A *romantic attraction has clung*
*To a chap of whom damsels have sung:*
*" 'Tis the Scourge from the East,*
*That lascivious beast*
*Who was known as Attila the Hung!"*

I'm going to share a secret with you," the stoned girl murmured dreamily as the sensuous sound swelled from the stereo. "When I was younger, I used to masturbate to this composer's music."

"I've been there, too, baby," responded her equally high date. "I was partway through my teens before I found out his name wasn't Jerkoffsky."

After giving birth to her 10th child, the woman was dozing exhaustedly when her husband slipped into the hospital room, put a bouquet in the vase on the dressing table, tiptoed over to the bed and kissed her gently on the forehead.

The object of his tenderness opened one eye. "Frank, my dear," she managed to whisper, "I'm glad you're here. . . but do you have to start in again so soon?"

Sympathy is due the chaste young female hitchhiker who innocently told a deliveryman who gave her a lift that she wanted to get off at the end of his route.

Word has reached us about an opinion canvasser who was sent to a university campus to poll the faculty but never got around to it. It seems that, shortly after his arrival, he fell in with a hot little history student — and spent the rest of the day poling that particular student body.

*Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*

*"How do you know you don't like lime and walnut yoghurt if you've never tried it?"*

# SQUATTERS

**any place you hang your hat is home. . . until the demolition men arrive**

**article by p.d. jack/photographs by jim sheldon**

WHAT do three rock and roll bands, nine playwrights, a team of animators, some nurses and old age pensioners, a natural health therapist, a photographer, a landscape gardener, a screen printer, a farm hand, about 20 art students, and a handful of unemployed kids have in common? These people are squatters. That is, they don't pay rent. Within cooee of the hassling centre of Sydney, within even the shadow of the high-rise Westfield Towers (with its offices for two former prime ministers, plus top secret law

enforcement and nuclear regulatory bodies), almost 200 people live in what officials call "unrentable" houses. Most of these people are poor. They live on student grants, unemployment or supporting mother's benefits, or what they can scam from the occasional day's work.

But it's not all grinding poverty.

"Okay, we're not living in any garden suburb, we've got crumbling walls and highways front and back," says Carl Blond, one of the area's resident philosophers. "But we're not taking the normal attitude to poverty. We can get by without a car or color television, and still enjoy life."

Sydney must be one of the best cities in the world for squatting. There is no need for central heating, food is cheap, and there's usually enough demolition and building going on for any materials, if necessary, to be scavenged. And, although the roar of Bourke and Palmer Streets — the boundaries of the squatting district — hardly ever ceases, it's possible to find quiet in the skinny alleys and lanes between the two main roads.

The first squatters came to Darlinghurst five years ago, but they are only the latest in a long established Australian tradition. Just as the 19th Century squatters sought government approval of their land claims, some of the modern squatters are also hoping to achieve official recognition. The forward thinkers are hoping for Housing Commission houses when the bulldozers can no longer be stayed; others are not so sanguine.

"Some of the kids go on about landlord classes and politics and stuff but let's face it, we're on a lurk," says a squatter who shares an old terrace with eight other men. "When they come to tear this place down we'll just wander off and find somewhere else."

He was talking over a mid-morning heart-starter of dubious origin. Flies buzzed around the dog-food mouldering in the sunshine, the outside tap dripped into an overflowing bucket, the walls were cracked and grimy and the furnishings minimal; a couple of sleeping bodies 'round the place later rose from the dead to amble down to lunch at the Matthew Talbot Hostel for homeless men.

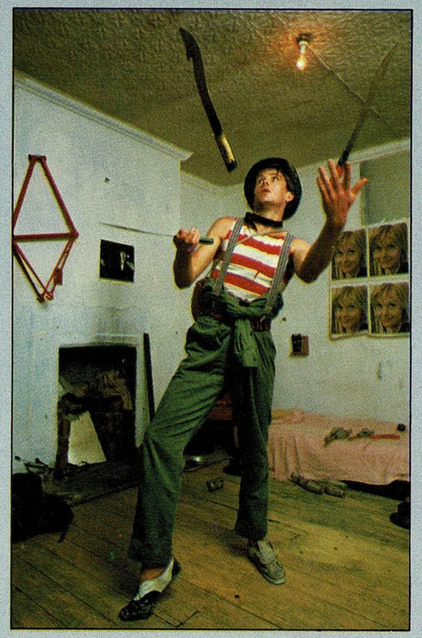
The tattooed kid had never heard of Tortilla Flat or John Steinbeck, but he had the message right: "I don't pay rent, and I've got mates around. Why would I wanta move?"

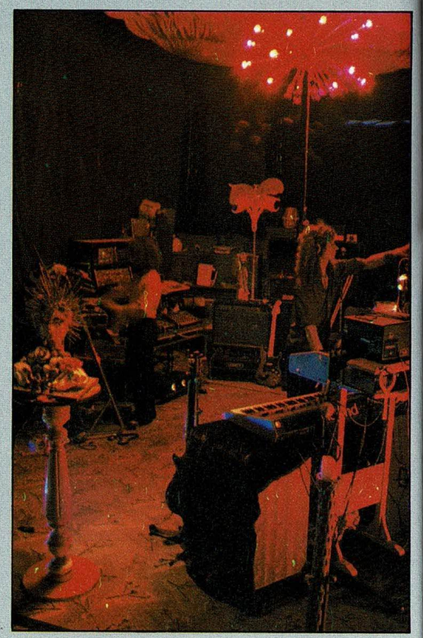
A gang of bikies live next door, and across the back alley in a backyard shed lives an old man who has haunted the streets and garbage bins of East Sydney for decades.

There are other, less permanent, inhabitants who enjoy the open air in fine weather, sleeping in places like the nearby ABC car park or along the old wharves down Woolloomooloo, stumbling into the fire-blackened hulks of houses during wet or cold weather.

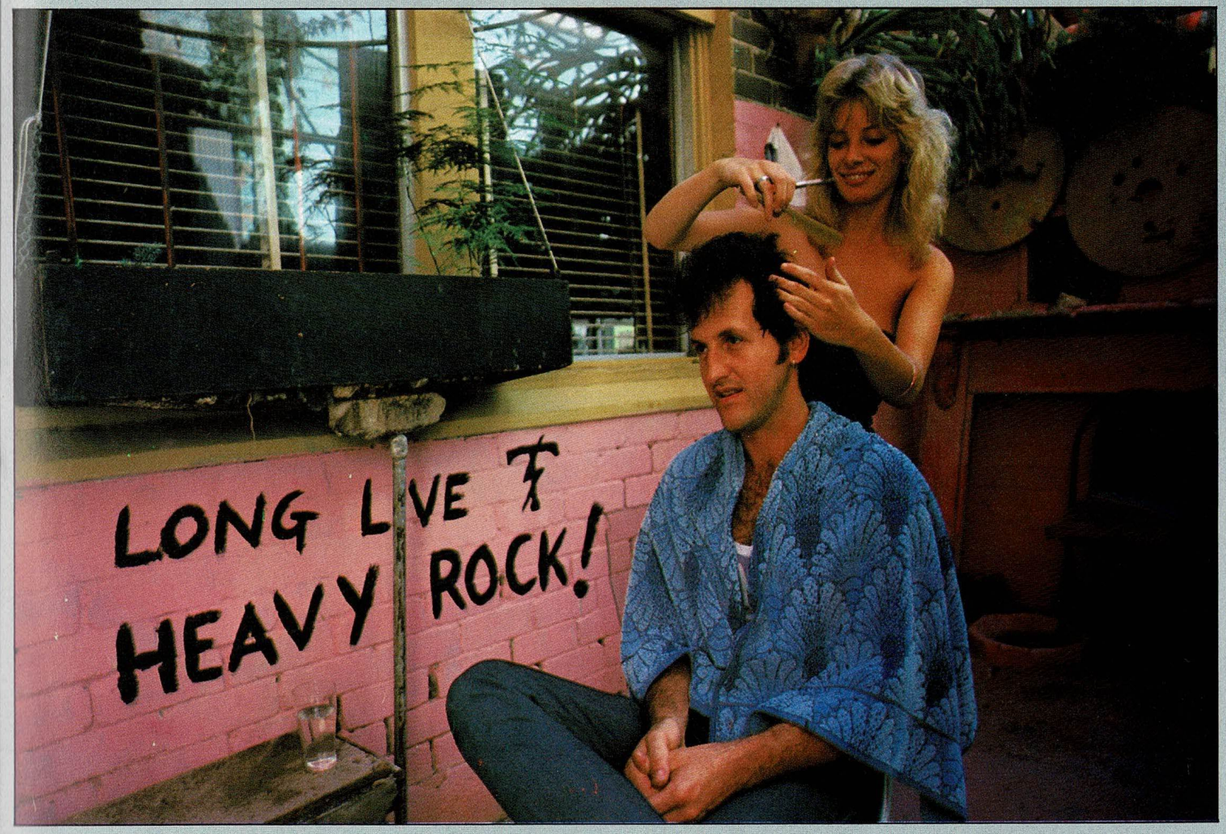
"When we first started," recalls Carl Blond, "we used to take in all comers,

**Previous pages: Darlinghurst, Sydney. The heart of the squatter movement. Below left: street busker and juggler extraordinaire Denzil De Beste shows his style. De Beste has lived in the squats for six months. Below right: David and Rob have their own electronic sound studio. Opposite page top: an informal party in the backyard of a squat.**





**Above: one of the original Victoria Street Green Banners, Tom has built a comfortable home for himself and his dog, Snodge, out of a burnt-out shell. Opposite page: the squatters know how to cut financial corners. Sonya, a hairdresser, performs a dozen free trims a week. Here, musician boyfriend Gary gets shorn.**



**Left: seventeen-year-old Kathy moved into the squats a year ago with her boyfriend. She is uncertain about the future. "I'd like to be a model or actress." Below: this bikie group uses a squat as a club house and temporary home for members. They wanted to pose in front of the Union Jack in honor of British motorcycles.**

**Left: many of the squatters, especially those in Darlinghurst, are political and social activists. Karl, right foreground, has been a spokesman for the squatters for five years. Above: four-fifths of the comic group Funny Stories. Living in the squats has inspired such zany skits as Hot Banana Tango.**

including the derros — which was only fair, as we had no more right to these places than they did.

"We treated 'em like some hippy gurus until we found out they were shitting on our floors."

The plonkos, and their younger colleagues on Desolation Row, the far-gone junkies, are not exactly welcome around the squats. "We've got to be realistic," said a local social worker. "They wreck the houses, and that's no good for anybody, except the developers."

There are some squatters who argue that squatting is a political act, a registering of disapproval at the way landlords rip off the poor and governments ignore them. Some of the squats were founded by political activists, and East Sydney's walls are still a veritable encyclopaedia of leftist, anarchist and punk graffiti; but most of the squatters are today more concerned with getting their own act in order than curing society's ills. Few of the squatters are politically motivated; they just want cheap housing, and what's cheaper than something for nothing?

There have always been a few small opportunities for squatters in Sydney, and the development boom of the Sixties and early Seventies saw these opportunities increase. "Slum clearance" and highway development programs saw large slabs of housing, (bought slowly over a long period), sitting idle while the developers finalised their arrangements. Sometimes small wheeler-dealers moved in and took short-term leases, sub-letting the property to groups of students or, later, hippies.

"Edge City" was one such deal. It was a huge mansion bought by the State Government which wanted to put a railway station on the site. In 1970 it provided cheap living for up to 40 of the hippy push. One of many stories from that house indicates why sub-agents grew disenchanted with sub-letting. The agent had foolishly agreed to pay the bill on the hall light, so his tenants, *aficionados* of marginal living, and believers in the motto that an opportunity isn't a real opportunity unless you can make a welter of it, ran a lead from that hall light into one apartment, and then joined a whole stack of other leads on to it, thereby powering every other room in the place. The agent woke up when he received a $264 bill for one lousy 15-watt globe.

The Church of England also became unwilling landlord to hippy elements when it tried to redevelop some of its properties. Eventually the Bishop of Sydney had at least one mansion demolished to get rid of the hippies.

But the most notorious squat was in Victoria Street, Kings Cross, where, in return for some of the best views in Sydney, some 100 or so squatters had to brave a very determined group of developers.

The Victoria Street battle became a classic confrontation, with the free rent seekers adducing both aesthetic and social

arguments to support their side, which was soon joined by the conservation movement and, more importantly, the unions. The developers seemed to become just another lot of pawns in the game as the argument grew bigger, as all manner of respectable and not so respectable people (many whose connections with the proposed development have never been entirely clear) became embroiled.

The squatters held out for two years until hired thugs and day laborers, assisted by scores of police, evicted the squatters. When the squat was over, the street was almost a moonscape, and the squatters had but a few bruises and their memories. There had been some high times — some of the parties were close to the best of the decade — and some low times — there had been two fatal fires, and the squatters had eventually lost. There had also been two mysterious disappearances, one permanent (so far), which may or may not have been connected with the Victoria Street battle.

The economic collapse in 1974 increased the opportunities for squatters when developers, who had bought with a mind to rebuilding, went to the wall, leaving their properties in limbo. But the Victoria Street debacle soon woke the developers up to what happens to empty properties, and it is a very naive developer who now leaves a property untenanted or easily accessible.

The Government is less able to be so ruthless. It can't be seen to be throwing the poor into the streets, and besides, there's the problem of bureaucracy. For example, in Glebe the Department of Main Roads acquired 230 properties for a freeway which the Government now says will not be built, but five years after this decision half these properties are still to be disposed of.

The DMR is now the biggest provider of cheap housing in the State after the Housing Commission; and it is more generous, in that it doesn't charge rent. After initially fighting the squatters, the DMR now lets them be, as long as they "aren't being a nuisance to anyone".

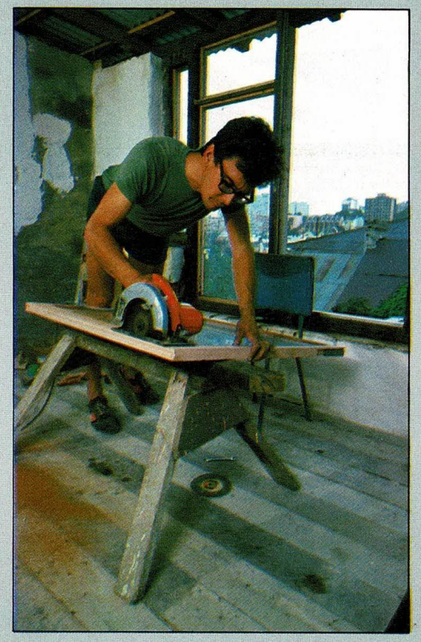
The DMR argues that the houses were in too poor a condition to rent when acquired, which says something about the differing standards of government officials and individuals, as all the houses *were* being lived in at the time of acquisition.

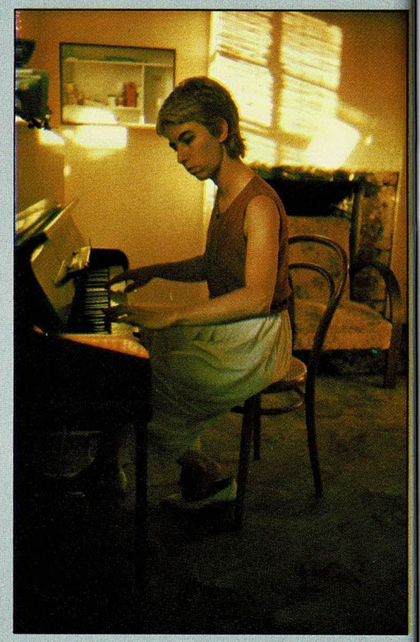
So, instead of renting the properties out, the DMR boarded them up. Then in came the scavengers, who ripped out the lead flashing, anything remotely resembling cedar, and anything else of worth. Then came the derros, with their fires and filth, and then the rats. Finally, when these unrentable homes had become mere shells, along came the squatters who cleaned up the rubbish, repaired the roofs and rebuilt the floors and staircases. The houses are still, in the main, worse than they were before the DMR took them over, yet there is still a considerable, unofficial, waiting list for "tenants".

*(continued on page 146)*



**Below left: George comes from a family of builders. It was natural that he should use his talents to restore a semi-demolished terrace to liveable condition. He takes great pride in the additions he's made. Below right: another musician squatter, Elizabeth Drake performs at Sydney's Nimrod Theatre and other venues.**





**Above: hard rock group the Traitors relax in the living-room of their squat. They have a sound studio downstairs, soundproofed with carpet tacked to the walls. Opposite page: Stacey's kids take a bath. Stacey lives on a widow's pension. She says: "It's important to me that my kids eat good, healthy food. That's why we don't pay rent."**

# REAL MEN DON'T EAT QUICHE

## (And Other Guidelines for the Modern Male)

*in this feminist-infested, designer-dominated, more-sensitive-than-thou world, the time has come to draw the line*

"REAL MEN don't eat quiche," said Flex Crush, ordering a breakfast of steak, prime rib, six eggs and a loaf of toast. We were sitting in the professional drivers' section of an all-night trucker's pit stop somewhere west of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Flex, a 225-pound nuclear waste driver, was pensive.

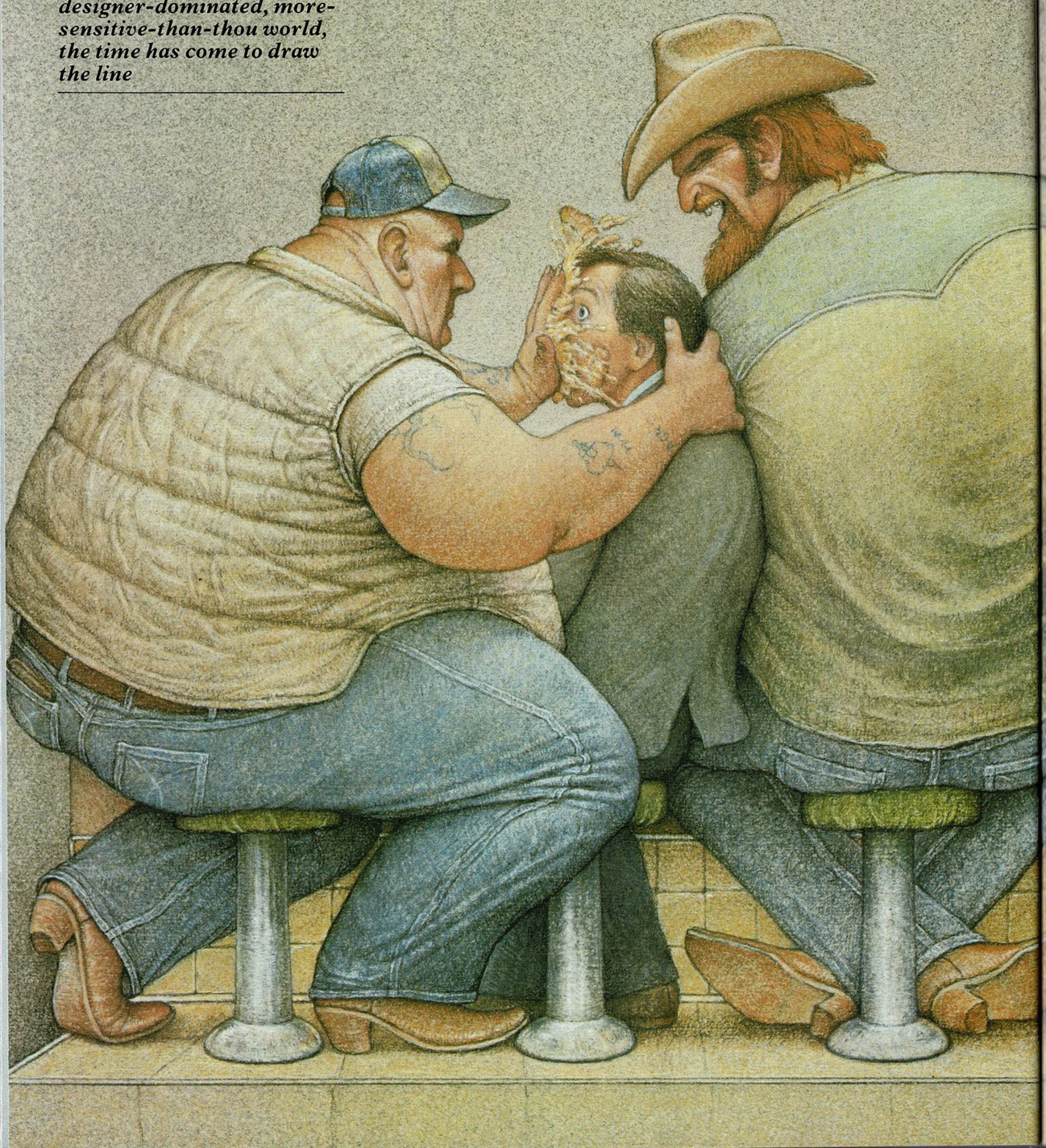
"Men are all mixed up today," he began, pausing to dab a cleaning rag at the 20-gauge shotgun broken open over his knees. "There was a time when this was a world of Ernest Hemingways. *Real Men*. The kind of guys who could defoliate an entire forest to make a breakfast fire — and then wipe out an endangered species while hunting for lunch. But not any more. We've become a nation of wimps. Pansies. Alan Alda types who cook and clean and 'relate' to their wives and who are 'sensitive' and 'vulnerable' and 'understanding' of their children."

The entire restaurant was mesmerised. It was so quiet, you could hear the day's fresh-caught fish thawing in the freezer.

"Now, I ask you," Flex continued. "Did John Wayne have relationships? Was Clark Gable ever worried about giving his women enough space? Was Bogart ever lonely because he couldn't have a meaningful dialogue with some dame? *Of course not.* But that's the whole point. I'm convinced things were better off in the old days. Men were men. Women were sex objects."

At that point, Flex excused himself from the table to dispense his own brand of justice to several loutish dress

*humor by bruce feirstein*



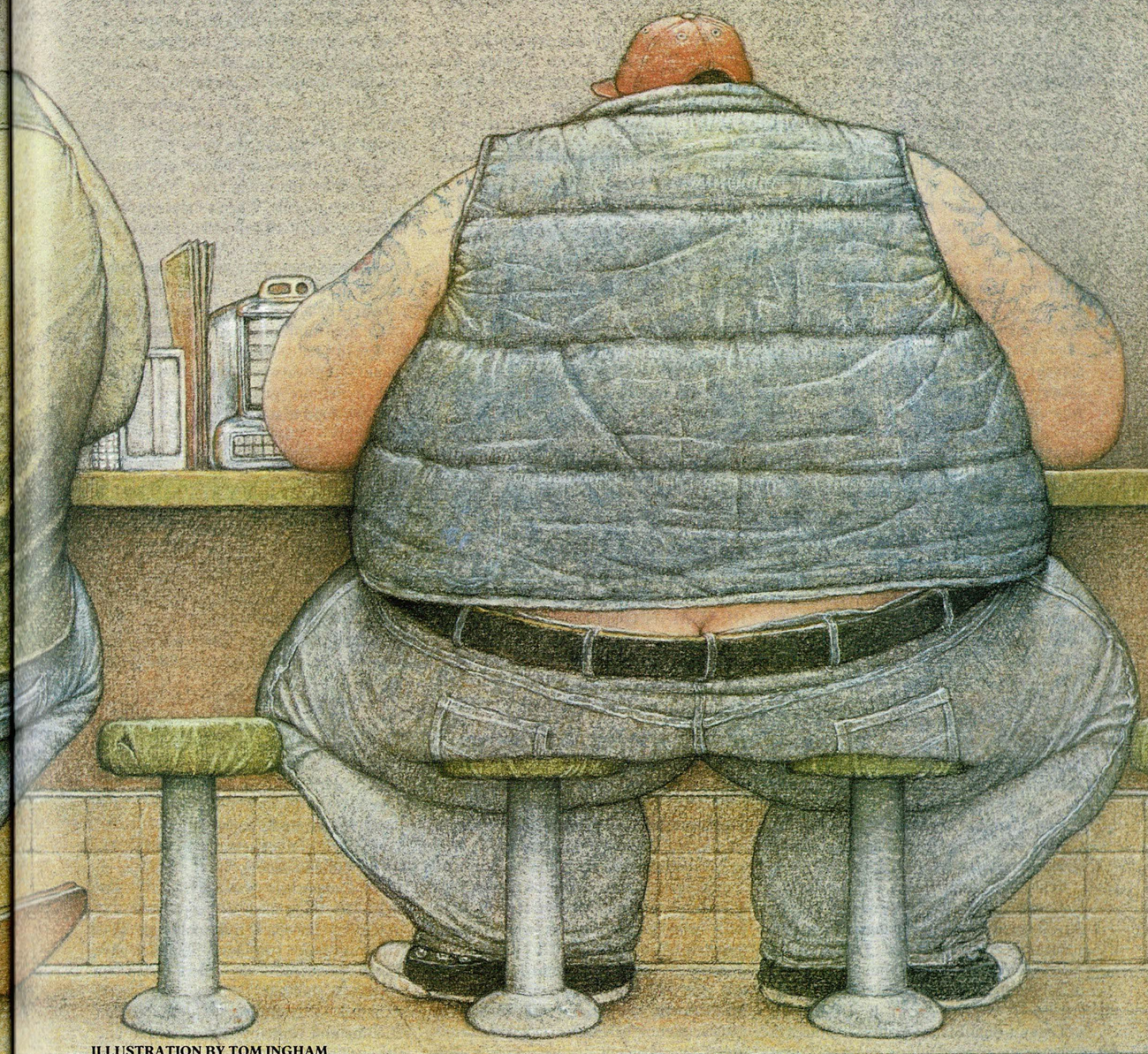


ILLUSTRATION BY TOM INGHAM

designers who were making a ruckus at the far end of the bar. But while his desire to return to the days of "me Tarzan, you Jane" may be somewhat impractical, Flex does raise some important questions:

How — in a world where you're expected to be sensitive, sympathetic and split half the household chores — do you remain a Real Man? Is it possible to have relationships and shared experiences without turning into an Alan Alda? Are we doomed to abandon the principles of Strength, Dignity and Sylvester Stallone forever? Is there a way to accept the concept of the female orgasm and still command the respect of your mechanic?

It made us think. And in order to help the PLAYBOY reader through these emotionally troubled times, we offer a guide to treading the social tightrope that is the special hell of the Modern Real Man.

**CHAPTER ONE: Defining the Modern Real Man**

In the old days, it was easy to be a Real Man: all you had to do was cheat at poker, steal land from Indians, abuse women and find somewhere to dump toxic waste.

Not any more.

Men everywhere are under siege today. Women are taking our jobs. Robots are replacing us on GM assembly lines. And formerly innocent pastimes such as pub brawling, waging war, and whale hunting are no longer smiled upon by polite society.

So what, then, makes someone a Real Man today? What sets him apart from the average guy who can't find his car in the shopping-mall parking area? Or the joker who takes his girl out on her dream date — only to have the computer reject his credit at the end of the meal?

The answer is simple.

A Real Man today is someone who can triumph over the challenges of modern society.

Today's Real Man, for example, can cope with Jane Fonda, 17 OPEC oil ministers, video games, cash machines, home computers, the neutron bomb, designer jeans and modern psychiatry — all at the same time.

He's not intimidated by the taxation department, nor is he afraid of microwave radiation, diet ale, double-digit inflation or the diminishing ozone layer. Strength and bravery are still the hallmark of today's Real Man — he's just found modern ways to show it.

Real Men don't buy flight insurance.

Real Men aren't afraid to leave home without the American Express card.

Real Men don't count on the United Nations (after 35 years, all they've proved capable of doing is producing a marginally attractive Christmas card).

Real Men are secure enough to admit they buy PLAYBOY for more than the great articles.

Today's Real Man is probably closest in spirit to the personality of Spencer Tracy: he realised that while birds, flowers, poetry, children and French food don't add to the quality of life in quite the same manner as football or beer, he was nevertheless willing to accept them anyway.

Basically, today's Real Man is unaffected by fads or fashion. In short, there's one phrase that sums up his existence: Real Men don't eat quiche.

**CHAPTER TWO: Who's Who Among Real Men**

Essentially, the world can be divided into two categories of men: those who eat quiche and those who don't.

Jimmy Carter, for example, ate quiche. Malcolm Fraser doesn't.

Elvis Presley was a Real Man, and so was Anwar Sadat. Jack Thompson, Rod Marsh, Pele, George Harrison and George Negus are Real Men.

Tony Barber probably eats quiche; ditto for Kamahl and Wayne Newton. Paul McCartney eats quiche and no one is really sure about Burt Reynolds.

Frank Sinatra — the Chairman of the Board — does not eat quiche. Norm Gallagher, Bob Hawke and Ron Barassi do not eat quiche. Johnny Carson, Don Lane and Mel Gibson are Real Men; Sonny Bono is not.

*Among Real Men, there has always been one simple rule: never settle with words what you can accomplish with a flame thrower.*

Robert Redford is too sensitive to be a Real Man; Alan Alda and Johnny Young are terminally sincere quiche eaters.

**REAL MAN QUIZ:**

Q: How many Real Men does it take to change a light bulb?

A: None. Real Men aren't afraid of the dark.

**CHAPTER THREE: The Real Man's Credo**

Since the beginning of time, men have lived by rules. Moses had his Ten Commandments; King Arthur, his order of the Round Table; Vito Corleone his goon squad for squealers.

Among Real Men, there has always been one simple rule: never settle with words what you can accomplish with a flame thrower.

Among today's enlightened Real Men, this rule still applies but with one minor modification: never settle with words what you can accomplish with a flame thrower — unless the problem in question is a 240-pound halfback. In which case an apology is always the best policy.

(Given today's violent climate, it's always best to defer to lunatics wielding howitzers, tanks, handguns, or 2000-pound portable radios. It's a simple fact of life that no matter how tough and strong you are, it all means nothing if you're not alive to show it. This is an example of the modern Real Man's new-found intelligence — otherwise known as survival of the smartest.)

**CHAPTER FOUR: The Real Man Vocabulary**

Real Men do not "relate" to anything. They do not have "meaningful dialogues".

They do not talk about "personal space", "vibes", "karma", "bummers" or "shared experiences".

A Real Man cannot be "hung up" on anything. He doesn't care where somebody's "coming from"; he's not "into anything", and finds nothing "far out", "cosmic", "super" or "heavy".

Real Men do not "go for it"; they do not "catch rays", "party", "boogie", "get down", or "kick out the jams".

Real Men do not say "ridic" or "brush".

And, most important, Real Men do not talk like politicians. When a simple yes or no answer is required, you will not hear one of these:

"Well, according to our latest reports, at this point in time, within the usual parameters, allowing for the normal fluctuations and unpredictable variables — and subject to a reassessment in a different time frame — answerwise I'd have to respond with a definite guarded affirmative: the odds are good that I had quiche for dinner last night."

Among Real Men, this is called "bullshit".

**CHAPTER FIVE: The Real Man's Wardrobe**

When it comes to personal haberdashery, today's Real Man lives by a simple, albeit elegant motto: never dress like you're trying out for a spot in the Village People.

Keeping this in mind, here are 10 items of clothing you won't find in a Real Man's closet:

1. A satin jumpsuit
2. Gold-lame disco roller skates
3. An Italian cyclist's uniform
4. A pith helmet
5. Anything with more than four zippers.
6. An admiral's cap
7. Bikini underwear
8. Athletic shoes
9. Camouflage gear
10. Anything made of polyester*

(*Given the fact that polyester is a petroleum-based substance, Real Men have always wondered why there wasn't a polyester shortage during the early Seventies — complete with double-knit rationing and panic buying at K-Mart and Woolworths.)



**CHAPTER SIX: The Modern Real Man on Wheels**

Remember when being a Real Man meant flying down the highway at 100mph stone drunk, with one hand on a 17-year-old blonde and the other wrapped around a can of beer?

Fortunately, some things never change, and the automobile remains the sacred shrine of Real Men everywhere.

But while Real Men still drive too fast, drink too much, and generally reject such obtuse concepts as bridge tolls, fuel economy, environmental controls and speed limits there *are* several new twists in their rules of the road. To wit:

1. Despite being able to squander petrol with the best of them, today's Real Men find the notion of a 12mpg, $17,000 plastic sports car with no trunk totally absurd. Real Men like to drive cars made of good, solid steel — with enough storage space to carry around wine, women, shotguns and all the other paraphernalia they find essential on the open road.
2. Today's Real Men don't require stick shifts; they're secure enough to let their gears be shifted automatically.
3. Real Men — who live in cities — do not drive Jeeps.
4. Real Men do not have vanity plates.
5. Real Men don't have toy dogs that bounce up and down; they don't use lifters, fog-lights, racing gloves, musical horns, mirrored windows or cruise control.

And most important, Real Men don't drive vans with landscapes or pictures of naked women painted on the side.

What *do* Real Men drive?

It's simple: massive six-cylinder gas guzzlers with four barrel carburators, automatic transmissions and five million cubic inches under the bonnet.

Real Men, after all, are realistic: how are you ever going to lose a traffic cop in a Honda?

**CHAPTER SEVEN: Great Moments in Real Man Literature**

"So I put my hand over the flame — just to show how tough I was." Gordon Liddy in his autobiography, *Will.*

**CHAPTER EIGHT: Great Moments in Real Man History**

1450 BC — Moses parts the Nile.

1107 BC — First singles bar opens in Egypt. Debut of pick-up line: "How'd you like to come over and look at my etchings?"

62 BC — Roman government completes highway system and issues first road map for summer holiday makers. Real Men promptly start tradition of ignoring the map and refusing to make leak stops. A Roman gladiator on holiday explains to his son: "Real Men can hold their urine."

927 — The first extramarital affair; coincides with establishment of hourly hotel rates in Paris.

1162 — Genghis Khan develops role of Genghis Khan for Charles Bronson.

1096 — The Crusades begin. First large-scale singles-only cruises.

1500 — Leonardo invents the tank.

1533 — Henry VIII divorces Catherine of Aragon and marries Anne Boleyn; introduces now popular concept of disposable wives.

1618 — Thirty Years War begins.

1762 — First poker game.

1773 — Boston Tea Party. Real Men throw tea into harbor, demanding black coffee.

1818 — Brooks Brothers opens.

1856 — Twelve-billionth original sin is committed.

1862 — First martini.

1866 — Jack Daniel's introduced.

1880 — Dodge City, Kansas: first use of phrase: "This town isn't big enough for both of us."

1923 — Chuck Yeager born.

1930 — Clarence Birdseye introduces frozen food.

1933 — Prohibition repealed.

1944, June 6 — 156,000 Real Men storm French beaches at Normandy.

*He's learned not to be threatened by women who have successful jobs and careers — as long as they don't make as much money as he does.*

1946 — First bikini appears on same beaches.

1948 — Invention of the chainsaw.

1955 — *The Honeymooners* airs.

1960 — Frank Sinatra punches out photographers.

1961 — Rex Mossop plays for Australia.

1965 — The Pontiac GTO is introduced.

1966 — First pop-top beer can.

1967 — Superbowl I

1971 — The Main Event : Sinatra comes out of retirement.

1974 — Ali beats Foreman in Zaire.

1980 — Lee Marvin wins palimony case.

**CHAPTER NINE: Modern Sex and Romance**

After 20 million years of choosing a mate by knocking a woman on the head and dragging her home by the hair, even today's most traditional Real Man has come to realise this is no longer an effective dating technique. Today's Real Man has cleaned up his act. No more wrestling matches in the backseat of a '63 Holden (thanks to a combination of the sexual revolution and the motor industry making it all but impossible for anyone but midgets). No more lines like: "It won't go down unless you touch it." And faced with unassailable medical proof, today's Real Man has even come to recognise the existence of the female orgasm. He's even learned not to be threatened by women who have successful jobs and careers — as long as they don't make as much money as he does.

In short, today's Real Man is charming, enlightened, kind and understanding — at least until he knows a woman long enough to take her for granted. (Say, three weeks.)

A few other notes on Real Man sex and romance:

1. Real Men don't like to "do it" on the first date. It makes them feel cheap. And easy.
2. Real Men are no longer looking for a girl just like Mum — because Mum had no idea about S&M, bondage or some of the more interesting uses for a portable video camera.
3. Real Men offer to provide birth control.
4. Real Men have actually learned to enjoy it on the bottom.
5. Real Men are quieter than most Real Women.
6. Real Men still ask if it was good.
7. Real Men still send flowers the next day.

*What the old-style Real Man looked for in his women:* Trust funds. Big breasts.

*What today's Real Man looks for in a woman:* personality, intelligence, kindness, a sense of humor, a good job, a good game of doubles and tax deductibility.

**CHAPTER TEN: Real Men and Television**

When Vladmir Zworykin invented television in 1923, his goal was far greater than the mere transmission of moving pictures.

He wanted to invent something that would allow Real Men to avoid having to talk to their families after dinner. In its early years, television did just that. There were countless hours of Real Men value-confirming sports, violence and homicides.

But gradually things changed. Left-wingers preached that television could educate and enlighten the masses. They claimed it could advance culture. And what was once a goldmine for Real Men quickly became a vast wasteland — filled with fluff like Donny and Marie, *Family Feud, Sale of the Century, Sixty Minutes, Young Talent Time* and *Little House on the Prairie.*

In short, stuff with no guts. Programming that can't possibly hold up to *Gunsmoke, Rat Patrol,* or anything produced by Jack Webb. It's easy to understand why Real Men have deserted the tube in droves during the past few seasons.

This isn't to say they're lost forever; but it'll take some ingenious programming to get them back.

**CHAPTER ELEVEN: The Real Man Film Festival**

*Patton, Taxi Driver, Citizen Kane, Ben*

*(continued on page 117)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN CHESTER

# 18 WAYS TO BREAK YOUR NECK

*a masochist's guide to macho sports*

*research by horan, wall, walker*

IT'S TIME we forgot the sissy sports of Australia, like cricket and football. There's a sports world out there of cardiac arrests, adrenalin buzzes and underwear changes, all waiting for the right men to come along. Some of the death trips currently available for the foolhardy are expensive. Some require training. All require guts.

**1** Take Richard Emmett for example — few insurance companies will. He and Ossie Clark were sidecar racing in Newcastle when Emmett lost his grip. The five motorcycles with sidecars behind him didn't notice. They don't have brakes anyway. Emmett suffered a punctured lung, five broken ribs, a fractured leg and arm, bruised kidneys and concussion and still isn't back in the game. Then there's Xavier Hogan. In his first race, he fell out of his sidecar at Oran Park but was hanging on. His partner didn't notice, he probably thought it was wheel drag. Xavier managed to climb back in for the corner. A couple of races later, he broke his ankle. Bike racers have a code that says "you walk away". Most do. Full leathers, helmets, gloves and boots are necessary for starters and let's not forget the bike. You can move up the ranks of small-time racers by joining local motorbike clubs. You ride, get hurt and, finally, get good. Ring the Auto Cycle Council of Australia on (049) 33 3522 for more details about a club near you.

**2** Still on the track is drag racing. Petrol-heads and boy racers revel in the speed and danger. Victorian John Maher was chequered-flagged at 250km/h recently in the Australian Championship's "top fuel" dragster class. He was upside down on the car's overhead bars at the time. Drag racers drive anything from ordinary street vehicles to replicas of the Model T and other modified (souped up) sedans. Contact the Australian National Drag Racing Association in Brisbane for more details. Ring (07) 52 7304.

**3** Screaming down the slopes at 150km/h avoiding trees, is a challenge for ski-freaks. Apart from a skull-protecting helmet, all that comes between a downhill racer and his maker is a skin-tight nylon suit. Downhill racers avoid tripping. They don't use safety bindings, so it's usually not the ski that breaks. Overseas, the downhill is big biz. In Australia, Thredbo's the go and only for a few days of August. A contact is David Neill on (043) 25 7749.

**4** Hotdogging is another activity for the foolhardy. The principle is to take off at speed, get yourself up into the air over a man-made or natural slope and land as best you can. Back flips, forward rolls, back breaks — anything's possible.

**5** Still on the slopes, you can give your bent legs a rest and try tobogganing — on your back, on your stomach, on a stainless steel tray, on your ear. But you'll have to kill yourself with this one quickly before regulations are made that will spoil all your fun. Tobogganing is frowned upon on our slopes. You can't really control them at 70km/h. Wait for an icy snowfall and get on with it. Spinal injuries are a speciality — as people who've had close encounters with a tree would testify, if they could. Do it here first, because it's hard telling an Austrian where it hurts. But hurry, it will soon be a pastime for safety-seekers, who want manoeuvrable toboggans with fins and things.

**6** Away from the cold, try some unfrozen water and go offshore power boat racing. It can cost you up to $100,000 for a hydroplane and a trailer. Some boats go so fast they rise out of the water and hit a land speed of about 250km/h. While you may survive the trip, your bank balance may not be in as great shape. What the hell. Put some money aside for the funeral and go for it. Let's face it; you can't take it with you. Ring the St George Motor Boat Club in Sydney for starters on (02) 529 7276. They can steer you in the right direction, even if you can't.

**7** The great outdoors is as great for man as it is for beast. But remember — they were there first. They think they own it. They will try to make this point clear to you. Ignore this intimidation and get yourself up to the Northern Territory. You may never have heard of Banteng cattle or Sambar deer, nor they of you, but nothing ventured. . . A charter plane from Darwin can take you to Aboriginal land on the Coburg Peninsula where you'll camp for five days. You, your guide and other suckers take out the four-wheel drive and the odd gun to hunt for the last remaining herd of Banteng in the world. Wimray Hunting organises this trip. Ring them on (089) 81 4836. Another Northern Territory Safari is organised by an intrepid bunch called Nimrod, whom you can contact via (089) 81 9455 and get a radio link-up. They bulldozed through more than 80km of the roughest, wildest country that Australia has to offer to bring you swamp lands, big game fishing and a water buffalo buzz. Big game hunters who've temporarily tired of Africa haunt both these camps. The more danger and isolation there is, the better they like it. It is said that you are supervised at all times, but the person who can keep you from the clutches of wild boar, dingoes, snakes, venomous bugs and crocodiles must be pretty rare. It's really your risk. And for the privilege of dying a thousand deaths, you pay heaps. Most of the equipment is provided, but you need sturdy boots, preferably up to the armpits. Call the Northern Territory Tourist Bureau in your State for more details.

**8** Taming beasts at close range may be more your thing. Try bare-back bronc riding or bull riding in a rodeo. Your unpredictable 750kg beast will not be happy. Electric prodding and some fancy tying-up of their breeding equipment makes them irritable. They can fall on you. Pancake city. Even step on your head as one Queenslander found out last year to his severe detriment. Jim Stewart, president of the Australian Rough Riders' Association can give you the drum. Phone (076) 61 2457.

**9** The very word "shark" strikes fear into many hearts. But not yours, right? Australian waters are full of these hungry mega-fish. The Great Australian Bight is just one of the aptly named spots you can hunt for them. Another favorite haunt is a spot off Botany Bay called The Peak. A legendary 25-footer lurks here. Often, the Gamefishing Association in your State will be looking for eager crews and Hank Newman, on (02) 81 5288, is a mine of information. Hooking one is only the beginning of the story. Until you bring him alongside and gaff him (not with your arm) he is not officially yours. Then the shark can be hauled up on board, with assistance. If your assistants are a bit slow off the mark, a

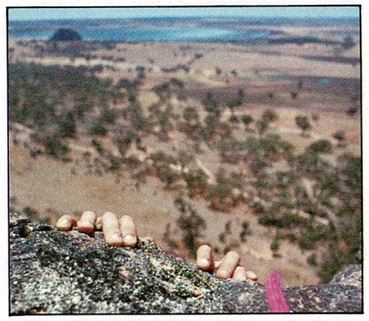
shark's untethered tail or (worse) jaws can lash out. A bit fatal. Some monsters have been weighed in at more than 700kg. Get out and try it. After all, the women's record, of 596kg for a tiger shark, is held by Dolly Dyer and you can beat that. Tell them Uncle Bob sent you.

**10** Now welcome to a new kind of nightmare — pitting yourself against the sky. Skydiving's a good place to start. Niggling doubts like "what if the shute doesn't open" won't deter you. A little air sickness, an adrenalin thump in the chest and a gentle push are all there is to it. The more jumps you survive, the higher you can go. Twenty-six jumps or so will give you a Grade A licence — and you're welcome to it. At this grade, you can face death linked up with like-minded fatalists. Free fall if you wish; 8500 feet up, your prayers won't have to be shouted to be heard. Contact you local branch of the Australian Parachute Federation for more details. Try Graeme Hill on (046) 25 2267, and in Melbourne ring (03) 939550. As a guide, look at spending about $600 to get yourself off the ground more than once. Land in a pothole and learn quickly. First party insurance costs are sky high. Third party insurance is compulsory. Some parachutists braved Australia's tallest construction in January this year — the 427metre Omega tower in South Gippsland, Victoria — for a bit of a lark. Bernie Hackett, the acting Omega Project Manager, was quoted at the time as saying that a person would need to be as fit as a marathon runner to scale the tower with all the equipment on his back. Sixteen guy wires were also in the way, and winds were gusting at 100km/h. And a little matter of antennae. These have 250,000 volts flowing through them when in use. Bernie also said the trick was "the ultimate in stupidity". Well, it's cheaper than hiring a plane.

**11** Aerobatics — all that loop-the-looping, diving and flying under bridges has its devotees. It certainly provides the occasional opportunity for immortalising yourself, as happened in Perth last year. A newly initiated aerobatic performer took off, after a show, with a passenger and a full tank of fuel. Heavy. His impetuous snap roll, executed under a Channel 7 helicopter news team only 150 metres from the ground, was his undoing. His quick and fiery roll to death was caught on film. You can get your pilot's licence and take aerobatic lessons at many flying schools around Australia. A cost of $2000 for the initial pilot's is common and you'll need about $200 a month to keep up your standard. To find out about a flying school close to you, ring (047) 39 7341 or (03) 88 2712.

**12** Gliding provides thrills too, and no petrol smells. After a five-day, $500-odd course and another $150 or so club membership, you'll find yourself being towed behind a 230hp Piper Pawnee and then you're on your own. Thermals and other air currents dictate your direction. The trick is the landing. No engine, maybe miles from anywhere, you have only your joystick to keep you warm. Surviving this should make you ambitious for New Zealand, where gliders can come within inches of large mountains. Contact Bert Johnson in NSW on (046) 66 8882 or (02) 977 5625. He proffers advice to interstate and overseas gliders alike.

**13** A Victorian hang glider, a beginner, set off over a field in tinted glasses. Silly really. Didn't see the power lines on the way down. In hang gliding, you grab your $2000 worth of equipment and jump off a cliff. You can do it over an ocean or over land, or snow, if you're feeling timid. Hang gliding schools all over Australia are dying to train you. They supply the equipment; you supply the body and the money. Beginner's lessons average out at $30 per day. Hang gliding is considered so dangerous that this one is really over to you. Keep in mind as well,



some of the more obscure hazards. A guy over Sydney's Palm Beach was booked by civil aviation authorities a few years ago for "low-flying". Try Moyes Delta Gliders on (02) 387 5114, or Melbourne's Ian O'Neil on (03) 89 4163.

**14** Here's yet another way to get your rocks off. Mountain climbing. Risks include being wiped out by an avalanche (one enterprising climber saved himself once by making swimming motions as he fell) and being blown off a mountain. Falling into a crevasse is no picnic, either. And don't think you're safe in your little overnight hut. They've been known to blow off too. People have been outside to the toilet, never to return. Our safety advice is to hold it till you get home. A group of climbers in the Himalayas caught in a slab avalanche once just fell with it, 300 metres down, and lived. Australia is not known for its massive peaks. Mt Cook and Mt Aspiring in New Zealand are a better thrill. Contact a mountain climbing equipment store or big sports store in your city or phone (02) 29 4840 or (03) 347 9279, for more details on how, when, where. And why.

**15** While we're up there, with vertigo, try canyoning and abseiling. The typical canyons for this sport can look like a creek on a map, but can be six to nine metres wide and hundreds of metres deep. As in down. You can descend beside waterfalls to the bottom but if you think that sounds "pretty", think again. Think of rope burns and cumbersome equipment. The water is usually freezing, so wear a wetsuit or suffer the consequences. Getting stuck half way up, or down, can mean 'bye for now.

**16** Accustom yourself to some more rarefied air up in New Guinea. Imbue yourself with the spirit of the Diggers and walk the Kokoda Trail.

After arriving in Port Moresby you're taken to Popendetta, then on to the start of the trail. Spiders you've never thought about are out there thinking of you. Ditto for snakes and other nasties you have never even heard of. You can experience the trail with just one other — a guide. Doing it by yourself, without the lingo, is unlikely to turn out well.

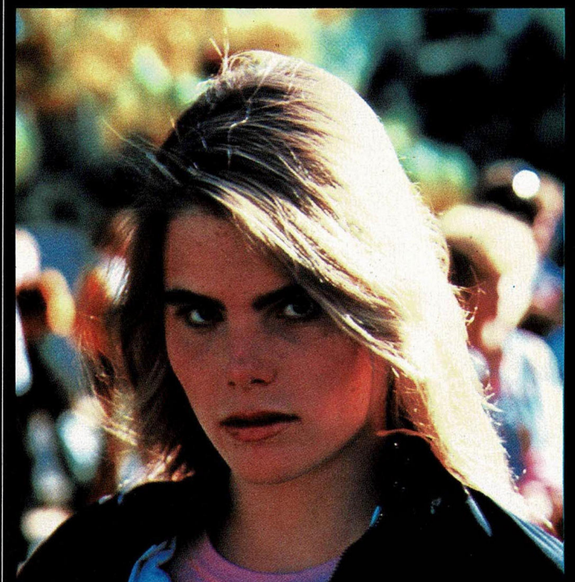
Pidgin, and some 700 dialects in New Guinea, are probably not your native tongues. If you want to walk the trail with some organisation, you can contact 231 6172 in Sydney for details.

**17** White-water canoeing is pretty treacherous, but Australia's white-waterways have been pretty badly treated by drought. So why not travel the Colorado of the South Pacific — The Watut River in New Guinea. One hundred crashing rapids in a one hundred-mile trip; not a bad average. You'll need to camp in local villages along the way, so again the language problem is tricky.

**18** Underwater caving in Mt Gambier and the Nullarbor Plains could provide you with the ultimate death-defying activity. It's now fairly strictly controlled, as too many divers in the past have blithely sunk without trace. Six months of training is the usual. You'll need diving equipment, underwater lights, guide-line ropes, navigational aids — and worry beads. Mt Gambier mainly has "sink holes" which are clear water holes that go down hundreds of metres. Larger caverns are found in the Nullarbor. The Cavediving Association of Australia has around 600 members, with 11 deaths recorded over the past seven years. Try joining them by ringing Christopher Dean on (08) 277 3935 or the Cave Diving Association of Australia on (03) 299 1111. There are two main causes of death. First, silt brushes off the walls if you move carelessly, the water goes pitch black and you can't work out which way is up.

The second cause is even better. Nitrogen narcosis is a form of euphoric drunkenness that you get when diving 50-60 metres or more.

Thinking you're going great guns, you just keep diving, and diving and diving. . . goodnight.



# MARIEL HEMINGWAY

*can woody allen's manhattan co-star score in a film about women's athletics?*

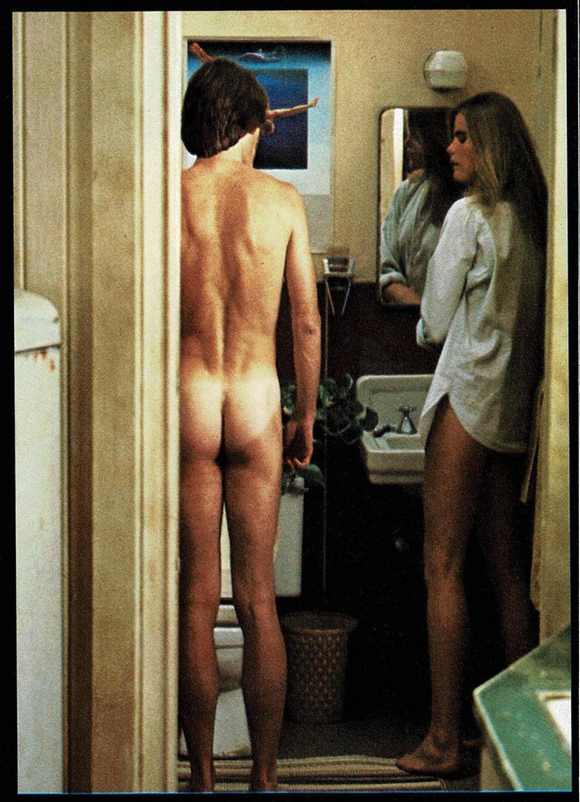
IT BEGAN, interestingly enough, when Hollywood writer-director Robert Towne saw a picture in a magazine of Mariel Hemingway jumping on a trampoline. He was looking for a star for his production of *Personal Best*, a story about athletes, and he was convinced that acting talents were not enough to carry off the part.

"Films about athletes have never really captured what athletics is truly about — movement," Towne explained. "And I'd been told that Mariel was a cross-country skier and a good athlete."

Few, if any, articles about Mariel have failed to mention her almost tomboy fascination with sports — from skiing to running to horseback riding, hiking, bicycling, camping, climbing and tennis, — so it was a natural assumption for Towne to make. "He figured I was athletic," recalled Mariel, wistfully. "So did I. I thought this running and jumping would be easy to do. I didn't know it was going to be so difficult."

By the time she found out, it was too late. She had already embarked on her third feature film and her first starring role outside of TV. It meant, as getting a job always does, leaving her family in Ketchum, Idaho, as well as a rigorous training program that began a full year before the first frame was shot. And it also meant a controversial role as a young Olympic hopeful who, in the process of discovering her sexual identity, falls in love with another woman.

It would be difficult to find a less likely candidate for controversy. As befits someone who has spent almost all of her life in the less-thriving metropolis of Ketchum (population 2200) with her family (father Jack, mother Puck, sisters Muffet and Margaux), Mariel seems small-townish, from her love of the outdoors and the simple life, to her high, girlish voice, which makes her sound much younger than her 20 years. Never mind the famous Hemingway name (grandpa Ernest died before she was



born), the Oscar nomination for *Manhattan* or the pictures of her partying with sister Margaux at Studio 54 in New York; Mariel remains as ingenuous as a woman of nearly six feet can be.

Of course, critics have pointed out that it's just that quality that has made Mariel successful as an actress. That, of course, and luck. It was Mariel's older sister Margaux, a jet-set fashion model, who wanted the career in movies. When Margaux finally landed the role that was supposed to make her a star, she used her influence to get Mariel a small, if appropriately cast, part as her younger sister. The film was *Lipstick,* a tacky look at rape, and both the picture and Margaux got bad reviews. But most critics found a bright spot in Mariel, then 15. "I couldn't get over how good she was in that movie," recalled Towne.

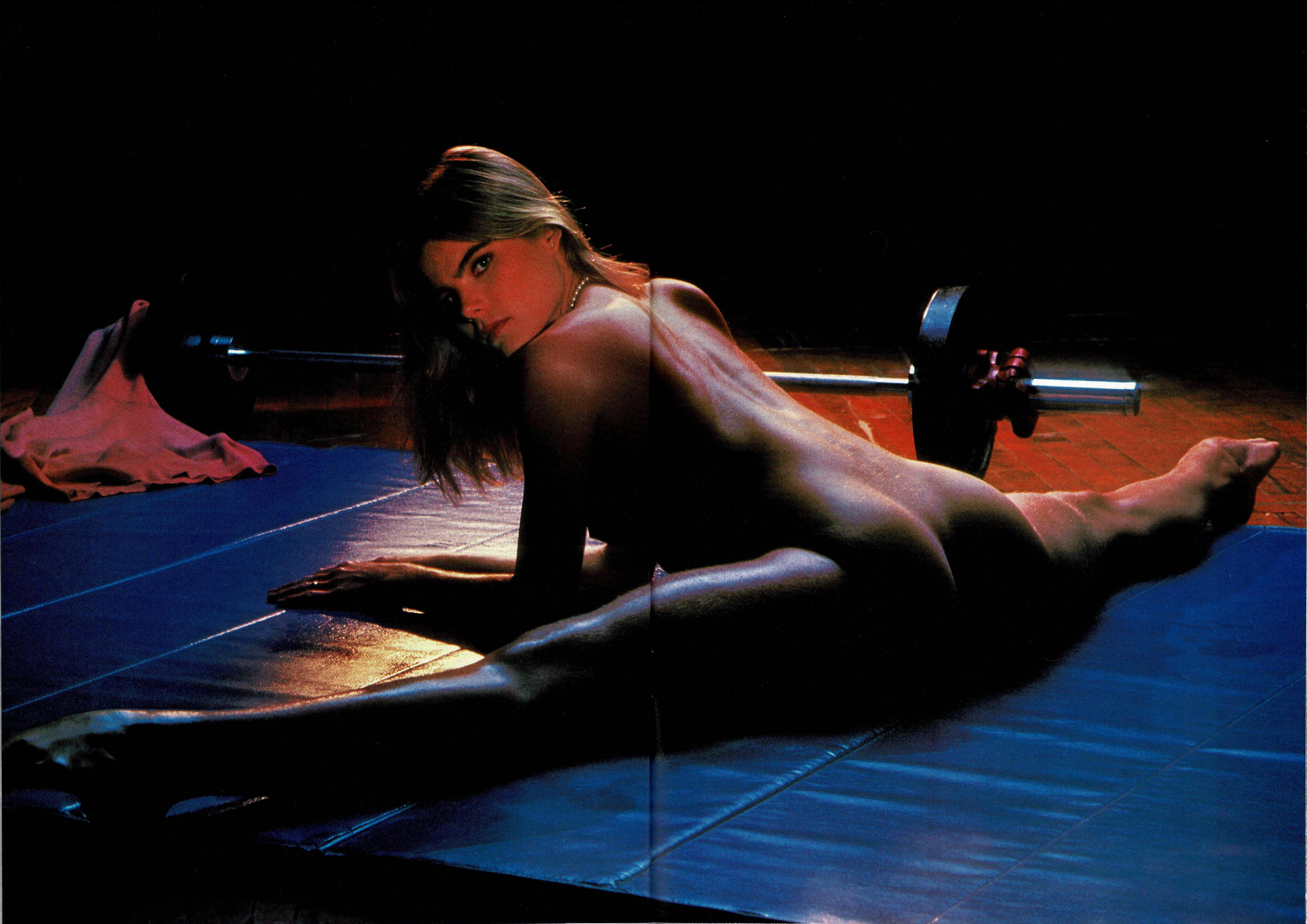
A TV movie called *I Want To Keep My Baby* followed, but it was her role as Tracy, the sexually precocious 17-year-old who falls in love with 42-year-old Woody Allen in *Manhattan*, that created the Mariel mystique.

While she'd bask in the limelight occasionally in New York or Los Angeles, she spent most of her time with her family ("my best friends," she calls them), riding, hiking, camping and waiting for a good script.

The phone call from Bob Towne ended that. Mariel began her training while she was still at home — first by running, then by pumping iron and learning to master the high jump, long jump and shot put.

While Mariel was fine-tuning her athletic ability, most of her co-stars were nervously learning how to act. Towne chose to cast real athletes rather than actors in nearly every role — including the pivotal part of Mariel's lover, who was played by Patrice Donnelly, a member of the US Olympic team in 1976 and at one time the fourth-ranked hurdler in the world. The supporting cast list reads like a program for Olympic track and field event: Jane Frederick, two-time Olympian pentathlete and holder of the American record in the event; Jodi Anderson, current US pentathlon champion; and such American record holders as Deby LaPlante (100-metre hurdles), Pam Spencer (high jump) and Maren Seidler (shotput).

As soon as *Personal Best* was finished, Mariel was back in Idaho and the great outdoors for some brief R & R before starting work on her next movie, *Star 80*, director Bob (*All That Jazz*) Fosse's impressionistic biography of the late US Playmate of the Year, Dorothy Stratten, which started filming this month.



# FUTURE PHONES

*susan kurosawa looks at our telephonic future, free from hang-ups*

RON DIAS, the managing director of Bell Telephone and Communications Systems, is a man with good connections. And he'll happily name them all for you. There's Flip Caller, Fairlady, Freedom, Convi and Cordless, to mention just a few, and they come in a range of shapes and sizes, colors and contours. Telecom has the right connections, too, and they'll share theirs with you from $20 a year for the rest of your life. Mr Dias will sell you one of his for $49 and he'll let you keep it. Telecom does not really approve of Mr Dias' connections —in fact it appears that our communications monopoly is out to put the proverbial spanner in his system.

And so emerges the battle of the private telephone manufacturers versus Telecom Australia. This is a war that is only just starting to be waged in this country although the precedents have been firmly set in the States. The repercussions of the "Carter Phone Decision" in the mid-seventies — in which a Mr Carter successfully fought against America's Bell Telephone Company at Federal court level for the right to plug in his own handset — have been shaking the States ever since. An enormous advertising and promotional push by private telephone "entrepreneurs" followed Carter's victory, and in December 1977, the Federal Government officially opened up the telephone lines for consumers to install their own phones.

One of these entrepreneurs was Ron Dias. He started off his business with a couple of fellow enthusiasts in a garage and ended up with one of the largest privately-owned telephone companies in the States. Ironically, the name of that company was Telecom.

These days, Dias operates from a modest Kings Cross office suite and he's determined to tap the Australian telephone market. His company here is Bell Telephone and Communications Systems. Nothing to do with the American Bell set-up. His chief adversary is, of course, Telecom Australia.

I visit him late one afternoon for a brief interview and end up staying three hours. He's a dynamic character with all the charisma and chutzpah of a showground barker. Arms wave, secretaries are yelled at, sales orders fly across desks and a heavy-duty haze of cigar smoke blankets the jumble of telephones, answering machines and computerised gizmos. The phones ring constantly.

"Hey, what's happening with that permit?" he snaps at the caller from Telecom.

It's easy to imagine the alarm signals sounding around the communications citadel. And Telecom has reason to be terrified. The man from Bell is poised to make a killing, to completely change the concept of telephone ownership as we know it. Until now, the alternatives in Australia have been either to comply with Telecom and rent one of their extension handsets, or to buy a "decorator" model and hide it under the bed every time a man in overalls knocks on the front door. These tricked-up telephones are the Mickey Mouse models and antique look-alikes sold by gift shops. They are "illegal" in the sense that they can be imported and sold but the purchaser must not plug the thing in or, horrors, use it. It works on the Telecom credo that you can have any telephone you like. . . as long as it's one of ours.

So, until now, there's been really no choice in Australia. And it is the rental aspect that forms the very persuasive crux of Dias' argument. He sells his telephones — you buy the handset and you're the sole owner. Telecom "lend" you theirs and charge you for the privilege. The current Telecom rates for a private service — and these are ostensibly for the line, not the actual handset — are $23.75 per quarter for an ordinary rotary dial handset or Wallfone, $25.25 for a one-piece Ericofon and $29.75 for a Touchfone.

Business rentals work out at an extra $15.75 per quarter. If, like most people, you enjoy the convenience of one or more extension telephones, you pay between $20 and $44 a year for each extension, depending on the model you choose.

It is in this area of extensions, or accessory equipment, that Bell and other private manufacturers are making a break-through.

"They (Telecom) give you no choice and they charge what they like," says Dias. "They've got no business being in the telephone equipment game. Their role should be exactly the same as any other public utility. They should merely supply you with the power — the line. The gas company doesn't try and rent you a stove to connect to your supply. The electricity guys can't tell you what kind of appliances to plug into your sockets. You don't rent your light bulbs, do you? After all, if renting was such a good idea, everybody in Australia would be driving an Avis."

They're fighting words but Telecom is, naturally, not about to give up a very lucrative segment of their dollar-earning potential. They are still nicely basking in the glow of their last declared profits of $233 million. When you consider that there are around five million telephone services in use in this country, and an estimated 50 million handsets, the rental charges must add up to an important source of revenue.

So, while Telecom has issued permits for most of Mr Dias' various telephone gizmos, they insist that the consumer pays $46 for a Telecom technician to install the handset. The permitted telephones are currently being sold with a plug that is not compatible with the Telecom wall socket. You therefore fill in the forms accompanying your purchase, send these to Telecom and wait

for the technician to call and fit a new wall socket. Such telephones are not allowed to be used as "prime line" units. Their function is as an accessory handset. Telecom will charge you $1 rental a year for the use of their plug, which is still a considerable saving on the $20 to $44 annual rental for a Telecom extension handset. If only one telephone exists in the home or office, however, there is no saving.

But if and when you move house or office and take your private telephone with you, you will again be forced to pay $46 for a special socket at your new residence. It's all a bit insidious although, at the time of writing, high-powered discussions were under way between Telecom and manufacturers such as Dias over this installation aspect.

The Telecom department in Melbourne that issues permits for privately-owned telephone equipment is heavily involved in this debate. But the stuff is not "approved". And if I refer to *any* of the products mentioned in this article as "Telecom approved" I can expect to be rapped over the dialing fingers. Mr Matt Moore of this department explained to me that the term "approval" is taboo because it connotes that Telecom fully sanctions the private equipment.

"We just permit it to be used," he says. "We don't offer any guarantees on its performance. We just permit it because it doesn't interfere with the system."

PHOTOGRAPH BY TANDY ROWLEY

So, where do you buy private telephones? There are a number of specialty shops where the full range is displayed, and many more of these are likely to sprout up as the word spreads. But you can also buy the Convi, Bell's most inexpensive and best-selling model, in major department stores or in Woolworths.

A spokesman for Woolworths advised me that his company has been involved with private telephone equipment since its first appearance in Australia. Woolworths stores have been selling the Convi since August 1981, and the management is "more than happy" with the results. "This equipment represents a whole new industry in Australia," I was told. "It's not just another product to be put on the shelf and we're pleased to be involved in the growth stages of a rapidly growing concern." The Convi is about to be replaced by a six-wire Compuphone with even more flexible functions and these will be sold nation-wide at Big W discount stores and larger supermarkets and variety stores. "We're very confident of success," was the final word from Woolies.

It's impressive talk, although perhaps someone should have a word to the sales counter staff. I visited two Sydney Woolworths city branches and, after some searching, found the Convis squeezed between the electric blankets and the batteries in one store, and hiding behind the clock radios and Polaroid cameras in the other. One young sales assistant insisted that the plug on the Convi was compatible with the Telecom system and could therefore be plugged straight in. A salesman in the other store conceded that the wall plug had to be changed but he thought that Telecom charged "about $10" for the conversion.

There still seems to be a general mistrust of these "contraptions" and it must also be a nightmare for store managers to decide in which department the things should be placed. If you ask at the store information desk for the "telephone counter", you're likely to be directed to the nearest public phone booth.

Awareness and acceptance will soon be here, however, if Ron Dias has his way. He has assigned Roger Carroll, Bell's Director of Marketing, the task of establishing an Australia-wide network of franchise distributors to handle the projected sales of equipment. Meanwhile, Dias is still locked into fiery discussions with Telecom and presenting them with more and more candidates for permits.

Obviously, consumers are going to be happy at the thought of saving money each year on extension rentals, but they are also going to expect better results and more wizardry from their private telephones. This is where the private manufacturers are currently way out in front. Companies such as Bell are constantly introducing new equipment. "We literally have a new model coming in every day," claims Roger Carroll.

One of the most popular is sure to be the Bell cordless telephone which was recently announced by Ian Sinclair, the Minister for Communications. This is a Telecom permitted model which has a small radio transmitter and receiver and operates over a range of 50 to 100 metres. There are other brands available but these do not carry a Telecom compliance plate and are therefore illegal, operating on unauthorised radio frequencies and sensitive to interference.

Even the little Convis that you can just about buy at the corner shop are more sophisticated than the Telecom Touchfones. The Convis have redial buttons so that engaged numbers can be automatically redialed and a mute button to put the person on the other end on temporary "hold". Their push button configuration is reminiscent of a pocket calculator and the compactness and space-age styling are also big plus factors.

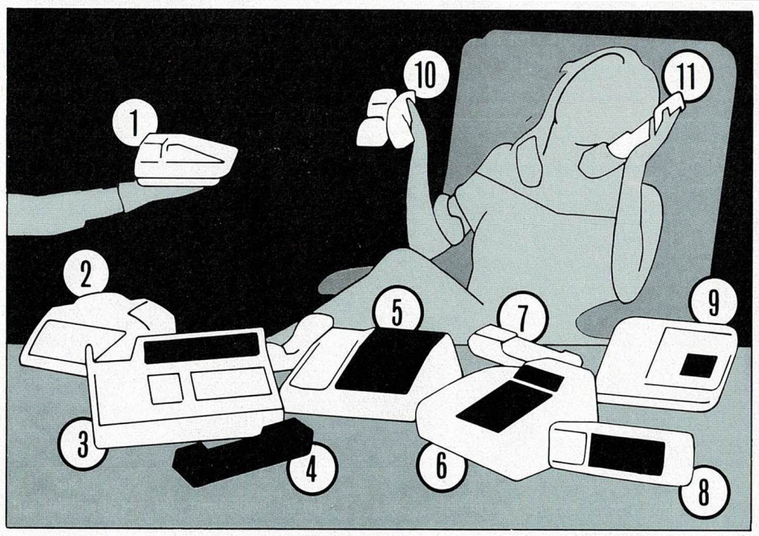
Telecom's answer to this type of telephone is the Gondola, a streamlined phone in its own gondola-shaped holder which also has the extra switches and aspires to the computerised look. At the time of writing, the Gondola was only available for use on city telephone lines, with an installation fee of $39 (compared with $46 for a privately-owned model) plus $28 quarterly rental for "prime line" private usage (slightly more expensive than basic phones but a little less than Touchfones) or $8 per quarter for extension use.

Others in the private line-up range from compact models with memory retention and last-number redial, to desktop units which are used without a receiver — you can move around the room and speak with both hands free, sophisticated answering machines, units with memory banks for your most-dialled numbers and minute/second timers for STD and ISD calls plus clock and calendar read-outs.

The scope and capabilities of this equipment are constantly changing and it will be interesting, in the near future, to compare these privately manufactured models with those that will, inevitably, be brought out in competition by Telecom.

In January this year, the historic settlement of the US Government's anti-trust suit against AT and T (American Telephone and Telegraph Company) led to the communications giant divesting itself of domestic Bell Telephone operating companies in the US in return for freedom to compete in other computer and telecommunications markets. In mid-February, a local arm of AT and T opened in Sydney.

The electronic heavyweights are moving in. Dias says: "I predict that Telecom Australia will be out of the telephone equipment rental business in this country in three years' time."




Selecting a new telephone is no longer a simple matter. You can now choose from an extensive range (from Telecom and private manufacturers), with color, size and function options. The Bell telephones featured in our photograph will give you an idea of what is available for home or office use.

*1. Supaphone Cordless. 2. 20 memory Decorator model. 3. The 738 Compuphone. 4. Intima. 5. Handsfree model (the name says it all). 6. Decorator model. 7. Popular Convi phone (available from Woolworths). 8. Regal model. 9. The 768 Compuphone (with 112 memories, loud speaker, etc). 10. Decorator model. 11. Fairlady. Prices range from $59 to $495.*



# GAMES *(continued from page 43)*

*On Weatherall's desk is the flag — yellow, black and red — with the legend: Be Proud, Be Black, Be Aboriginal.*

"They are also called f.... government stooges and Uncle Toms," he adds, without apparent bitterness. Weatherall seems to feel that Charlie Perkins may have ideas above *his* station. "Ask Perkins who's number one and he'll say me. Ask who's number two and there's nobody — there's no number three either." Weatherall fully supports protests at the Games. . . but he's wary of the motives of Australia's highest-ranking Aboriginal public servant.

"If Perkins can do something that will advance the cause of Aborigines, and not himself, then good. We don't particularly like people advancing themselves by treading over others to reach high places." Weatherall's third-floor office above a discount clothing warehouse is in the "interesting" end of George Street, where second-hand shops sell transistor radios and dildos and battered, dusty stairways lead up to revolutionary bookshops and the reading rooms of obscure political reformists. The police admit that known black activists are under surveillance. . . and sure enough, as I wait outside Weatherall's building, an appallingly dressed obvious detective studies me from across the street.

Upstairs, in jeans and island print shirt, Weatherall is engaged in some mild telephone mau-mauing. He has just asked for, and been refused, permission to fly the Aboriginal flag from the city hall during National Aborigines Unity Day. Weatherall tells the council official that some of the brothers might get bothersome unless the council has a change of heart. The council has a change of heart. Weatherall chuckles as he gets the good news and hangs up the phone. On his desk is the flag — yellow, black and red — with the legend: Be Proud, Be Black, Be Aboriginal.

Educated to grade nine and then at a College of Advanced Education (drama, performing arts, photography and visual arts), Bob Weatherall, like Steve Mam and Bill Lowah, is enjoying the build-up to the first concerted gathering of blacks in Australia. He is concise, friendly. . . and the atmosphere in the office, although the analogy sounds absurd, is a bit like the sense of excitement in the secret meeting place of the Famous Five just before a corker adventure.

From what he tells you, Weatherall has every reason to relish the prospect of confrontation over land rights and self-determination. While the Musgrave Park blacks may have forgotten their pasts, Weatherall remembers his all too clearly. As a case history, it is disturbing but not surprising, at least to those familiar with the white Missing Link theorists of umpteen country towns. He was born and raised in St George in south-western Queensland, a town not exactly noted for racial tolerance.

"My people grew up, like me, on a camping reserve on the edge of town. We were fringe dwellers, living under bits of tin from the rubbish tip. We had the typical local taxi driver who spent most days driving out from town with grog for the blacks. Bashings were commonplace. When I was in my early teens, and that stuff was fashionable, I wore a big leather belt with, I'll never forget, 120 studs. One day, the cops stopped me in the street and told me if they ever saw me wearing the belt again I'd be flogged with it, as many lashes as there were studs. So naturally I wore the belt again. The cops took me behind the Bonanza Cafe and gave me one belt for every stud. . ."

Weatherall says a favorite police pastime was kicking black backsides — "to get them off the street, they'd kick backsides all the way out to the camping reserve. An Aboriginal friend of mine was called over to the police car one day. The cop on the opposite side of the car offered him a cigarette. When my friend reached in to get it, they rolled up the window. They made him run all the way to the station."

But the ultimate party trick, the real crowd stopper, is the one white louts — a more than adequate local version of the Ku Klux Klan — performed on Gordon Weatherall, the activist's uncle, about two years ago.

"My uncle was drunk and the white kids followed him home. They had prepared a surprise, by sticking several knives up through the bottom of the verandah and putting a bicycle across the top of the stairs. The idea was that he would trip on the bike and fall on to the knives. But my uncle wasn't drunk enough for that one. So they grabbed him and pulled down his trousers. Then they yanked the seat off the bike, picked my uncle up and jammed him down on that seat pipe, right up his arse. He's been in and out of hospital ever since because his organs were damaged."

But it was history, and not the brutal present, that stirred Weatherall to fight back. "At school we had to sit and listen to the white verison of history. It was *designed* to make us black kids feel inferior. We rejected it and formed a black gang.

"We all used to go around together. Anyone who even looked sideways at us, we'd punch out. We were fighting from the day we went to school until the day we left. And we're still fighting. Nothing has changed because the overall attitude of whites hasn't changed, especially in St George. Up there, if the subject of land rights for blacks comes up, the entire white community bands together. Their resistance hasn't been tested yet, but it will be."

Weatherall's parents were determined he should have an education. They knew, he says, that it was the only way out of St George and the only means by which any black could help shape the future of his people. After he left, the blacks were evicted from the camping reserve. It was earmarked for a rubbish tip — but 10 years later, it remains vacant.

After doing drama and arts, Weatherall went to Sydney and worked as an actor with a black theatre group. He came to Brisbane in 1977 and joined FAIRA, a research and "action" organisation which, unlike the National Aboriginal Conference, is entirely funded by voluntary donations, mostly from church groups — including The World Council of Churches, described by

Bjelke-Petersen as a "nest of commie agitators."

Weatherall organises conferences, addresses students (at church schools, not, of course, State ones) and has set up tent embassies in Brisbane's King George Square. The last one was firebombed. Like the police, Weatherall won't say exactly what plans FAIRA has laid for the Games. He anticipates between five and 10 thousand blacks will come to town, including many Maoris.

"At this stage we know of 15 Queensland athletes who are considering boycotting the games because of the treatment of blacks. If we get their support, we will ask them to talk with visiting athletes. . . this could sway a lot of people to our cause and help toward getting what we want."

What they want is precisely two percent of Queensland — areas now designated Aboriginal reserves under the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders Act — switched to freehold title. The Bjelke-Petersen government, repealing the Act controlling the reserves, offered only 50-year leases of these areas. Joh's reasons for this included his fear that blacks in control of their own land would attract communist trouble-makers who would establish enclaves of puppet-like black terrorists.

"We want freehold title," says Weatherall. "We want what's below the earth, what's above the earth and what's below and above the sea. We want compensation for mining and consultation with the black people. So far there has been none."

Weatherall says he has tried many times to get an audience with Premier Joh, without success.

"He just doesn't give a damn. He has always said he will not put aside any land to become black men's territory. . . but he will smooch forever to the Iwasakis of this world, and give them freehold."

Does Weatherall think Joh realises the potential for disaster at the Games?

"Probably not, but like the old song says — he's got the whole wide world in his hand. He can bring in the bloody army and his police. . . unless the police go on strike, unless they feel some conscience. . ."

This seems highly fanciful. Weatherall elaborates. "When we had the tent embassy going, a number of young cops came over for a chat. They are good blokes, some of them — they even signed our petition for land rights."

But a strike? "Yeah," says Weatherall, "I guess there isn't much chance. Once the young cops spend a while with the old callous bastards in the force they change overnight. Then they become racists, sometimes without realising it."

Since the Games protests hit the news, Weatherall has noticed an increase in the usual incidence of black harassment. Just before Christmas, acid was tipped under the door of his office, his wife has been followed by police and, according to Weatherall, booked for baldy tyres that weren't baldy.

"Blacks have been bashed, others have been evicted from boarding houses without reason. I see this as part of a campaign of harassment. The cops are trying to clean Brisbane up so it will look nice and pretty — on the surface — for the Games."

Cautiously, on the subject of what form Games protests will take, Weatherall admits there will be disruptions to events — "you can be sure of that." What about weapons? "As far as I know we will only have our hands. I. . . er, really can't say." Weatherall laughs in a way that again evokes the Famous Five (what a caper!): "People may carry batons," he says, "or baseball bats or sticks. . ."

Once or twice a week, a yet-unnamed Games protest committee meets to discuss tactics at the FAIRA office. When I asked Weatherall if I could attend the next meeting, he demurred. "I'll have to ask the (black) community." The answer was no.

How did Wetherall *really* feel about the impending action. Scared?

"I do sometimes get the feeling it's going to be very nasty, it frightens me. . . naturally I'd like to go on living. But when you look at it, our babies are dying on the reserves anyway. I hope Perkins is right about this being Australia's Wounded Knee. I think it will be. The alternative is for the Queensland Government to grant us land rights.

"It's up to them. I don't want to see people getting hurt, but we're getting hurt every day, so in those terms it's not going to matter all that much to us."

(Today's papers say Russ Hinze and Perkins are meeting for talks. Perkins refers to "beefy old Russ". Hinze is still rumbling about getting Perkins the sack. Israel and Egypt have a better chance of reconciliation.)

Although waiting 200 years for a concerted protest is nobody's idea of acting hastily — and while the protest is justified — it's interesting how the threat of violence affects those likely to be involved. They say they want to avoid it, but are quick to add that if it's inevitable you can bet they'll be there when the chips are down, etc.

Take Kath Walker, Aboriginal poetess — mother of jailed activist Dennis Walker — who lives on Stradbroke Island in Moreton Bay. Author of several books and a regular subject of women's magazines, Kath Walker told me by phone: "I'm all for the protests and I'll be there if they want me. I think there'll be a lot of violence — even if police start it themselves. I think there will be broken limbs and bloody scenes — I hope not, but I can't see how there won't be violence. I will be there, prepared to cop it. It will be worth it in the long run."

*Despite the fun everyone seems to be having, I suspect that protests will occur only in isolated pockets.*

Call me a cynic, but her remarks convinced me that Kath Walker — like Steve Mam, Bill Lowah, Charlie Perkins and Bob Weatherall — is herself *enjoying* the thrill of the big one. Here it is at last — the Broken Limb Games, more police than spectators, violent guard dogs, high-powered guns, danger, fear, the eyes of the world upon us and 200 years of repression to exorcise. A time for courage. . . over the top brothers and sisters!

To complete the picture, who could argue that Joh and Russ, two lads who love a dust-up, aren't also getting something of a buzz from their back-to-back stand against the savage hordes. Just the two of them — and a few thousand wallopers — between sport, Queensland's overseas image and the biggest uprising since the Zulu wars.

An employee of the Commonwealth Games Foundation in Brisbane startled me by saying the threat of violence at the Games could make the whole thing more *exciting*. He implied that the athletes, sexually charged from the tension of competition, would likely find the dangers even more stimulating until the Queen Elizabeth II stadium "oozed with supressed energy." (Come to think of it, the athletes sound more of a threat than blacks *and* police.)

The Games Foundation has its own security force, so secret and undercover that my informant, a senior employee, swore he knew nothing about it. Foundation Director Dan Whitehead says only: "These are traditionally the Friendly Games. Our security people are absolutely determined that they will stay that way."

Despite the fun everyone seems to be having, I suspect that protests will occur only in isolated pockets. Some visiting athletes may join in, but it's doubtful whether the promised turn-up of between five and 10 thousand blacks will eventuate.

Just north of Cape York, scattered like jewels across an azure sea, Steve Mam's Torres Strait Islands are also subject to the land rights battle. Last year, Mam flew back to his home island for a visit. With him in the plane was Bill Lowah, who had last seen the islands when he left for the mainland aged four.

"Hey, little brother," said Mam, nudging Lowah. "Look down there at your home."

Lowah looked. "Man!" he breathed. "That's paradise!"

Mam nodded. "With land rights and human rights, it's ours. This place belongs to us. The god of nature said, Bill and Steve, that's yours. Thank you Lord. Now all we need is the deeds!"



# THE SPY IN THE NEWSROOM

***the tacky crime reporter was no james bond, but he was just as effective***

*"Thought this might interest you. — GW"*

GORDON WINTER, professional spy, enjoyed sending souvenir photographs, with the above informal note, to some of the people he captured on film. He omitted to tell them other copies were sent to one of the world's most ruthless spy services.

This short, sturdily-built, sandy-haired Yorkshireman from a working-class background, was, in terms of effectiveness, one of the world's most successful and damaging spies.

Few people, other than his colleagues and targets, have heard much about him. But, among those who have, a significant number wished they hadn't, for Winter delivered them rapidly into the hands of BOSS, the ludicrous abbreviation for —but accurate description of — the Bureau of State Security, the South African secret service whose mission is to eliminate meaningful opposition to the white supremacist *apartheid* rulers of that country. For 16 years he spied successfully on people he deliberately befriended, and acknowledges he sent many to prison, some to be tortured and a few to their deaths.

The activities of BOSS — some of whose victims have "accidentally" slipped on soap in the showers, fallen down stairs, tumbled from tall buildings or, most commonly, hanged

***article by chris pritchard and mike wharton***

themselves — have been fully and frighteningly chronicled by Amnesty International, the London-based international human rights organisation. Survivors have given chilling, vivid accounts of what BOSS has routinely done to people in its custody before some of them met their deaths: electrical torture, sexual molestation, prolonged jailing without trial — and, on a routine basis, savage beatings.

Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser understands this in putting Australia among those nations which strongly condemn South Africa's racial policies. Fraser, it is widely acknowledged, has a genuine abhorrence of racism — and in taking action that has earned Australia considerable international respect, particularly among developing nations, he has risked the inevitable wrath of the supporters of South Africa on the right-wing of his own party and of unashamed pro-Pretoria apologist groups in Australia, operated by Australians and South Africans, mostly involved in business or sport. Exiled anti-racist South Africans — and the Australians who support them — have been impressed by Fraser's stance.

One reason for this is that they have had contact with people such as Gordon Winter, for the South African regime employs an army of spies and informers around the world: diplomats, functionaries of South African operations as well as seemingly innocuous individuals. Even South African Airways, used as a propaganda front and the operator of scheduled services to Australia, has been exposed as having "spies in the skies" among its flight crews.

Gordon Winter's story is liberally laced with sex, violence, gangsters, spies, international intrigue and power-crazed villains. It is not, however, a story that could come from the typewriter of Ian Fleming or John Le Carre. Winter, a convicted jewel thief, is no James Bond. His story lacks glamor. It is a tacky, tawdry tale.

This is the real world of spies and spying.

Winter, we should point out, does not deny any of this. He recently wrote a boastful book, proudly chronicling many of the assignments he so gleefully carried out on behalf of his spymasters. *(Inside BOSS.* Published December 1981 in Britain by Allen Lane in hardback and Penguin Books in paperback. Not yet available in Australia.)

Our paths and Winter's crossed many times in the Sixties and Seventies, in Britain and South Africa. Winter's "cover" was his work as a reporter/photographer. It was natural, therefore, that we should initially have a journalist-to-journalist relationship, one that he pursued long after we suspected he was a BOSS agent. We, by this time, were going to enormous lengths to avoid him. But Winter was often there — ready with an offer of a lift or a phone number, forever suggesting a drink and a talk.

It enabled us to build a detailed mental dossier of his activities — and of the BOSS modus operandi. The sordid nature of some BOSS operations should provide pause for thought for anyone still prepared to place South Africa on the side of the righteous. The Pretoria regime, it will be recalled, has invaded Angola, raided Mozambique, makes continuous attempts to destabilise Zimbabwe and Zambia, bullies Botswana, Lesotho and Swaziland, was implicated in a mercenary coup attempt in the Seychelles and has tried (but, so far failed) to buy newspaper mouthpieces in the United States, Britain and continental Europe.

Pretoria illegally continues to occupy Namibia, denying its people independence — and finances a motley collection of dissidents in various parts of Africa in a bid to create political unrest and economic chaos, which it can then portray as the inability of blacks to govern.

All this is the sophisticated stuff of politics. Winter, now in his late forties, had much humbler aspirations.

He drifted to London in the mid-Fifties, became associated with the Richardson gang, a notorious group of East End criminals, specialising in protection, who would torture their victims by making them kneel and then driving long nails through the backs of their knees to the floorboards. On his own admission to one of the authors, he was involved about this time in a caper to do with smuggling cheap imitations of a French ballpen to France from Tangiers.

*Winter, a convicted jewel thief, is no James Bond. His story lacks glamor. It is a tacky, tawdry tale. This is the real world of spies.*

The Richardson gang, according to its leader Charles Richardson, now in prison in Britain, was involved in 1966 in break-ins into the London offices of anti-racist liberation movements fighting to overthrow white minority regimes in southern Africa. Richardson said his paymaster on these assignments was BOSS.

Winter, a link between Richardson and BOSS, was by this time in South Africa where he went in 1960 after serving 21 months in prison for stealing jewels.

Ironically, in the crazy world that is South Africa, the jewel thief soon became a crime reporter, a poacher turned gamekeeper, joining the Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, a paper known for its strident editorials in support of the white Afrikaner regime in a country where much of the English-language press plays lip-service, at least, to calls for political change and where a handful of newspapers genuinely support democratic reforms.

The South African authorities, with highly-efficient immigration controls, do not, as a rule, admit British criminals — particularly when they are aware of their backgrounds. They had plans for Gordon Winter, however.

The Pretoria government does not baulk at using men on the run, unbalanced romantics or money-minded drifters where it finds it convenient to do so. Mercenaries have been used on operations to destabilise neighboring countries.

The South Africans have proved themselves hightly organised in their recruitment of spies:

- A self-published romantic poet named Michael Morris was, in fact, a secret police agent (later exposed) who had the job of spying on dissident students;
- A white former Congo (now Zaire) mercenary impressed anti-apartheid students with his fierce rhetoric against the regime until his cover was blown when a student happened to see him playing rugby for a minor police team at an obscure sports field;
- A University of Cape Town official informed on students there with the knowledge of other staff members who, at the same time, styled themselves in public as opponents of the government;
- Another staff member of the same university had to abandon his spying activities when a computer rejected his application to join the university pension fund. A print-out indicated he was already covered by a police pension fund;
- A black girl was induced to spy under threat that she and her white boyfriend would be prosecuted under the Immorality Act, which prescribes long prison terms for inter-racial sex, if she did not;
- A white student agreed to spy when the secret police offered to pay his tuition fees but he later broke down and confessed to his friends that he could no longer bear to deliver weekly reports about them;
- Use of journalists is also not unusual. Editorial staffs on South African newspapers include reporters who report to the security apparatus. A favored game, even in broadly pro-government newsrooms, is guessing the spook's identity. One reporter, an Afrikaner who told his newspaper colleagues he had rebelled against the *apartheid* beliefs of his family, sat at a desk behind co-author Pritchard on a Johannesburg newspaper. To Pritchard's astonishment the same "reporter" turned up some years later as a press attache at a South African Embassy — in charge of disinformation projects.

And, like other spy services, the South Africans do not ignore the attraction of using globe-trotting journalists. Liberation movements have long been suspicious of several correspondents, using non-South African passports that permit them to travel in black Africa ( these countries refuse to admit South African passport holders). Co-author Wharton, while walking down a street in Dar-es-Salaam, saw one such journalist strolling around the Tanzanian capital, where several exiled liberation movements are headquartered.



## TORTURE: the BOSS way

Gordon Winter, in his book, describes some of the barbaric forms of torture utilised by BOSS on its victims. Among these, as Winter describes them, are:

*The Tokoloshe:* "So called because the *tokoloshe* is an evil spirit widely believed in by rural blacks. It is the devil and can be invisible or take various hideous shapes, a hairy dwarf or a magic snake. The *tokoloshe* used by the security police (and in police stations in country areas all over South Africa) is a home-made electric-shock machine made from batteries with two wire leads and a winding apparatus. The leads are applied to the lips, private parts or stomach. A few spots of water, sprinkled beforehand, intensify the pain. Victim is told *tokoloshe* is running round inside his body. Only used on blacks. One drawback: the pain is so intense that the victim often has phenomenal memory recall and remembers every detail of the torturer's face and physical build etc. To remedy this a canvas bag or potato sack is placed over the victim's head."

*The Cracker:* "Nothing can be more painful for a man than an attack on his testicles. Two methods. A piece of string or a shoelace with a sliding lasso knot. This stops the blood flow, and release causes agony. Second method: a pair of ordinary nutcrackers applied for three or four seconds. Disliked by the security police because it leaves very obvious bruises."

*The Adam's Apple:* "The most dangerous torture of all. So called because the torturer says he is going to squeeze the pips out of the victim's Adam's apple. They love that joke. A wet towel is wrapped round the throat and pulled tight until the victim is about to faint. Leaves no marks on the throat. The duration of strangling time varies from person to person; some pass out quicker than others. Recovering consciousness is a horrifying experience, particularly when repeated several times. Death is only seconds away. Many prisoners die owing to 'miscalculation' by the torturer. In such cases the victim is strung up in his cell with a torn shirt round his neck: he committed suicide by hanging."

*The Sleep Walker:* "Victim is made to sit on a wooden chair in the same position for two or three days by security police operatives working round the clock on a shift basis. This is the number one favorite torture. It leaves no marks on the body and the victim becomes so disorientated through lack of sleep that he or she is unable to distinguish reality from three or four-second-long 'dreams'. Talks, rambles and answers questions almost without knowing."

Against this backdrop, Gordon Winter, now confirms he became a BOSS agent in the early Sixties.

His byline appeared regularly, usually above sensationally presented Sunday tabloid crime stories. As a well-known reporter, he had access to a vast network of sources.

In June 1965, a South African businessman, Thomas Waldeck was murdered in Johannesburg. A business partner of London gangster Charles Richardson, who was interested in closing mining deals in South Africa, Waldeck was gunned down at his home. A member of the Richardson gang, Johnny Bradbury, was convicted of the crime.

Winter's name emerged at the trial. His gun had been used to kill Waldeck. Speculation has persisted over the years that the killing was a piece in some jigsaw puzzle, an obscure aspect of intrigue arranged by the South African secret police. Hard evidence to support this theory has not emerged, however.

The Waldeck publicity was not to Winter's disadvantage. He managed to suggest he was the victim of police harassment. Because he was a tough journalist, the authorities were, as Winter told it, afraid in case he exposed some major scandal to rock the apartheid regime.

Such was Winter's guile that he talked his way into the confidence of many anti-apartheid activists. Winter became aware of their breaches of the draconian apartheid laws. He knew when black and white slept together (sex between people of different colours is illegal). He knew when people broke their "banning orders" (banning is a common South African punishment for political opponents, meaning the victim cannot leave home except at set times, cannot be quoted, cannot be in the company of more than two people at any time and must seek permission to speak to spouse or children if they, too, are "banned").

They confided in him and he did favors for them, often earning intense gratitude. For example, Winter would tip off a victim about a BOSS raid — claiming, as one of the country's top crime reporters, to have obtained the information from a cop who owed him a favor. Suspicion was not aroused.

Part of Winter's success had to do with his manner, his happy-go-lucky criminal's contempt for the law. Cocky, casual, seemingly apolitical but devoid of racism, he played skilfully on an inaccurately glamorised version of his crime-reporting role to talk women into bed and draw from them the secrets of their loved ones.

Winter, his receding hair usually dishevelled, would commonly whip a hip-flask of cheap South African brandy from his pocket, offer a swig to anyone present and entertain people with tales about how he'd conned some hapless, junior cop into giving him the low-down on a stabbing or shooting. His audience would laugh at his amusing caricature of some dumb Boer desk sergeant — unaware that Winter was reporting their reactions to top-echelon BOSS bosses.

The omnipresent camera — always a Leica because the silent shutter enabled him to snatch easy "sneak" shots — caused no suspicion either. While he drove, he kept it next to the stick-shift in his white Datsun. Outside the car, even at a party, it would be slung over his shoulder. The habit was widely dismissed as the idiosyncrasy of a gung-ho reporter. "That's why I get shots no one else gets," he'd contend truthfully. "If I pass a road accident I bang off a shot and chuck the film to the picture editor — no one else bothers. I'm not proud. I like to help the paper. The photographer can't be everywhere."

While relaxing in his targets' houses or apartments he would jokingly take numerous candid shots of anti-racist activists and their guests. He was, in fact, often invited to do so. BOSS built up extensive dossiers of photographs in this way. Often, Winter sent his unsuspecting victims copies of photos he took "while we were fooling around with the camera".

Told by Pritchard, on one occasion in 1966, that local students were complaining of harassment by a particular secret police informer, a university staff member, Winter replied: "I could have him frightened — a couple of black eyes, a few broken ribs." He offered to hire members of a tough black gang in Cape Town's District Six, the area where his newspaper was located, to beat up the spy, an offer which — though tempting — was declined, as he probably knew it would be. But the offer certainly enhanced his status, particularly among the students.

Winter's success with women, particularly young white students immersed in anti-racist politics (often with boyfriends who had information useful to BOSS) continued to be phenomenal. They found him a rakish man of the world, older than their other male friends and a man with a past who moved in a shady but exciting *demi-monde* of criminals and others of whom their mothers would not have approved.

One of these women, Debbie (not her real name), was a mildly attractive and naive 20-year-old student and part-time daily newspaper journalist. Subsequently, she recalled to Pritchard that Winter had seduced her and maintained a sexual relationship over three months, during which he informed her he was sterile. There was, he assured her, *no* danger of a pregnancy.

Winter left South Africa a few days before Debbie found she was pregnant. She panicked. Her parents were deeply conservative and this was a country where abortions were not easily obtained. She

found a backstreet abortionist, a woman of 86, and, soon after the deed was done, secret police agents visited her. They had the full story. She would have to become a spy or they would tell her parents everything. Debbie told them to get lost and subsequently revealed to Pritchard that she had confided in her parents soon afterwards.

It was several years before she realised she had been elaborately set up.

The reason Winter was not around when Debbie found she was pregnant was that he had just been deported. He called Pritchard one Sunday to say he had been told to report to Caledon Square, the police headquarters in Cape Town and expected to be arrested. He would park his car in a particular spot in the police car park. Pritchard should check later. If the car was still there it would mean Winter was in detention. Pritchard would have the story.

By sunset the car was still parked at Caledon Square and Pritchard wrote his story for the *Cape Times*: Winter was being held. The story made the front page.

Meanwhile, one of Winter's friends suggested to Pritchard that, together, they raid Winter's room (he lived in a hotel) to retrieve his negatives before they fell into police hands. Pritchard knew many of Winter's pictures could enhance police files (he didn't know at this stage that they were already on file). Alarm bells rang. This sounded like an invitation from an *agent provocateur*. To be caught carrying boxes of negatives from the room of someone detained by BOSS would be extremely unwise. The plan was dropped.

Winter was released soon after, claiming life in jail was hell and that he had been kept in the cell previously occupied by assassin Dimitri Tsafendas, who in 1966 knifed to death Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd, the grand strategist of white domination.

The government announced that Winter was to be deported because of his criminal links. These connections had not been of concern to the South African authorities earlier. Winter, a deportee, was welcomed early in 1967 into anti-apartheid exile groups in London. Deportation was the perfect cover. BOSS would never deport one of its own men, would it?

In London, at this point Wharton and Pritchard met Winter again. Exploiting his new found respectability as a deportee, Winter — already with a short term, live-in exile girlfriend — worked hard to cultivate the London exiles.

Doubts had by now begun to surface in the minds of both Wharton and Pritchard that Winter could have been "planted" in London. Their suspicion was based on casual analysis of his behavior in South Africa and Britain, of various incidents in which he had been involved. However, both men noted Winter's continuing acceptance among the exiles and acknowledged they had no real evidence to back up their hunch.

That this suspicion should arise may seem strange to someone who has lived only in a democratic society. But South Africa is a melodramatic place, filled with wild and improbable scenarios. It is normal for honest journalists and opponents of the system to speculate as to whether a person with whom they associate could be a spy.

Winter's work continued as the years slipped by. Pritchard and Wharton noted — after continuing to meet him "by chance" in the street — that he was extremely interested in their activities. They assumed that, since they were not politically involved, his interest was prompted by their extensive network of African contacts. Their caution in his presence intensified.

Wharton, in early 1971, by now an experienced Winter-watcher, found himself absent-mindedly watching Winter aiming his camera at celebrities, such as film star Susannah York, while they were addressing an Anti-Apartheid Movement rally in London. Immediately before taking each picture, Winter would move his camera slightly — to photograph, instead, exiled members of the African National

*Doubts had by now begun to surface in the minds of both Wharton and Pritchard that Winter could have been "planted" in London.*

Congress, the main South African liberation movement, who were also on the platform. Winter, in his book, notes that watching Susannah York, who was active in anti-apartheid politics, was one of his assignments. He says he had other show-business targets as well.

One warm London evening that same year, Wharton left a house in London's leafy Caulfield Gardens just after midnight. He had been dining with a girlfriend. As he reached the street he noticed the lights of a parked car. A voice called out: "Can you give me a push?" Almost immediately the voice added: "Good God, it's Mike Wharton."

Wharton recognised Winter, whose car responded easily to a push. Winter insisted on driving Wharton home. Wharton, considering his growing suspicions, tried to make excuses. He remembers thinking that Winter, having discovered his whereabouts that night, perhaps through tailing, was determined to discover his home address.

Was it coincidence that Wharton subsequently received, addressed to his home, an unsolicited letter from the Department of the Interior in Pretoria, advising him that, though Britons can visit South Africa without visas, he would need to apply well in advance for a visa in future (the implication being that it would be denied). The South Africans *did* subsequently reject a visa application from him. Winter reveals in his book that Pretoria's spy chiefs assigned him to obtain the home addresses of numerous people with South African links.

At times, Winter's activities appeared to come from a cheap spy novel. He writes that he used a briefcase-concealed tape-recorder. A switch on the handle enabled the unobtrusive recording of conversations. Once, in 1972, Winter, briefcase in hand, took Pritchard for coffee to Mick's Cafe in Fleet Street.

Pritchard recorded the conversation on his Sony mini-recorder, unaware at that time that Winter's briefcase performed a similar function. In the event, the conversation contained little of interest.

But it emerged over Mick's murky coffee that Winter had just visited Israel. (BOSS is widely regarded as having close links with Mossad, the ultra-secret and highly-efficient Israeli intelligence agency.) Wharton discovered soon after that Winter, an active committee member of the freelance branch of Britain's National Union of Journalists, was occupying an expensive appartment on Pont Street in London's exclusive Knightsbridge, which would in normal circumstances be beyond the budget of a freelance journalist.

It was, however, next door to the home of a West African diplomat — and South African spies have shown great interest in the activities (and files) of African officials. The apartment contained sophisticated electronic bugging equipment, according to a girl to whom Winter boasted without revealing his activities, when she visited him.

Winter, in fact, tells that a favorite trick was to excuse himself when he had carefully-chosen guests to dinner, in order to "buy a bottle of wine". He would then go to his car, parked nearby, switch on the radio and listen to the conversation transmitted from his apartment.

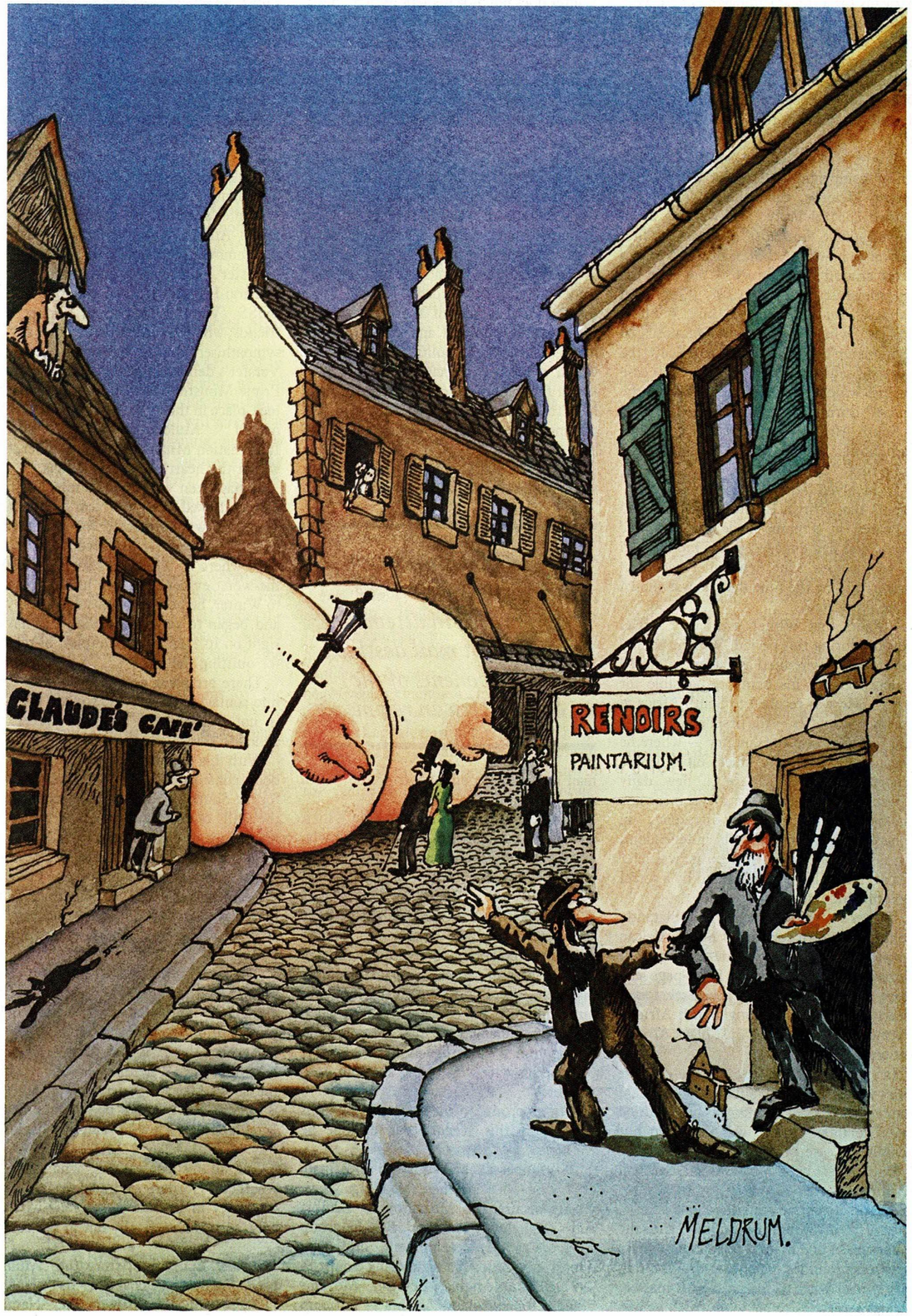
Another gadget, of which Winter writes fondly, is the Schneider Caracta 88 transmitter pen, powered by four Duracell RM-312H hearing-aid batteries. This innocuous-looking pen, placed on a desk or worn in an outside pocket, could beam a conversation to listeners over 30 metres away.

One of Winter's principal targets was Peter Hain, a young student exile in London who most successfully exploited the white South African Achille's heel: sport.

It is impossible to over-estimate the role sport plays in white South African lives. And a white South African who rejects apartheid, particularly in sport, is regarded as a traitor by Pretoria and its supporters.

Hain, now a British Parliamentary candidate, spearheaded the campaign to cut sports ties between Britain and South Africa. He was singled out by the South






*"Come on, Auguste. . . this is going to blow your mind!"*

Africans for a smear campaign. There were false allegations that he had robbed a bank. It is widely assumed in the liberation movements that BOSS, enraged by Hain's actions, used a look-alike to discredit him. Winter, in his book, confirms this theory in describing his own role in the "get Hain" affair.

Winter was also at the centre of another smear campaign: an attempt to discredit Jeremy Thorpe, then the leader of the British Liberal Party. Still working as an "investigative journalist", he was the first person to hawk the confessions of Norman Scott around Fleet Street — but even the sensationalist *News Of The World* and *Sunday People* would not buy Winter's dossier which alleged a homosexual relationship between Thorpe and Scott (the story subsequently emerged in a court case during which Scott claimed he "bit the pillow" during homosexual acts).

South African agents, Winter confirms, had another project boiling at roughly the same time.

It involved telling Fleet Street newspapers that British Liberal politicians had appeared in a home-made pornographic movie and had engaged in the molestation of young boys. One newspaper had been suckered in by the time the tale was shown to be fabricated.

Rumors that Winter was a spy spread quickly during this period. Winter, was by now totally discredited as evidence pointed conclusively to his being responsible for arrests. He was recalled to South Africa in the mid-Seventies — the first deportee to be allowed back into the country — where he began working as "chief investigative reporter" on *The Citizen*, a new daily newspaper to promote the government line among white English-speakers in Johannesburg. Theoretically independent, the newspaper, which still exists, was later discovered to have been funded by a secret government slush fund.

Winter's stories were by now blatantly political, in open support of South African propaganda policies. In one issue of *The Citizen* he wrote a spurious front-page lead story about Tanzanian rockets that was clearly aimed at justifying South Africa's warmongering stance against black African nations.

In Dar-es-Salaam, London and other cities where liberation movement offices are located, the cost of Winter was being added up. The total damage was unknown but appallingly extensive.

One of Winter's missions on its own, resulted in over 30 arrests, at least three deaths in detention (one involving a post-torture "fall" from a window) and the reduction of one man to permanent idiocy. Everyone rounded up in the dragnet that was spread when Winter gave his masters several secret addresses with which he had been trusted, was barbarically tortured.

And the South Africans are expert at the most frightening forms of torture *(See box)*.

Winter does not hide his actions in his book. He boasts of having 80,000 negatives and 394 notebooks to justify his work.

Among those he betrayed was Winnie Mandela, wife of Nelson Mandela, the leader of the African National Congress who was sentenced to spend the rest of his life (there's no remission) on Robben Island, South Africa's "devil's island". Only political change will free him.

Besides those inside South Africa who were delivered by Winter into the clutches of BOSS, there was considerable success for him in Britain, too: Jean Lagrange, Winter's ex-wife — who left him for gang leader Charles Richardson — penetrated the London offices of the International Defence and Aid Fund, an organisation that helps South African political prisoners but which needs tight security because it is illegal for the prisoners to receive financial help from overseas. Winter was, in BOSS parlance, her "handler" — she reported to him.

Even London's postal sorting offices were penetrated in attempts to intercept mail destined for opponents of the South African regime.

*Even London's postal sorting offices were penetrated in attempts to intercept mail destined for opponents of the South African regime.*

Winter successfully smeared Stan Winer, an exiled South African photographer who was a prime BOSS target. The objective: to convince London exiles Winer — not Winter — was a BOSS spy. Only after Winter's complete unmasking was Winer's status rehabilitated. A raid on Winer's home and the obtaining of nude pictures of his wife were all part of a painstaking plot to discredit Winer and sow discord between him and his wife. Exiles were told, when Winer complained Winter was falsely calling him a spy, that Winer was upset because his wife was having an affair with Winter.

Winter produced the nude photographs to support this scenario, an episode he confirms.

BOSS operates a Z-squad to assassinate opponents of apartheid. Killings have mostly occurred in Mozambique, Zambia and Zimbabwe. Another BOSS group supervises the development of *ersatz* opposition groups in neighboring countries — including Angola, Lesotho, Mozambique, Zimbabwe and Zambia — to tie up security forces there and aid destabilisation. A BOSS spy, Craig Williamson, penetrated the International University Exchange Fund, a Geneva-based organisation to aid southern African black students, rising to the position of vice-president. (The fund aided black leader Steve Biko, who was subsequently killed in detention in South Africa.)

Williamson's report led to the jailing of scientist Renfrew Christie in 1979 for 19 years on charges connected with South Africa's atomic secrets reaching anti-racist opponents of the regime.

Winter's world fell apart after a white South African power struggle, leading to the removal in disgrace of former Prime Minister John Vorster and Winter's boss, General Hendrik J. van den Bergh, head of BOSS. (Van den Bergh and Vorster were friends, who were interned together as Nazi sympathisers during World War II.) After Vorster's demise came the ascent of current Prime Minister P.W. Botha. The shake-up took place in the wake of a financial scandal named "Muldergate" after former Information Minister Connie Mulder, who was at the heart of the revelations.

It has been suggested Winter was too closely linked with van den Bergh, and, therefore, was earmarked for dismissal by new spymasters. He departed for Britain in 1980 where he wrote his book, confirming the worst evidence against him. According to Winter, he became disgusted with spying and began to view the "enemy" as having right on its side — the simplest of reasons for quitting the job.

There are some among those who came into contact with him who suggest the book is not confirmation that his career has ended.

With his "cover" blown, anyway, the book constitutes intimidating propaganda for the South Africans, with its examples of the skills of their ruthless spy service. His revelations of torture merely confirm what was already widely known and, so, are not of major new embarrassment to Pretoria.

According to this argument, Winter may have latched on to the current spy chiefs and have been given new assignments by them.

The fact that his identity is known would not necessarily hamper him in fields such as electronic surveillance or controlling groups of undercover operatives.

Another theory is that Winter, all along, may have been a British agent penetrating the South African spy service. Certainly, he is very positive in his book about British Intelligence in a low-key, almost disguised, way.

For all his confessions, who is to say whether Gordon Winter, now living obscurely in Ireland with a new wife and baby son, is now finally out in the cold?

●

*Footnote:* BOSS has, since the "Muldergate" shake-up, changed its name to DONS, the Department of National Security. But its activities remain the same.



# QUICHE

*(continued from page 93)*

*Real Men don't believe Barry Manilow wrote the songs that made the whole world sing.*

*Hur, Raging Bull, The Warriors, Spartacus, Love Story.*

**Great Lines From Other Real Men Movies:** "I stick my neck out for nobody." — Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca.* "Charlie don't surf." — Robert Duvall in *Apocalypse Now.*

**CHAPTER TWELVE: The Real Man and His Music**

If you ask 10 Real Men what kind of music they like, you'll probably get 10 different answers — not to mention half a dozen fistfights. But they all will agree on at least one thing: there's nothing quite like the sound of the ocean at night, a roaring campfire on the beach, a giggling 16-year-old nymphet, and — for atmosphere — The Beach Boys singing Good Vibrations.

Beyond this piece of musical heaven, here are several other observations:

Real Men weren't upset when The Beatles broke up; they don't believe Barry Manilow wrote the songs that made the whole world sing; they don't want to sound like the Bee Gees. (Real Men don't sing falsetto.)

Real Men don't own albums by the Hollywood Strings.

The Anvil Chorus is the Real Man's Concerto.

Luciano Pavarotti is a Real Man; Burt Bacharach is not. And Bob Dylan definitely eats quiche. Kenny Loggins, Bread, ABBA the Carpenters, Air Supply, Queen and Don MacLean are all certified quiche eaters.

Real Men don't buy 45s. They don't buy disco compilations.

**CHAPTER THIRTEEN: Four Things You Won't Find in a Real Man's Pockets**

1. Lip balm; 2. breath freshener; 3. opera tickets; 4. recipes for quiche.

**CHAPTER FOURTEEN: Real Men and Sports**

As a rule, Real Men don't play games. They do, however, participate in cricket, football, and tennis. But it's the manner in which they play that separates Real Men from quiche eaters.

In cricket, Real Men play with a hard ball and don't wear protection. Protective head gear inspires them to rage. They don't watch limited over games.

Real Men play rugby or Aussie Rules. Soccer players are certified quiche eaters and League players are worrying.

The Real Man's rules for tennis are slightly different:

Real Men still play with white balls. They don't blame their mistakes on court surface, equipment failure, crowd noise or bizarre athletic diseases.

A Real Man can win a tennis match in the middle of a race riot; he doesn't say things like "sorry, but I can only play on grass," or "the racquet wasn't strung to 85 pounds," or "I used to be ranked, but then my elbow went."

Finally, Real Men who watch sports on television don't need the instant replay.

**CHAPTER FIFTEEN: The Real Man at Work**

Unfortunately, not everyone can be a Red Adair today — there just aren't enough oil-rig fires in exotic places to go around. And besides, somebody's got to be left to sell video cassette recorders, and run the army.

This doesn't mean you can't be a Real Man, though the trick is finding the right occupation.

*Jobs held by Real Men:* French chef, airline pilot, brain surgeon, Minister for Defence, garbage man, President of Lockheed, Editor of the *Financial Review,* appliance salesman, television newsreader, heavyweight champion of the world.

*Jobs held by Quiche Eaters:* French maitre d', travel agent, guru, Minister for Urban Development, sanitation engineer, President of the Ford Foundation, Editor of the *National Times*, consumer advocate, game-show host, Secretary General of the United Nations.

**CHAPTER SIXTEEN: The Real Man's Nutritional Guide**

By now you're probably wondering: if a Real Man doesn't eat quiche, just what does his diet consist of? Each day, Real Men try to eat something from each of the five critical Real Man food groups:

*Protein:* steak, hamburger, cheeseburger, bacon-cheeseburger, pizza burger, Big Mac, Kentucky Fried Chicken.

*Carbohydrates:* spaghetti, macaroni and cheese, French fries, potato chips, pretzels.

*Liquids:* beer, imported beer, imported dark beer, Mylanta.

*Nourishment:* Mars Bar, Bounty Bar, Cheezels, Twisties, Smalls Club Chocolate.

*Fruit and Vegetables:* Corn on the cob, orange soft drink.

**CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: Are You Today's Real Man?**

A short test for those who still aren't sure.

1. A certain low-rent Persian nation grabs 51 Americans and holds them hostage. Do you (A) negotiate; (B) nuke 'em; (C) send quiche?

2. Don Lane is interviewing Alan Alda on Channel 9; Harry Potter is interviewing Katrina Lee on Channel 10; Derryn Hinch is interviewing himself on Channel 7; and the movie of the week on the ABC is about a blind 18-year-old rape victim who can't decide whether to have the abortion or join the women's professional golf tour. Do you (A) go to the pub; (B) smash the tube; (C) send $25 to Fred Nile; (D) re-run *Deep Throat* on the Betamax?

3. How many pairs of bikini underpants do you own? (A) 0; (B) 1 (received as a gift); (C) More than 1.

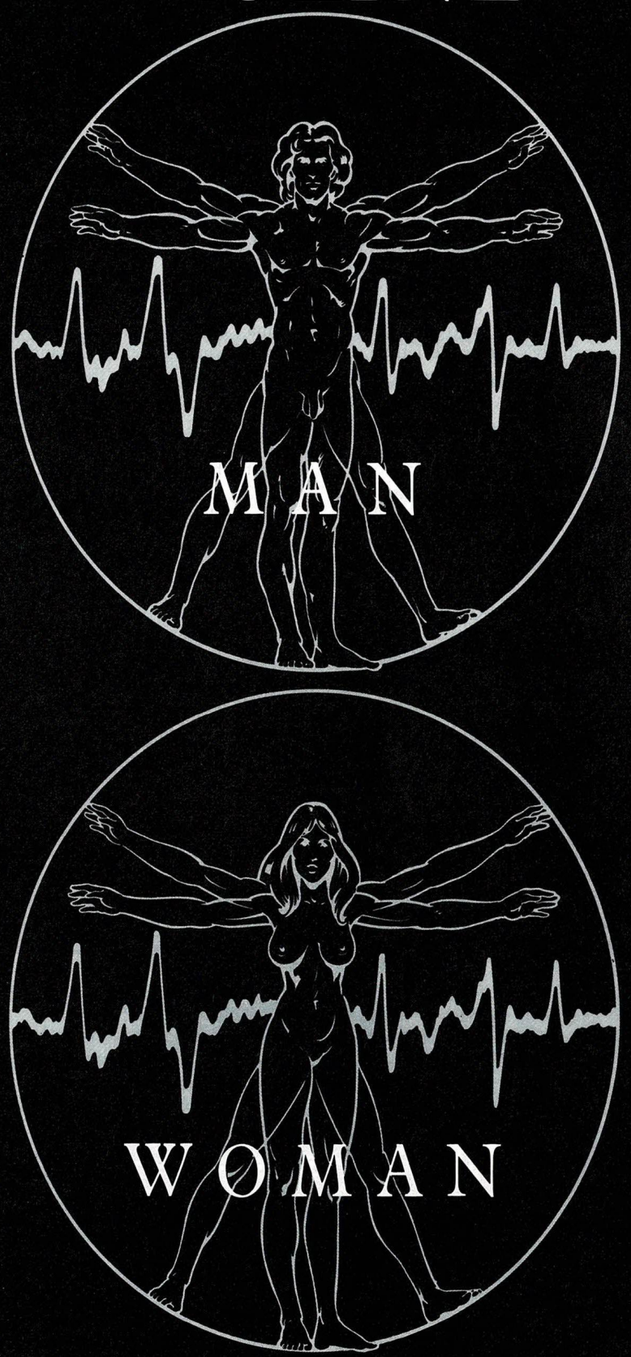
4. Your girlfriend announces she's having an affair with another woman. Do you (A) nuke her; (B) send quiche; (C) ask if you can watch?

5. How many women have you slept with in the past year? (A) 100-300; (B) 300-1000; (C) More than 1000.

*Scoring:* To be honest, the perfect score is 0; Real Men don't take quizzes in magazines.

*"It doesn't do you any good to sit in the hot tub, Willard, if you sit in the hot tub and worry."*

# THE PERILS OF PAUL AND PAULINE




*part five by jo durden-smith and diane desimone*

BURIED IN our newspapers these days, there's almost always some amazing items: *Gene found for Depression. Criminal Behavior thought to be Inherited. Murderess Acquitted: Psychiatrist Points to Pre-Menstrual Tension. Brain Chemical tied to Schizophrenia.* And: *Is there a gene for maths?*

We read those separately, not seeing how they hang together. And so we fail to realise that, hidden in such headlines, there is a revolution going on — one that will soon change, once and for all, the way we think about human behavior. That revolution involves everything we have written about in the past three articles: evolution, genes, sex hormones, abilities — the separate inheritances of men and women — and something more, the chemistry of the two hemispheres of their brains. And it takes us far out, to the leading edge of the sciences of men and women. There are few landmarks right at the edge; few things known for sure. But such landmarks as there are have already prompted one scientist to say, with some glee: "This research has probably set psychiatry back 100 years." And another to suggest: "Culture, personality and brain chemistry are really the same. They're just different ways of viewing the same thing."

What does it mean for men and women? It means that at precisely the time we're most avidly rushing to psychiatrists and other practitioners of the spirit, science is quietly announcing that the game is off, a new die is cast, the rules have changed. We're not the purely "psychological" creatures we thought we were, fraught with psychological problems that — if they are to be cured — demand psychological understanding. Instead, we are the creatures, to an extent not yet fully known, of *biological* forces. Our mood disorders, our madness and perhaps even our crime are biological in origin and expression — in the brain. That goes for the major problems that bedevil this society — the one percent of people who suffer from schizophrenia, the five percent who are crippled by illnesses of mood, the two percent who commit almost all of the crime, and the billions and billions of dollars such disorders cost each year. And it also goes for the minor problems that bedevil our families and our relationships — the mood swings of parents, the hyperactivity and aggressiveness of children, the come-and-go depressions of women and the irritability and instability of the men. At the mysterious heart of *all* those things, lies biology — set up by the genes, mediated by the sex hormones and expressed in a different chemistry in the ultimate home of our personality, the brain.

For the moment, then, forget psychology — all the assumptions you've learned about a mind that you inhabit and that you alone can control. Ignore the effects of the environment on who you are and the way you behave. Fix your gaze, instead, on the biological and genetic core of yourself, as a member of one sex of the human species — differently made, differently programmed, differently wired and with a different chemical design, differently "juiced", as one scientist recently put it. For, if you do, you'll begin to see why the small newspaper headlines combine into a radically new view of men and women. You'll begin to piece together the causes of many of the misunderstandings and tensions between us. And you'll begin to understand, as science is just beginning to, why the bewildering strengths and weaknesses of each one of us, man and woman, seem to come packaged together. Why a woman's immune system is superior to a man's, but more likely to attack the body it's supposed to protect. Why men, in general, are superior in maths reasoning, but are much more likely to be sexual deviants or psychopaths. Why women are strong in areas of communication but are preferentially attacked by phobias and depression. And why there are more males at both ends of the intellectual spectrum — more retards, but *also* more geniuses.

If you think Sigmund Freud would be horrified, you're wrong. Freud treated all sorts of personalities and disorders, including psychosomatic illnesses, schizophrenia, hysteria and depression. And he said many times that despite all his theories, one day a "constitutional predisposition" would be found to be the basis for our problems. "A special chemistry," he predicted, would be discovered at their hearts. And he was right. By inference and indirection, such a chemistry has been found at the core of our nature as men and women, and we are at the beginning of a road through that chemistry that will lead us to a full explanation of why we are differently gifted, differently protected and differently at risk. For the complete story, you'll have to wait 20 years or so, two decades marked — if we use the present signs as indicators — by controversy, battle, arguments about free will and radical new approaches to education, health and the treatment of violence, mood and madness. In the meantime, here are the landmarks — and the paths that science is tracing between them.

### An Affair of the Heart

Let's start with heart disease and heart attacks. Forty million Americans have some form of heart disease, and, this year, about 1,500,000 will have a heart attack. The majority in both categories are men. "Ah-ha!" you male readers will no doubt say. "That's the environment. That's stress. Just wait until the same number of women go out into the world and start pulling the same weight that we do. They'll soon be dropping like ninepins from the effects of stress, just as *we* are."

Sorry, guys. That is almost certainly untrue. The connection between the stresses of the brain and the problems of the heart aren't at all well understood — and that is something you'll have to remember throughout this article, that science knows not a lot, but a very little. From what science *does* know, however, three things stand out. First, working women are healthier, in general, than their non-working sisters. Second, women are protected against the most common form of heart disease by their primary sex hormones, the estrogens. And third, they seem to respond to stress — both chemically and behaviorally — quite differently from men.

Human responses to stress are mediated by a group of brain structures known to control emotion and what scientists fondly call "the four Fs" — feeding, fleeing, fighting and. . . sex. Those structures direct the body's immediate responses to danger — the accelerated heartbeat, the heightened senses, the rush of adrenalin, the raised blood pressure, the preparation for a quick burst of energy. During stress, the hormonal mechanisms become more or less continuously activated. A little stress isn't bad for you — it's a necessary part of life and it may, indeed, be pleasurable. But in the long term, it can have several nasty effects. It can make the body less resistant to infections and, conceivably, to certain forms of cancer. (The dim connection between stress and the defensive immune system should be borne in mind for later.) It can cause heart disease because the heart, among other organs, is forced to work too hard. And it can so excite a centre high in the brain that the heart is sent by it into a fatal over-drive — a fibrillation, a full-blown attack. Whether or not these things happen seems to depend on the individual's genetic make-up.

But it also depends on gender. So-called Type-A people — who have a chronic urgency about time and are hard-driving, competitive, extroverted and aggressive — are said to be particularly at risk from the damaging effects of stress. But it's now beginning to appear that this is true of only Type-A *males.* Studies in Sweden have recently shown that Type-A females, when solving work-related problems, simply don't show the increase in heart-rate, blood pressure and adrenalin flow that Type-A males do. Even when their overall health picture is the same, they don't have as many heart attacks.

That doesn't mean, of course, that women aren't responsive to stress. It simply means that their chemistry is different in some way. They seem to find different things stressful, and they seem to react in a different way to the stress in their environment. If there is a word that can sum up this difference in their make-up, it's *emotion.* Women tend to be put into stress by the emotional coloration of their lives — not paper problems, but by people — and communication problems. And when they experience setback, failure and emotional pressure, they don't go into overdrive the way men do. They respond emotionally or fall back into depression.

The next question is *why* should there be that overall difference. And the answer is really anybody's guess. It probably has to do with the different evolutionary pressures that affected the development of men and women. Men, the hunters and competitors for sex, were more likely to need elaborate stress mechanisms in the presence of danger, and women, the nurturers and centres of social groups, more likely to need fine-tuned emotional responses and skills. Depression and the effects of continuous stress may be the different prices men and women pay for these legacies — an integral part of our maleness and femaleness.

That this is true — at least for poor males — is suggested by a few pieces of evidence. Scientists working with male laboratory animals have shown that dominance (sexual success and the successful maintenance of a large piece of turf) are associated with high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries, telltale signs of the effects of stress. But they've also found that the animals at the top of the heap have high levels of testosterone, the hormone most essential to maleness. The plot thickens. For it's testosterone in *human* males that makes hardening of the arteries such a problem. Testosterone causes the production of a liver protein that ties up cholesterol in the arteries' lining, causing the formation of fat deposits called plaques. The bigger these plaques, the more difficulty the heart has in pumping blood. The more difficulty the heart has, the greater the risk of heart disease. So it goes. For men.

Q: What you mean is that in stress, behavior, emotion, genes, sex hormones, the body and the brain are all interlinked, and in the men's case, at any rate, being successful may actually help kill them off?
A: Yes, nature hasn't protected them as well as women.
Q: Emotion and disease, eh? Does that have anything to do with the fact that anger and anxiety may actually cause disease, as some scientists think?
A: Probably. But as yet nobody knows much about the way the brain controls the immune system.
Q: Or with the fact that laboratory animals, if they're handled a lot, if they're loved, don't get the hardening of the arteries scientists inflict on them?
A: Could be. Married people are generally happier and healthier than unmarried ones. And they have less heart disease. So it goes.

### From the Heart to the Head: An Affair of the Intellect.

Having left the men among you deeply worried about an area in which you seem to be at a disadvantage, let's turn the tables on the women — let's move upstairs to an area in which *women* seem to be at a disadvantage. It too involves anxiety, and it involves an ability — mathematical-reasoning ability. Is that, too part of a special chemistry?

"There you go again," you women will no doubt say. "Everyone knows that's the environment. Girls are taught from the beginning that maths is for boys. They're

given no encouragement. They have no role models, no expectations, no self-confidence and no support. And a lot less is demanded of them. It's no *wonder* that they become anxious about maths and seem to be less good at it than boys."

Sorry, ladies, but that, too, is almost certainly untrue — and it *surely* isn't the end of the story. Do you begin to see how controversial this theorising about the differences between men and women can get? John Hopkins' Camille Persson Benbow and Julian Stanley most assuredly do. Three months after those scientists merely *suggested* that there might be real, "endogenous" differences in maths ability, they were seen at a conference looking pale and haggard — drained by the often-unreasonable attacks launched against them in the wake of their report.

"You have to understand," Benbow says softly, with a distant trace of a Scandinavian accent, "that we didn't start *out* looking for sex differences in mathematical ability. The John Hopkins Study of Mathematically Precocious Youth (SMPY) simply conducted six talent searches in the mid-Atlantic States between 1972 and 1979. We were looking for gifted seventh and eighth graders who, though they hadn't usually been taught any higher mathematics, could still manage a very high score on the maths part of the SAT test — a test designed for bright, college-bound high school seniors. What we were looking for, in other words, was a natural aptitude for mathematical reasoning. We found about 10,000 children in those six years.

"But we also found something that rather shocked us: There were more boys than girls among them. On the average, the boys scored much higher than the girls. And on no occasion was a girl top in the test. Well, we were bound to ask why. So we studied the boys and girls on every variable available that could possibly account for the discrepancy — preparation in mathematics, liking for maths, the encouragement given them, and so on. And we could find no difference at all — *except* the one in over-all ability, mathematical-reasoning ability. Since 1979, we've looked at another 24,000 children and have found the same sex difference in ability. And we've conducted a nationwide talent search for children at the top end of the scale. We found 63 boys — and no girls."

Benbow, a striking woman in her mid-20s, is clearly still surprised, a year after the publication of her and Stanley's paper, by the controversy it generated. She's reluctant to say that the chemistry governed by the sex chromosomes is at the root of that sex difference, and she would love, she says, to find an environmental difference that has been overlooked, to find it and correct it. But she quotes a follow-up study completed on a group of girls who were specially taught and specially encouraged. And even *that*, she says, seems to have made no ultimate difference. At the root is still the difference in mathematical-reasoning ability. When the time comes for girls to use it formally in class — in calculus, differential equations and analytical geometry, for example — they seem to fall even further behind the boys, even when they're gifted and have no anxiety about the subject.

"All that," says Benbow carefully, "suggests that there may be a biological basis to that difference, after all. And, if so, then it's likely to be connected to the male's right-hemisphere superiority in visual/spatial tasks. You see, females tend to use their stronger *left* hemisphere — their superior verbal skills — in their approach to problems. I know I do. And there's a certain level at which the verbal approach is inefficient in maths — look at the way mathematicians are forced to talk to one another, via symbols on a blackboard. Now that approach may be something that actually *suits* males. From the beginning, they're less verbally oriented than females — more oriented to things, to objects in space. They're less dependent on context. They're more abstract.

*Thirty percent more males than females die in the first months of life; 70 percent of all birth defects are associated mainly with males.*

"That may help explain, too, why men are over-represented in certain disciplines in science — something we've also been studying. To be a good physicist or engineer, for example, requires not only mathematical-reasoning ability, but also skill in three-dimensional visual imagery. And that probably makes most women unfit. To be a good scientist at all, in fact, seems to require a set of qualities more characteristic of men than of women — spatial ability, independence, a low social interest and an absorption in things. Let's face it, human males like to manipulate *things* — from tinker-toys to the cosmos." She laughs. "Females are more dependent, more communicative, more sensitive to context and more interested in people."

Q: Okay, but does that have anything to do with stress?

A: Well, you can see some of the connections. Independence vs inter-dependence. Absorption in abstract problems — things — vs absorption in people. Fixated men; emotional, communicative women. It may also help explain why there have been many more male composers and painters in history — not to mention architects and town planners. Visual/spatial ability again.

Q: And all because of this chemistry?

A: Yes. The two hemispheres of the brain. You'll have noticed that visual/spatial men are better organised on the right side of their brain, verbal women on the left. But each is weak on the side where the other is strong.

**A Tale of Two Hemispheres**

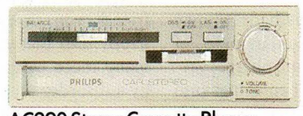
If you've ever given a party for four and five-year-olds (or even eleven and twelve-year-olds) you may remember that you've known instinctively that girls develop faster and are more mature than boys. They're less shy, more verbal and readier to join the group. They have puberty earlier. And, until then — to use a favorite Monty Python phrase — they're "all-round less weedy." The reason, as you probably sensed at the time, has nothing to do with environment or with the circumstances of your party. It is that boys, *from the beginning,* are more precarious — a more "iffy" proposition than girls.

To begin at the beginning, sperm carrying the male sex chromosome seem to swim faster and have more staying power than sperm carrying the female sex chromosome. That's good. And between 120 and 140 males are conceived for every 100 females. Also good. From there on in, though, it's downhill all the way. More males are spontaneously aborted during pregnancy, and although they retain a slight edge at the time of birth — 106 to 100 — the decline continues. More males than females are born dead. Thirty percent more males than females die in the first months of life. And 70 percent of all birth defects are associated mainly with males. The result is that by the time of puberty, the head start achieved by the male sperm has been lost. And the population of men and women has become about equal — at a considerable cost in males.

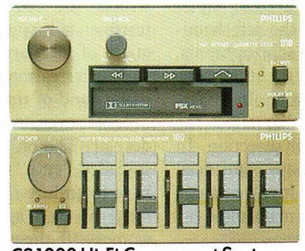
The reason for that is, anybody's guess. Some sociobiologists say it has to do with the higher value of the male in a polygamous species. Whatever the ultimate cause, though, there is an immediate one much nearer to hand. For the fact is, the male has to go through many more elaborate transformations in the womb than the female. More can go wrong (see *Man and Woman* part four: *The Sex Chemicals*), so more males die in the womb. And, as a result of all the hormonal toings-and-froings to which they're exposed, they are born less mature, less sturdy and less ready for the world than girls. Like all premature babies, they're more at risk after birth — both in the body and in the brain.

For example, the slightest brain damage — occurring during or after birth — has a far more debilitating effect on boys than it does on girls. What's more, it virtually always strikes boys in the hemisphere in which they're less well organised — the left. It's not male visual/spatial abilities, secure in their right hemisphere, that suffer. It's language skills and language controls, in the left. Boys' left hemisphere, in other words, faces a sort of double indemnity. And the result is that they're four or five times more

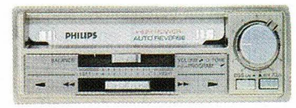
**Take a trip on Surrealistic Sound.**



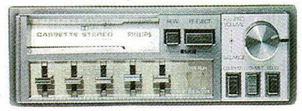
**AC290 Stereo Cassette Player.**
Locking FF/Rewind, separate bass boost and muting switches.



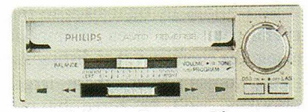
**CS1000 Hi-Fi Component System.**
Locking fast forward/rewind, electronic speed control for precise tape drive, suitable for ferro chrome and metal cassettes, *Dolby Noise Reduction System, 5-band equalizer, equalizer defeat switch with LED indication, bi-ampli filter switch with LED indication, 2 main/2 auxiliary speaker system with fader control, front illumination.



**AC590 High Power Stereo Cassette Player.**
Automatic switching from tape to radio, auto reverse, chrome/metal tape selection, bass boost.

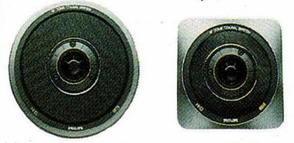


**AC620 High Power Stereo Cassette Player with in-built Graphic Equalizer.**
Automatic switching from tape to radio, auto reverse, locking FF/Rewind, *Dolby, chrome/metal tape selection, loudness switch, in-built 5-band graphic equalizer, built-in high power amplifier 25w x 2 max.



**AC490 Stereo Cassette Player.**
Automatic switching from tape to radio, auto reverse, separate bass boost and muting switches.

**'Ferrofluid Cooled' Speakers.**



EN 8875 EN 8855

**EN 8875 Dome Co-Axial System.**
2x60 W. max. 165mm diameter.
**EN 8855 Dome Co-Axial System.**
2x50 W. max. 130mm diameter.

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PHILIPS

likely to suffer from language disorders and disabilities as any girl. Boys are more likely to stutter (five to one), when the left hemisphere loses control during speech. They're more likely to be autistic (four to one), often with a complete absence of left-hemisphere language. They're more likely to be what's called an *idiot savant* (figures unknown) — language-damaged and incapacitated, but with some narrow, brilliant mathematical skill. (Ah-ha!) And boys are more likely to suffer from two so-called developmental disorders: aphasia, or extreme difficulty learning to talk (five to one); and dyslexia — extreme difficulty with reading and writing (up to six to one). Nelson Rockefeller had dyslexia, so we know the company's good.

Men commit almost all the violent crime. And, the so-called "anti-social personality" at the root of most of it seems to be caused by poor functioning of the left hemisphere. Men are the sexual deviants — the paedophiles, the fetishists, the exhibitionists and the homosexual sadists. Here too, something has gone wrong with the way the left hemisphere governs behavior. For *all* the other problems that afflict men and boys much more than they do women and girls, it's almost certainly the same old left-hemisphere story. Hyperactivity, alcoholism, mania and early-onset schizophrenia: left hemisphere. And if you think those things don't concern you personally, you're wrong. Hyperactivity, for example, affects more than 2,000,000 boys in the United States. It's not a problem that is, by any means, always outgrown — hyperactive children often grow up to become alcoholics or child abusers, hot-tempered, aggressive and unable to keep a job.

Your first reaction to that news may be, "Yes, but that really *is* the environment, isn't it? That's too many toys, too much stimulation. It's diet. It's a terrible home. It's crazy parents. It's a bad upbringing." Unfortunately it simply isn't that easy. That it isn't brings us right back to the special chemistry we've been talking about all along, the chemistry that distinguishes man from woman. First, those largely male disorders can't be cured by psychiatric hand-holding methods — "understanding" the patient's problem or the environment that "caused" it. Second, the only therapy that ultimately works on such disorders is the use of drugs or anti-hormones that alter the chemistry of the brain. And, third, for all those abnormalities, scientists have recently found just what Freud predicted for his "mental" illnesses — a "constitutional predisposition", a *genetic* element.

"The genetic studies," says Pierre Flor-Henry, "have looked not just at how much these things run in families. They've looked at identical twins. And — most important — they've looked at what happens in *adoption.* Is a child, adopted early, more likely to follow the pattern of his real parents than the pattern of his adoptive parents — in crime, hyperactivity, schizophrenia, and so on? The answer is yes, he is. It's not just the environment, then. Nature, a predisposition, is at work in some way we don't yet fully understand. Equally important there's also a *connection* between some of them, a genetic connection. For example, alcoholism, hyperactivity and antisocial personality seem to cluster in the same families."

Flor-Henry is a slight, dapper Franco-Hungarian in his 40s; clinical professor at the University of Alberta in Canada, chief psychiatrist at the Alberta Hospital, and a man who spends much of his research time trying to pull together into one overall picture all that is now being discovered about the two brain hemispheres, the chemistry and the disorders of men and women. "There's not much to go on," he says, "we still know so little. But genes are responsible for the body's chemistry. So the predisposition is a chemical one perhaps triggered into expression by damage of some kind or by an event or series of events in the world. It's not guaranteed. But the damage or the events, if they happen, may alter the chemical organisation, in males, of their brain's weaker left hemisphere.

*Hyperactive children often grow up to become alcoholics or child abusers, hot tempered, aggressive and unable to keep a job.*

"And the genetic defect then comes into its own, resulting in behavior that's deranged or unstable in one way or another. The behavior — and the brain — can then be treated only with drugs that, either directly or indirectly, put the left hemisphere back into balance. In schizophrenia, that involves drugs affecting the supply of a brain chemical called dopamine. In hyperactivity, it involves drugs that affect the dopamine supply in a *reverse* direction. In sexual deviance, and, perhaps, antisocial personality, violent crime, it involves drugs that block the action of the main male sex hormone."

Q: But why always left?

A: Well, Flor-Henry thinks that the human right hemisphere developed in such a way that visual spatial skills were linked in it to mood, movement and sexual fulfillment. Males, as well as being the hunters, were also the gender that had to go after sex, rather than being able just to sit and wait for it. And so that organisation became particularly pronounced in them. They became lopsided. They put all their eggs — and oats — in the right-hemisphere basket.

Q: And women?

A: They didn't do that. They were the pursued rather than the pursuers. They evolved in a more balanced way. They developed verbal skills and verbal controls in the left hemisphere that are much more stable, secure and efficient.

Q: And that's why women aren't psychopaths or violent criminals? Because of those controls?

A: Yes. Women, remember, don't go into overdrive when under stress. They tend to become depressed. And their pattern of crime is quite different. They don't act out against people. Anti-social males, on the other hand, always act out against people. And Flor-Henry thinks they're out of the control of the verbal and social left hemisphere. Instead, they're exaggerated, out-on-a-limb right-hemisphere males, using all their visual and spatial skills for aggression.

Q: Men are a deviant bunch, aren't they?

A: Yes. They're much more variable, more hit-or-miss. Nature didn't take out any insurance on them. They're much less well protected against their own excesses, just as in stress.

**Down in the Dumps**

There are three things you can say with certainty about depressed people. One, they don't jump around. Two, they tend to lose all sexual interest. And three, they're mostly women. Every year, 40,000,000 Americans suffer, to one degree or another, from depression. Two-thirds of them are women.

And, there *are* real environmental causes for depression. If you've set your heart on being a concert pianist and can't manage *Chopsticks,* you're likely to be depressed. And if you've lost a father, husband, wife or friend, you shouldn't be expected to be happy. But that still doesn't explain why so many more women than men are afflicted by a disorder that affects mood, movement and sex drive in their right hemisphere. And it certainly doesn't explain why, though nothing on the surface of a woman's life is wrong, she can suddenly be sent into a terrible tail spin. Psychological explanations of that sort of depression are useless, and such treatment of it is at best a waste of money and of time — women may simply become even more entrenched in their despair. The only way to understand that so-called "vital" depression (which women have to endure five times more often than men) as well as phobias (which cripple women 10 times more often) is through women's chemistry — genes, hormones and brain chemistry. Again, it lies right at the heart of the female personality. It can tell us a lot about the human female's emotional vulnerability, her more general swings in mood that break up relationships and leave men feeling left out, unsympathetic and confused.

"Depression and the phobias obviously hang together," says Flor-Henry. "They attack the hemisphere in which the organisation of the female brain is more precarious — the right hemisphere. The phobias, they should be called the panics, are panics about heights, open and closed spaces, water and so on. And they obviously have to do with mood, movement and visual spatial skill — right hemisphere. The same things are affected in vital depression — *plus*, of course, sexual drive. Again, right hemisphere. There are two other things, too, that yoke them together. First, the only *really* effective treatment for both is with anti-depressants — not Valium or Librium, but two classes of drugs that have no effect at all, except maybe an unpleasant one, on normal people. And second, both seem to involve a genetic predisposition, just as the predominantly *male* disorders do. Not much is known yet about the phobias. But work done in Belgium has shown that adopted children with depression are more likely to have that depression in common with their *real* rather than their adoptive parents."

The sex hormones — here they are again. They're somewhere at the core of a man's response to stress, and they're also at the heart of a woman's moods. The evidence isn't hard to find. It comes from routine parts of ordinary life — from puberty, childbirth, the menstrual cycle, menopause, the Pill. And the upshot of it is this: alter the level of a woman's sex hormones, in large or even in small ways, and she'll be likely to suffer from subtle and not-so-subtle changes in mood and personality.

Then there's pre-menstrual tension. British psychiatrist Katharine Dalton believes that pre-menstrual tension affects four out of 10 women to some extent, and for eight days — before and during menstruation — *seriously* affects the life of one of those four. Being on the Pill, says Dalton, actually makes the condition worse. Not only do the symptoms include brooding, lethargy, depression, loss of memory and emotional control, they also include, she says, an increased incidence of quarrels, accidents, suicides, baby battering and crime.

In November 1981, Dalton appeared in court as a witness for the defence of one of her patients, a 29-year-old English barmaid named Sandie Smith. You may have read about that case, for its implications haven't gone unnoticed by the press. Smith had had 30 previous convictions — for arson and assault, among other crimes — and she was already on probation for having stabbed another barmaid to death in 1980. This time, she was charged with threatening to kill a policeman. Dalton, however, was able to demonstrate that all Smith's crimes were connected by a 29-day cycle — and by pre-menstrual tension. And Smith was given three years' probation.

The very next day, November 10, the very same defence was brought by Dalton in the case of another woman, Christine English, who had had an argument with her lover and had run over him with a car. English was discharged — conditional for a year — after pleading guilty to manslaughter. The court ruled that at the time of her crime, she had "diminished responsibility".

That is one example of where the new discoveries about the chemistry of men and women can lead, and there's no doubt that the same defence will soon be used in cases in other countries. It will call into question, in a public way, everything we now presume about personal responsibility and the effects of the environment.

Q: That's what you mean by revolutionary, isn't it?

A: Yes. Revolutionary in law, revolutionary in the way we think about ourselves and one another.

Q: Well, are these women responsible for what they did?

A: Is a man responsible for his reaction to stress? Is a male criminal responsible for his crimes? Or is it his testosterone level and his brain organisation?

Q: All right, then. You said before that women were better protected. Why do they suffer from those terrible phobias, that depression?

*There are more sexual deviants among men. There are more mental retards among men. But there are more geniuses among men.*

A: Both may be protective mechanisms that survive from another time. Take phobias — they usually appear in women only during the child-bearing years. And, if you notice, they involve fears of everything that was dangerous in the environment in which we evolved — heights, open and closed spaces, water, snakes. If you had to protect a child, phobias weren't such a bad idea then.

Q: What about depression?

A: Well, for most of our evolutionary history, isolated women could not survive. They had to be interdependent, members of social groups. Indeed, they were the necessary glue that held those groups together. A woman's tendency to depression, then, may have been a mechanism that reinforced her interdependence and accelerated her back into the group by producing a cry for help. Now, of course, no close-knit social groups, no help. And a major problem with depression.

Q: Anything else?

A: Yes. In 1981, scientists located for the first time an actual gene that they think is involved in depression.

Q: And. . .?

A: It's in a very odd place. It's either very close to or actually among a group of genes that govern the development of the human immune system.

**Taking It Home**

As 20th Century men and women, we're at the beginning of a new age. For the first time, science has tools delicate enough to probe the central mysteries of our behavior and our personality. And, in a sense all the separate disciplines of science are beginning to come together into one — the science of men and women. Already that science is burrowing at the roots of madness, stress, mood and lethal physical and mental disorders. And, in the process it is bringing back from the vast continent of its general ignorance, news that all too often we don't want to hear. As is usual with science, that news is both good and bad. Good because it promises new treatments and new cures — and a gradual abandonment of the long-haul tinkering of psychiatry. Bad because it will force us to radically alter the way we think about ourselves — about our minds, our personal responsibility, our free will.

It is also bringing back news about our separate inheritances as men and women that sooner or later we're going to have to face. The news is that we're far older than we think we are. And who we are today is simply the current expression of the long history of our coming to this place. We were, and still are, designed by nature for the purposes of that travel, purposes that are still reflected in our strengths and weaknesses alike. Women are still protected for the purposes of motherhood — whether, as individuals, they want to have children or not. Men are still geared up to be hunters and sex-seekers — whether, as individuals, they hunt and seek sex or not. Men are also less stable and more various than women. "They're the sex through which nature experiments," says Flor-Henry. "In the large scale of things, you see, individual males don't matter very much. They're throwaway. So that has left nature free to experiment with them. That's why there are more sexual deviants among men. That's why there are more mental retards among men. And that's why there are more *geniuses* among men."

Pluses and minuses — they belong together at the heart of Freud's special chemistry in men and women, making us complementary and necessary to each other. Neither is better, neither is worse. It is not a competition, and we have to learn to understand that. "I think it's rather unfair," says Camille Benbow, " that when men have a problem, everybody's willing to accept that it's genetic, it's brain-damage, it's biological. But when women have a problem, oh now it can't be any of those things. It's the environment. I think that's unreasonable."

Q: Is that it, then?

A: It's just the beginning.

Q: Whew. What's next then?

A: Sex. Pleasure. Orgasm.

Q: Oh. See you next month. . .

# MEGABIKES

*the new lightspeeds are the sports cars of the eighties*

**THE NATIONAL formula for motoring boredom has been set at 100km/h. Plus a 10 percent liberty on a few klicks of super highway. Most superbikes will double that score with the pricetag on. Some will do it in a long city block — and still haul up for the next red. Some are sleepers, boulevard cruisers with Mr H looks and Dr J manners. Others look like they turned straight on to the highway right after taking the chequered flag. Then there's a whole new breed of Galactican lightspeeds — fast, sharp cycles wearing Star Wars speedsuits and humping red hot hardware under the cowlings. These are the cafe racer futuros. The sports cars of the 1980s. Someone forgot to regulate the motorbike like they did the motor car. Maybe they were too busy elsewhere. Maybe the bike doesn't make a likely target — even the boffins who gave us some of the international vehicle codes would be hard pressed to stitch a two**

*motoring by rob luck*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD ARCHBOLD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER SIMONS, GRAHAM MONRO

wheeler up with 5mph (8km/h) bumpers and side intrusion beams. So while the automobile languishes, the motorcycle runs berserk. In Australia, dealers are already flooring a range of street screamers that push two-wheeler performance to new highs.

The prime mover in the '82 cycle-scene is the turbocharger — a breath of hot air that has pumped fresh life into the meaning of mid-range performance. The new mega-cycles are smaller, tighter, lighter machines — but they can easily run with yesterday's outright road runners. And in every area. For the megabike makers have got to grips with all-round performance.

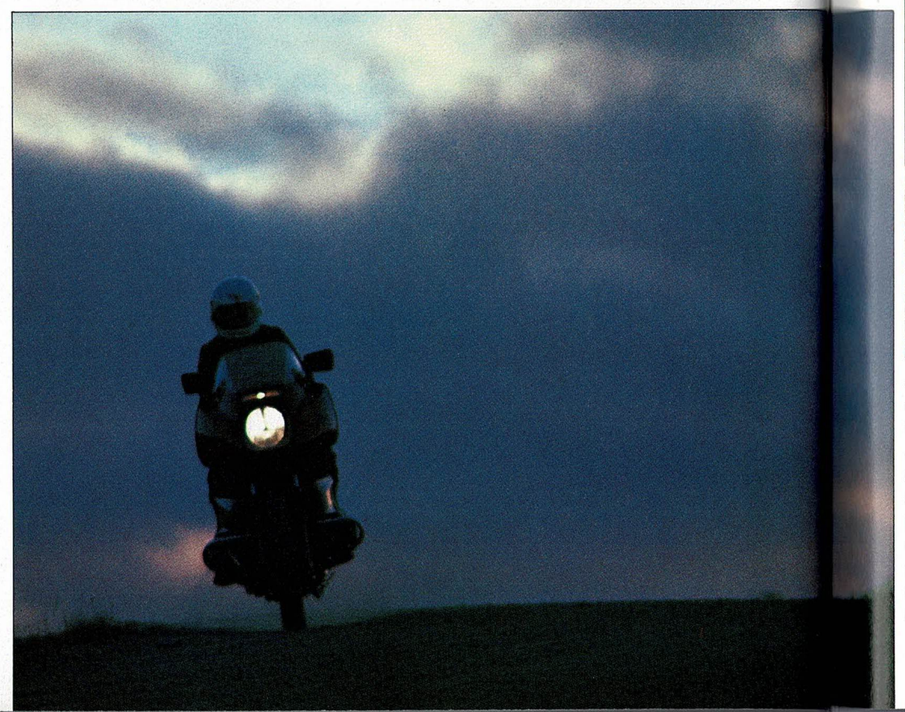
Refined suspensions, with hardware borrowed from racetrack-tech transformed supercycle handling in the late Seventies. The Eighties have opened up with some spectacular "breakthroughs" and items like anti-dive suspension geometry are certain to become standard equipment on anything that even *looks* fast by the end of this year.

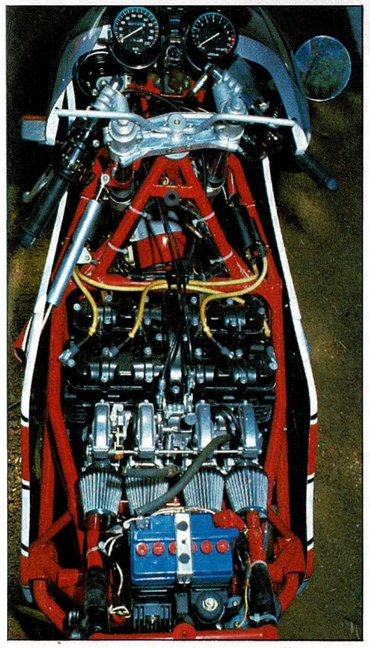
There's a red light at the end of every block and dropping anchor on a two-wheeler has special significance for a whole raft of reasons. "Whopper stoppers" developed alongside monster mills — with big discs, multiple big discs, even rear discs offering new dimensions in anti-motivation.

A lot of this gear was spawned by the rush for gizmo-supremacy on the floor, and a good deal of it was cosmetic rather than pragmatic. But brakes have moved into phase-two development and there are some healthy signs of manufacturers coming to terms with the real issues. Yamaha's Unified Braking System (UBS) is exemplary, popularising the concept of balanced dual-wheel retardation from the toe-brake, an idea Moto Guzzi has used for some time. This little gem is being matched with some pretty advanced thinking in the area of wheel alignment — for greater stability when the picks are popped. The basic idea is to eliminate the "unscheduled Y-junction" phenomenon when rider and machine take different directions due to poor wheelstick or rear-end steer.

A whole flock of motor scribes has articulated the range, scope and quality of two-wheeler technology, particularly in the engine room. But in their rush for hyperbole, not all of them have taken account of the broad separation line between quality and quantity. Others have been seduced into extravagant comparisons with the apparently lagging techno-innovations of the automobile.

A lot of this cycle hype turns aside from the realities — historical, environmental,





*Race-frame cafe racers are the state-of-the-art megacycles, with pricetags and specs ranging from mild to wild. Ducati Hailwood Special (previous page) offers superior value, MKM Krauser (top left) is "blue chip special" at almost double the price ($10,000). Bimota is unassailed superpower of superbikes, tagged from $12,000. Frame (above) "hugs" Kwaka mill for instant servicing. BMW R100RS (left) is conservative, but outstanding tourer.*

economical. Sure, current cycle-tech is explosively varied and apparently innovative. But by comparison with the motor vehicle, a lot of the engineering fits into the *deja vu* timeslot. Count the most promoted moto-fantasies of recent times on this scorecard — notably the disc brake, the anti-dive suspension etc.

And most technics of this type are still only to be found on the supercycles — none of which yet appears in the top 10 on the sales lists of any State in this country. Some of the hardware is taking a good deal longer to filter down to the ranks of the big-volume small-capacity machines.

Supercycling is really now just thresholding the real technological issues of the times. After the usual emotional, torrid adolescence, it is showing signs of passing-up puberty for real mechanical maturity.

According to form, Europe is producing the pointers. Already Germany has a 100bhp limit for supercycles, a strange contradiction in the land of the unlimited autobahn.

The nett effect is homegrown supercycles that can only get silencer-views of the Japanese ragers at the stoplight grand prix, but will tour one or two-up as long and fast as the best of the "sideways cycles". In fuel-conserving Europe this is a happy coincidence of logistics and engineering.

So far, the two-wheelers have deftly side-stepped the majority of the Vehicle Design Regulations that have redirected automotive engineering energies over the past decade — with the possible exception of "noise emissions".

The hammer seems certain to come down soon. And pollution emissions will get the nod for attention first. A mass of recent Japanese technology has been directed to the top end of the engine and the "front and back doors" — taking account of impending regulation. Turbocharger-tech is not out of step with this forbidding future requirement either.

But economics could be the big prime mover in this business. Staring down the throat of unmistakable social pressures, governments are moving to supertax the highway super-machinery. And super-cycles are going to suffer in a big way. They already have. Registration is already running away from small car costs. Insurance is so excessive it's prohibitive for most riders. It will get worse.

The bureaucrats have other ways of slipping cold steel between the ribs — and licensing is an obvious one. Already there are restrictions on supercycles for new cyclists. In Europe, Japan and the US, super-licences will put a massive surcharge on the cost of training for and obtaining a licence for such exotic machinery.

These pressures are pushing the market leaders — the Japanese — into aggressive downsizing. And the Turbo is providing the leverage to do it. The new offerings from Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki and Kawasaki are half-breeds of the former fleet thoroughbreds. Honda is kicking the first goal with a relatively tiny 500cc supercycle, capable of stretching the old megacycles to their limits on the street, on the strip, or on the open road.

Companies like IHI Turbochargers Japan (represented in Australia by Rymec)

have scored the groundbreaking techno-feats necessary to get smooth, surging super-power from small cycle engines. There are side-benefits of reduced noise and emissions.

It's logical, of course, to expect exotic development at the big end of the market. What is likely to follow is application of the basic technology down the capacity range. Expect to see 250cc cycles blown out to produce performance only possible from the current to mid-rangers cubed at 500-600cc.

Shifting the technology from road to trail may take time because of the inherent obstructions of the dirt-bike environment, but it is not improbable. More interesting is the current vogue to factory customs, a marketing explosion that overtook motor vehicles many years ago in the form of unlimited factory optioning. Some sensibility in the application of this trend to motor cycling has been exhibited by the manufacturers side-stepping the long options list and going directly to fully-optioned supercycle packages.

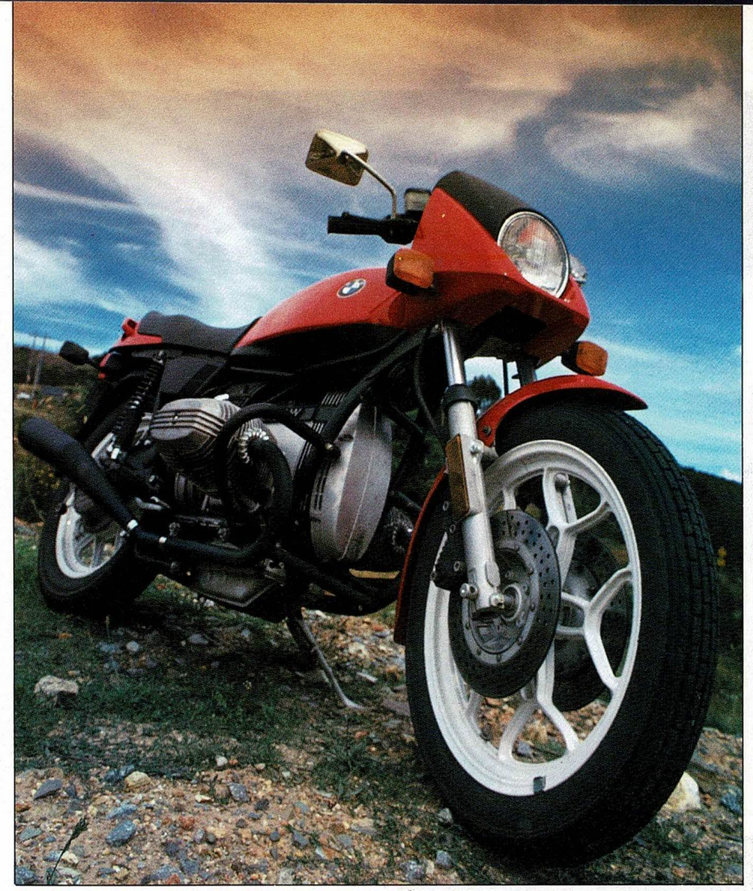
There are some stark contrasts. At one end lies the Suzuki Katana — jammed with gizmos in Darth Vader dress over substantially-stock running gear. A real sidewalk stopper. At the other end is the MKM Krauser, an extreme road-racer running raceframe and fairing, refined mechanicals and some supertuning over a near-stock BMW touring mill. The character clash is emphasised on the price-tags — the Katana asking a modest $4000 plus all-up, the Krauser-BMW tagged at $10,000 plus.

In between are the Candy flashbikes — like the Honda CB1100R — and some new Euro-styled medium compacts — notably the new BMW 65LS. The BMW is particularly significant. Priced right at $4400 (courtesy of the dive in the Deutschmark) this 650cc boomer wears modest Hans Muth designed cosmetics that are applied in more extravagant fashion to the Katana. It is no coincidence — Muth swapped his slot at the head of BMW design for a post at Suzuki and the Katana was his first project.

Subjectively, the BMW styling is more successful. The small half-fairing provides useful downforce (factory claim) for 30 percent better front-end stability, not unimportant on a bike that runs almost as hard as the full-size superbikes. There again, the Katana, though spectacular and impressive, looks a little like it was styled by two designers who never met.

Certainly, in a 300km comparison of BMW cycles, the 65LS performed all-round as well as the small Katana, nearly as well as the full-on machine, and for less dollar value. There is a peak in this kind of machinery — and it's represented of course by equipment like the Krauser, set to become a modern classic.

Still, most are really only engaged in earnest imitation of "the real thing" — cycles like the Ducati Hailwood Replica, and the doyen of megacycles, the Bimota. The first Bimotas have just touched down here, toting a string of Factory Production racing wins — perhaps the ultimate endorsement. The model range is complex, but Oz-EnnZedd enthusiasts can ask for the photo test-bike, a KB2, humping a standard Kwaka 500 mill and $13,000 tag. The baseliner, the KB1 (K900/1000) asks $12,000 and there's an Aust-exclusive KB1R with 1103 F1 Moriwaki engine for $15,000. The KB1 frame-price is $7500, fit any engine — Suzy, Yammy, Kwaka. The enthusiastic importers, Bimota Aust. are somewhat inconveniently located at Nelson Bay, North of Newcastle.



*Newbreed compact cafe futuro — Muth-styled BMW R65LS*

Until 1981, there were probably only half a dozen Ducati Hailwood specials circulating here — although this cycle, more than any other, represents what the raunchy cafe megacycles are striving for.

However, with Hailwood's death, and a resurgence of interest in off-track racers, there's a mini-boom. Last year, NSW Distributors, Fraser Motorcycles of Sydney, floated out another 20 from Italy. This year three times that number have already been landed and despatched to new owners, and there are more on order.

Commercialism compromises most of them — and it's fair to say that the mass market isn't yet ready for something as totally utilitarian as the Bimota and Ducati Replica. And something as totally genuine. For while manufacturers earnestly pursue victory in production racing to underscore the performance of their cafe racers, the Ducati is substantially the same cycle that Mike the Bike wheeled on to the Isle of Man circuit in 1978 for his sensational comeback victory (after 11 years) in the Senior TT.

The Grand Duc can still be had, for a disarmingly modest $5599, immediate delivery. Our privately-owned sample was supplied by enthusiast Paul Halstead of The Toyshop in Sydney. Just kicking it over can stir fire in the blood. It's the Lamborghini of motorcycles.

There is something vaguely courageous about the inherent irreverence of the flashbike phenomenon — a standing ovation to the hedonistic concept of unrestricted highways, so far from our current reach. Certainly, it is inconceivable that a modern motor vehicle manufacturer could entertain shoehorning a mega-mill under the bonnet of an up-market sedan or coupe, then splatter it with unashamed race-bred livery and release it on to the roads for general public consumption.

Perhaps someone has taken account of all this. Perhaps no one knows, or understands. Perhaps it's just that bureaucrats don't ride bikes. For the moment, motor cycling is relatively unregulated. Vibrant, progressive, invigorating, outrageous. Exactly what sports cars used to be.



# XAVIER HERBERT *(continued from page 39)*

*Daisy Bates was a bloody old frump getting around the bush with the blacks. She had neck-to-knee everything.*

her life. She organised the black tribes to gather for the occasion, and they put on a show for this royal personage. They stopped the train, and a platform had been built out of railway sleepers, so the royals watched from there as the Aboriginals went through a few routines, hoping for a handout at the end of the performance. She taught them that the King of England was their King too, and would look after them evermore.

**HERBERT:** She used to wear black like a widow, skirts trailing in the bloody desert dust, and black shoes and stockings, and long underwear. She was a bloody old frump. H.G. Wells said she filled him with repulsion. She was a bloody old frump getting around the bush with the blacks. She had neck-to-knee everything. That was the way she grew up. She was an Irishwoman.

**PLAYBOY:** Thirty years with the black people. Every single day of that time, she didn't come out of her tent or bark humpy without going through the English ritual of dressing in stays, high collar, and all the rest. An amazing story.

**HERBERT:** In the desert, living with bloody camels. She had a buggy, with camels pulling her along, and she used to get around in this buggy, sitting up with all these blacks. You'd have to see the bloody desert to know what it's like. [*Laughs*]. Flies and death adders. . .

**PLAYBOY:** She must have been a supreme masochist.

**HERBERT:** She was Irish. [*Laughing*]. What an incredible thing if one could write the story of Daisy Bates. But personally, I could not do it without gales of laughter, which wouldn't be fair to her memory.

**PLAYBOY:** An interesting idea. Patrick White could perhaps do it well.

**HERBERT:** Yes, he could. But the thing is he would take the ideas and end up with an invented character. Not so much as he did with Leichhardt, in *Voss*, where the central figure ceased to be Leichhardt, and became a character that he had made up. One tends to do that. For instance, in *Poor Fellow My Country,* many of the characters are taken from life, but those people represented would not be able to recognise themselves unless one told them.

There's a woman here that I know, her name is Phillipa, and I took her character and made her into Alfie, in the book. She never suspected in the slightest, and we were talking about the book, and I said to her: "Did you recognise the character?" She didn't know what I was talking about. I told her Alfie was taken from her, and she was highly indignant. "But she was insane!" Phillipa told me. But Alfie grew out of her, and became someone entirely different.

**PLAYBOY:** Are any of your characters purely invented?

**HERBERT:** Yes, Prindy, in *Poor Fellow My Country,* is one.

**PLAYBOY:** You can't put any part of Prindy in an actual person?

**HERBERT:** No, he's synthesised for a purpose. I've never known any Aboriginal child like that. . . Old Cockeye Bob, though, I took him from a man named Murdering Tommy. He was a witch-doctor and a weird man, but I didn't know him all that well. He was larger than life, of course. And DeLacy, I never found anybody like DeLacy. Of course, people reckon it was me, but it wasn't. DeLacy was a failure in everything he did.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever witness feats of magic by a witch-doctor, a native Australian witch-doctor like Cockeye Bob? A feat, for example, like appearing and disappearing instantaneously, which the wily Cockeye Bob performed several times in your book.

**HERBERT:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** The indigenous Indians of Mexico have among them very powerful sorcerers who can perform similar feats of magic, or are reputed to do so. Such as ascending and descending sheer cliffs in single leaps. All over the world, in fact, there are special people who seem to have these superhuman abilities.

**HERBERT:** Yes. I think it's a system of auto-suggestion, hypnosis of people.

**PLAYBOY:** But native people in different parts of the world, being so close to the order of things, to nature, which is their environment, isn't it possible that they can do those things, that they have a command — or an understanding — of the surroundings which are part of them and that feats of magic are merely manifestations of special gifts? Do you think this is possible?

**HERBERT:** No. I'm a complete rationalist. I don't believe that, what you're saying, but I do believe in a very great power of the human being. I had an experience of my own, in the bush, when I saw my alter-ego. . . it was a black man. We had been up in the caves, and came back very tired from a long walk, several days walking. Well, I was a champion snorer, and wherever I was, I always camped away from other people, so that they can sleep — and so I can too, because they wouldn't let me sleep if they couldn't.

We were in a dry creek bed, in a kind of gravelly white sand. . . a swag down on this soft sand. . . It was a night of the full moon and I woke up suddenly to find a black man beside me. I've been so used to the black man all my life, even here near the town seeing black people all the time, to me it's unusual *not* to see a few black people around so I wasn't alarmed. I woke up. . . you live so long in the bush, and as a young man one would get black girls in bed, you don't get frightened as long as you behave yourself with these people. . . So I woke up and saw this very tall, very black man, standing alongside of me, ablaze in the moonlight, shining, overblack and naked. . . I looked up at him, and I was just going to say, "Who are you, boy?", (handy person with the "boy" — an oldtimer!) when he vanished. It was so *real*! I sat up and looked around, I even looked for tracks. It was so *utterly* real. And oh, I was pleased, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe it *was* real.

**HERBERT:** No, it was an hallucination. The thing was this: that I wanted to see it, I was living so close to it, and it was like being an alien in my own country. As I said to you before, a deep strong thing in me is that I am ashamed of the monstrous bastards I belong to. I would much rather belong to one of these downtrodden peoples. The only thing is I've got some Irish in me which could be in revolt against bastardy and oppression, but I haven't got enough of that in me. I've been too long on the top end of humanity. But I wanted to identify with the black people. . . it's an alter-ego, I knew that.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you tell me the working title of your new book?

**HERBERT:** I've changed it so many times, I don't know. . .

**PLAYBOY:** "Commonwealth of Cowards". Was that one of them?

**HERBERT:** Yes, I started off like that, and then I even got around to "Someone's got to do Something", but I know it will have to wait. The titles of all my works have come along at the right time. I've always had good titles.

**PLAYBOY:** *Poor Fellow My Country,* for example. It evokes a very powerful image of the displaced Aboriginal mourning his natural country.

**HERBERT:** Yes. Of course, it has a greater meaning than that. It was *my* cry for my country, and very much for the Australian who identifies, a similar thing. . . It's had a profound effect on most people. Most of what I've written has concerned Aboriginal people, my short stories, for example. It's not because of a special knowledge of them, because I gave up trying to know them long ago.

Once I thought I was a bit smart about knowing them, but I don't pretend to know anything now. Also, if you're going to get ethnological about it, you're just going to be confused, because there are so many different forms of Aboriginal culture in this country. It would be like teaching Christianity, say, to a Buddhist, and you start out with the Catholic Church or the Methodist Church or the Calathumpians or the Salvation Army, something like that, you see.

You would have to work out first what was fundamentally the basis of Christian faith, which probably never existed in practice.

There has possibly never been what you might call rational Christianity. What the first stuff was like, God knows. You're not religious, I hope.

**PLAYBOY:** No. Are you?

**HERBERT:** No. "Myth raves" — that's where it all first came from. I know it's a fact from a great deal of reading that the Roman soldiers had these "myth raves", and they joined it in with Elijahism. Elijah was the prophet of the coming of the Messiah, and there was so strong a thing in Judaism, it came from Elijah — about the Messiah. It was all fascinating, you see, and somehow or other they were able to make up this Christ person, Jesus.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think he was an actual, historical person?

**HERBERT:** Oh, there is no doubt about it. He would have been one of the many Messiahs of the Jews, their name is legion since the beginning of time.

My wife was a Jewish woman, did you know that?

**PLAYBOY:** I didn't know.

**HERBERT:** . . . and there's a picture of her there, did you see it?

**PLAYBOY:** I saw that — a beautiful picture. Can you tell me who took the picture?

**HERBERT:** A street photographer.

**PLAYBOY:** How old was she in that picture?

**HERBERT:** She was well into her forties — fifty. She was a very lovely lady, lovely right up to the day she died.

**PLAYBOY:** Where did you meet her?

**HERBERT:** On a ship going to England. She was married to a Jewish man, then. She was of Polish descent, born in England, and had lived in the old ghettos that they used to have there, Whitechapel, I think. She married quite young, to a Jew who was a cabinet-maker. That's a Jewish trade, of course, cabinet-making. He belonged to a big family of cabinet makers, but, growing up like that, somebody's got to get out and go somewhere else. Wolff Cohen was his name, and Wolff came to Australia. Well, she married him, and a week after marrying him, sent him to Australia to make their fortune — being a Jewish woman, you see. They dower themselves, or the family starts a dowry. . . and so she sends him with her dowry and everything else out to Australia. So he went to Melbourne first, I think, and of course they had relations everywhere, but he didn't do too well.

**PLAYBOY:** Was she the basis for the Jewish girl Rifkah, in *Poor Fellow My Country?*

**HERBERT:** No. A very important thing about the Jewish woman, Rifkah, was the fact that she was only half Jewish. Her mother was not Jewish, and that, according to law, would make Rifkah non-Jewish also. But I always reckon this, that a Jewish woman wouldn't do what Rifkah did.

**PLAYBOY:** Commit herself to such a harsh, alien country, do you mean?

**HERBERT:** In the first place, there was her refugee quality. The Jews tend to regard everything as the will of God, something that they don't even understand themselves. They gave themselves to the Holocaust, and. . . but this one didn't, she kept fighting all the way, even though she allowed the communists to use her. She did all sorts of things which a Jewish woman wouldn't do unless she was a communist herself. But Rifkah was more or less an ordinary woman whose life was frustrated by war. Anyway, my Sadie was a very different person, she was truly Jewish. I happened to be going to England then, and I met her on the boat. She was amazed, I think, by this wild, colonial lair, as I called myself, and the amazement grew into some kind of proprietorship. [*Laughing*].

**PLAYBOY:** Would she have been the most influential personality in your life, was she an inspiration for your writing?

**HERBERT:** No, I have to say that right from the start. She was, of course, the cause of *Capricornia.* She put me in a garret in London. I wanted to clear out. . .

*Whenever I autograph that book, I always write: "Hoping you do not confuse the boy with the man. It was a boy that I knew."*

**PLAYBOY:** You wrote *Capricornia* in London?

**HERBERT:** Yes, she kept me in a garret.

**PLAYBOY:** In true artistic fashion!

**HERBERT:** Yes it was, that's true. It cost a shilling a day for the garret, and about that much to eat. I think it actually worked out to 15 shillings a week, the whole thing, to keep me.

**PLAYBOY:** What year was that?

**HERBERT:** In 1932. I actually started the book on New Year's Day, 1932, and I finished it in May, 1932 — about half a million words, after I got a go on with it. I went over to England with a book called *Black Velvet,* and it was a hairy sort of book. It was in the midst of the Depression, I was young and foolish, no reputation — nothing at all like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Is *Black Velvet* a published work?

**HERBERT:** No. . . Sadie didn't like it, although it attracted a fair amount of interest and attention amongst publishers. But they just wouldn't publish it. As I said, times were hard, but at least they encouraged me, and they, I suppose, helped me to keep at it.

But before this, when Sadie got off the boat at Southampton and came to London, her family was waiting — Victoria Station it was — a great mob of Jews, a taxi or two waiting. And then they saw me — a goy — get off the train with her. They were true Jews. They looked cross-eyed at me when she introduced me, and that was the end of it. She said goodbye and went off with them. She was going to write to me, we had made arrangements to write — I was going to a place that somebody had recommended, and she was going to write me a letter.

She told me afterwards, that the first thing they said after they left me that day, I think it was her mother, said to her, "What's the matter with you?", and Sadie said, "I'm worried about that young man. He comes from the Australian bush, and he's come to this big city, and he doesn't know anything about the world at all." [*Laughing*].

They're very bright people, the Jews, and they were no doubt thinking: "What's she worrying about that bastard from the bush for?" Apparently, later on, after she settled down at home, she bethought herself of me. Of course, at that time, I was a complete lair. We had a lot of fun on the boat, it took us six weeks to get there. . .

**PLAYBOY:** You were an Australian larrikin, were you?

**HERBERT:** Yes, I was really a lair. Once upon a time. I'd done all sorts of things. For instance, I'd been a stock rider, and a sailor. . . all manner of things, and I just saw myself as a smart guy, you see.

**PLAYBOY:** Your portrayal of the young Xavier Herbert in *Disturbing Element* was a very honest piece of writing. You came across as rather an obnoxious young man.

**HERBERT:** Yes. I was certainly not a very nice young boy, but that's why I wrote it. Whenever I autograph that book, I always write: "Hoping you do not confuse the boy with the man. It was a boy that I knew." I can forgive myself for all that, because I was innocent. Amazing mad bloody things, wicked things — criminal things without knowing. . . childish innocence. Now, anything I have done since then was done by a very cunning low type of man. If I wrote about it, of my years after *Disturbing Element* all I would do, would be to denigrate myself. I was going to tell you about Sadie. . . I first saw her on the boat, as it was pulling out. There were streamers and all sorts of things, people all over the place waving, but there was nobody there to see me off.

It was an Australian line ship introduced by Billy Hughes — they were called Billy Hugheses, in fact — and they belonged to the Commonwealth Government. Immigrant people used to travel a great deal on them, and also people going home, cursing this place too. There were about 750 people on that boat, and only about three Australians.

**PLAYBOY:** A mob of whinging poms going home?

**HERBERT:** Yes. Sadie was doing much the same. She had left Melbourne, took her

*"Let's face it, Ralph. You just don't have that killer instinct."*

husband to Sydney, because he had been in with a gambling mob of Jews. Jews are great gamblers. They love life very much. The fornication, the golden calf sort of thing was very strong in them. . . they love living. So she took him to Sydney, but it didn't work there either, so she decided to go home and think about it. She wasn't really leaving. He wasn't doing any good for himself, and wanted to go to New Zealand to see some relations there. He did very well for himself, subsequently — but not with Sadie.

Eventually, he married a rich heiress, a Jewess. So. . . as the boat was pulling out, whistling and all this sort of thing — 12 o'clock, it was, on the 23rd of August, 1930 — as it was pulling out, I saw this very pretty girl. I was going around, the lair always, looking at girls, and there she was. In those days, everybody wore a hat. Sadie was a milliner and she was wearing a great big summery hat. She was crying into a bunch of flowers, a beautiful person, particularly so under that hat. I think hats always bring out a woman's features.

She was a lovely creature, and I thought, that's the girl for me. So I waited till the evening, and put in what was called a "plod" in those days. I really tried very hard. She was a virginal type of Jewish bride, she was not used to bastards from the bush. I tried to seduce her, but she beat me by crying. But we had a lot of fun, especially when we got to the land of Egypt, through the Red Sea, which was amazing.

Now, I've always been a good reader, and I knew the Bible very well, so this part of the world was interesting to me. And of course Sadie was back home again. . . Past Sinai, in the Red Sea — it was September then, and there was a crescent moon hanging over the place, like it properly belonged there. The Jews have a proper Lunar calendar, and the new moon means a great deal. I was learning many things from Sadie. We would sit up all night, and sleep during the day.

It was very hot at that time of the year — the Red Sea is renowned for its heat. We went through several days of slow-boat-to-China sort of thing, up through the Gulf of Arabia, or whatever it is, right up from the horn of Africa, somewhere around Somali. . . it's a wondrous place, filled with history. Then we were in the Suez Canal, in the land of Egypt, which is where the Jews came from, of course.

We got in to Port Said, where I happened to know the brother of a Greek who lived in Darwin. I thought he would be an ordinary fellow, but Greeks are always surprising people. When I got in there, it turned out to be quite a big business he was involved in, and they made very much of us, so we stayed with them, which was fortunate for us, because the shipping line was having terrific industrial trouble at the time. They were trying to bust the strike — I think it was a private conspiracy, but the ship was halted by strikes in every port. Also, at that time, there were riots in Egypt, and we were travelling around exotic places. . . Cairo, Alexandria. . . it was quite a fabulous time.

I can remember how attractive Sadie was, always a lovely woman. At one stage a couple of policemen got after her. She always had a weakness for coppers, for some reason or another. Somehow, wherever she went, there was this weakness between her and policemen.

There were riots going on all the time. These people were called wogs, of course, and also gillies, I think it was. Anyhow, they were rioting, and it was a wondrous thing watching them. . . they all wore a kind of night-shirt and a sort of cap on their heads, some kind of idiotic thing, rather like a fez. There they were, all hopping into each other with spades. Then the police would come along and beat *them* up.

Then we went from there to Malta, a week in Malta, and I introduced her to the Christian church. She didn't know anything about it, you see. She thought Christ was some sort of evil bastard, or some sort of devil — that's the Jewish idea. It causes an awful lot of trouble with the Jews. The churches in Malta are splendid, it was a great revelation to me, those wondrous churches. The Latin churches are always very imposing, like Cologne Cathedral, and the beautiful places in Catholic Germany, but of all the Catholic world, I think the architectural beauty of Malta would be the most important.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you at ease in those strange places?

**HERBERT:** Well, I had this lady with me, and we used to booze together somewhat. But she was a woman who belonged in good company, so I behaved myself, too, because, as I say, she cried and that was too much for me, you see. Anyway, after we got to England, she wrote me a letter, which I didn't get. I had left, or was just leaving, the place where I had been staying in London — there were 6,000,000 people in London at the time — and anyway, I think I was making a final check around the place about mail, and somebody said something about a letter. It was the maid, a stupid person — you have to see it to believe how stupid the yokel English are to associate with — and she said she had seen a letter there, but didn't know anybody of that name, so she gave it back to the postman!

I was getting a bit lonely, I think — so I left and went to the post office, and told them the story, and after a check they told me the letter had gone to the dead-letter office. I said I want it back, and they said, it's gone to the dead-letter office, and that's

*"Can't get a hard-on in a blizzard, eh?"*

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the bloody end of it. To get a letter back from that place you had to go through some sort of terribly complicated bureaucratic rigmarole. . . I once wrote a thing called *Goddam The Postman And His Ilk.* Something like this. . . "these rules for fools, sour is the milk of human kindness. . ."

I left the place utterly frustrated, and was walking back when I ran into Sadie! Out of all those people in the city of London! She had been looking for me at my old lodgings, and they had told her I was not there, and of course she thought that I had ignored her letter, you see. She was very indignant, and the only way I could convince her was to take her up to the postal depot, and speak to the man there about the missing letter. Finally she accepted, and it all started from there.

But I was all over the place while I had the money — I used to come back and see her now and then — but then at last I decided to get out, and I arranged to leave on a ship to West Africa. Something happened and I didn't go. That was 1930, November, say, and about March 1931, I could see that I was going down the drain. I had spent all of my money and I was in a doss-house. Sadie didn't know about it. She wanted me to write that book again, *Black Velvet.* She didn't like the way it was written. Actually, she said to me: "If only you could write the way you talk." I always thought you can't write the way you talk, because it's a different language, but she said: "If you write the way you tell me stories. . ."

I didn't think it was possible, but I was broke. . . I was starving half the time. . . I used to meet her and she would take me home. She was working then, and would take me home to her house, and they used to have Jewish Sabbath, you see, Friday night — excellent meals, usually fried fish.

So this time I walked all the way up from the doss-house, down in East London. I got up there to meet her, and she asked me if I would like a cup of tea. There was one of these places they called a pull-up for "car men", a car man being a truck driver. In those days there were still horses about, a lot of horses, steam wagons, and all sorts of odd things. None around these days. They used to pull up at these little gutter cafes — not really in the gutter like those things on wheels, but kind of holes in the wall, which they could close up. So she asked me about the tea, and I was starving, so I said yes. We had a bun or something, and a cup of tea, and she started talking about a nice little place that was for rent. I said no, that I was going away. She said to come and have a look at the place, it was just around the corner.

She guided me around the corner to a great tenement. We trooped up all these stairs, about three storeys up, right on top, and into a tiny little room, only as big as a tent. You could stand up straight in one place — the middle of the room. Everywhere else, you had to crouch. The grate had a fire going in it, and a kettle on a thing that swung out over the flames. The kettle was boiling, the light was on, and the bed was made. Everything was bright and beautiful. It was so tiny, and the old sofa was all sagged in, but I'd come out of a doss-house, you see, and it looked lovely. I said, "Someone lives here," and she told me she had already rented the place.

Well, I didn't like that, and there was trouble about it. But I was broke and had an empty suitcase in a room where I had been staying. I was homeless and homesick and I succumbed to it, and she put me in bed. I told her I had no money. She said I'll look after you, and I said I wouldn't ever do that, and I quoted that thing by Lawson. . . *The Bastard from the Bush.* . . the line, "Would you let a woman keep you?" But then she said, "You've got a typewriter. You sell me the typewriter, and I can keep you with the money," like that.

Well, I didn't like it a bit, but the typewriter was worth six pounds — I knew that, because I was going to hock it, anyway — so six pounds would last quite a while, at

*I could see that I was going down the drain. I had spent all of my money and I was living in a doss-house.*

15 shillings a week. So then. . . then she said you can use the typewriter to write, and I thought, any port in a storm. . . I'd do as she said, and get away later.

I was mean, very bloody mean, but there it was. Anyway, it gradually went on, through that winter and March. It was an awful March and April, bloody awful. Then through the summertime, the first European summer I'd seen, then bloody autumn again, and the winter of 1931. I thought, Jesus, I'll never put up with this again. It was the end of the year, getting near Christmas time. Of course for Australians, there is only one real festive time, and that's Christmas. You don't realise it perhaps, but Christmas is a wondrous time in Australia — other people don't celebrate it nearly as much as we do. They have a good Christmas Day, in other places, but here it's a long thing. . . a fortnight of festivities. Other people don't knock off like we do.

So there I was with Jews, who don't have Christmas, and being kept by a woman. . . I thought I was getting nowhere at all. I reckoned I had better go home. And New Year has always meant a great deal to me, not so much for resolutions and such, but just seeing the year come I say I've got to do something this year. I had no family, really. But I said to myself, "You've got to go back to Australia." Bloody hell, go home again, go home beaten. . . If I had gone earlier, cleared out, gone to West Africa, I probably would have died there — or wound up a knockabout person. But I had stayed there, in London, long enough to get myself frustrated, you see. I think I was so sick of it all, I didn't want to go anywhere but home. I'd have to face people, and I had lived and been to so many places, they'd be saying, "How did you get on overseas?", you see. "I went broke," I'd have to say. I would never want to be the adventurer again, because I did that for writing.

I'd have to go back to being a druggist, a science teacher, or teach bloody chemistry, or go. . . it would be too late to do medicine then, because I never had any money. . . so I'd have to be a bloody pharmacist.

For some reason I couldn't do it, some sort of pride, you see, and I thought if only I could write all those things, the notes I had made, the stories I had told Sadie. A couple of times I had tried to sell bits of it to magazines, but the writing wasn't co-ordinated. It's very hard for other people to crash in on those places — it's the same in America — they don't want foreigners, and what you write is not particularly interesting to them, not like on the home front. So I was doing all this thinking. . . I used to say to her, you can't write about those things I tell you; you can't write a book about it. . . the people are real, and they'd get you for defamation. . . you can't do it.

Then I thought, if only one could write it so that it would seem to be made up, and invent a country that you could do it in, made-up people in a made-up country. I was sitting in that wretched little old arm chair, so hard up that I used to conserve things for her, like sifting through the ashes before I chucked them out. . . using a bit of wire to hook out any coke that was left. . . so hard up that I had to burn coal twice. I would never throw out anything burnable. I have always been rather a proud person, and having a woman keep me was always in my mind. So I was sitting there. . . and I thought of the first short story I ever wrote as an adult. . . it was called *North Of Capricorn,* because that's where I came from, Capricorn country.

I used the name Francis then, I wrote as Francis Herbert. Suddenly I thought, Christ, if I called it Capricornia — the Northern Territory — and twisted it all around somewhat, I could do it. Ah, I liked that! It was about two days to go until the end of the year, and I was very excited about it. I told Sadie on New Year's Eve and she asked me to take her to the celebrations at St Pauls.

I was too bloody mean. . . I said no I've got to start the New Year right, and that is to go to bed early on New Year's Eve. . . you see? She had to get her young brother to take her, because I wouldn't do it.

On New Year's Day, 1932, I got up early and sat down and started to write

*"Stewardess — a large brandy please, and would you bring me another passenger?"*

*Capricornia.* It was a bit of a battle for three weeks or so, and then I went crazy. I went so crazy I never used to go to bed. At first I worked normal hours, but I was so excited by what I was writing that I couldn't sleep, and I'm a person who usually needs regular sleep, about eight hours — but come midnight I would keep on going, into the early hours of the morning. Then I would go to bed and toss around, and have a bad day the next day, not enough sleep, you see. So I worked out a system whereby I'd be up for 24 hours and go to sleep for 12, so that on one day I'd be working in the daytime, and on the next, night-time. There was an incredible amount of noise in the daytime. . . we were on a corner, and there were trams and steam lorries, horses tramping around, all these noises. Then I discovered a method where I worked 32 hours straight, and slept 16. Sometimes I went to 38 hours. . . after that I would flake right out.

Now, it was a kind of trance thing, and I got so used to it that I would write solid for 16 hours — actually, I would re-write what I had written the night before. I've always been a great re-writer, I never believed in anything I wrote the first time. So I would re-write for 16 hours, and then on the following night, I would do a new draft, at which time I was sort of insane, and it all would pour out of me. Finally I would have to go to bed to sleep for 16 hours or so, and when I woke up it was like a torrent, a river running out of my head. . . words. . . mad.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you re-writing all this on the typewriter?

**HERBERT:** No, I wrote it in a very tiny hand to save paper, because I had no money. I wrote in pencil, and because of the pressure of writing I had to wear an old sock on my hand. . . I wore all the hair off my arms, working like that. . . and my hand got so sore I used to wear a sort of mitten I'd made. It was an amazing situation. . . I went through it like that. I only wish I could write like that again.

**PLAYBOY:** How long did it take you to write *Capricornia?*

**HERBERT:** Well, I was finished in May — it took me about four or five months. And then I typed it, and the only way I could type was to make up a kind of stand out of a piece of ply, with two steps on it and straps. . . I had the typewriter on this thing, and I used to stand up to type, then sit down for a while, then stand up again. . . I kept more or less normal hours for that, so I would do 16 hours, pretty well, and then sometimes I would go for a walk, down the stairs and around the block. It's a wonder I didn't get ill. I'd have to stand at the typewriter, because if I sat down for too long I'd go to sleep. So I typed this vast thing. . . it turned out to be 1,000,000 words in the first draft, down to about 500,000 in type. And subsequently, when I brought it home, it was too long to publish. They would probably publish it now like that. So when I came home I chopped it. Re-wrote and chopped it in half, until it was ready to be published. I cut it down to what it is now — about 250,000 words, which is what it ought to be, I suppose.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the writing of *Capricornia* give you a great deal of satisfaction?

**HERBERT:** Well, once I wrote *Capricornia,* I knew I could write, no matter what anybody said about it. Sir Jonathon Cape took me up on it. . . they wouldn't publish it as it was. . . they said it would make three good novels, and that's what they wanted me to do — write three novels out of it. They knew I could write short stories, and they said they would look after me for a year — wait a year, they said, until you're more concise, then write the three novels. I had the affrontery to say to the boss that I would talk in terms of one great one, or nothing. No, I said, what did I want to be a bloody writer for. . . I've got a continent to win, a nation to build! I'm going home, whereupon I. . .

**PLAYBOY:** You rejected the offer?

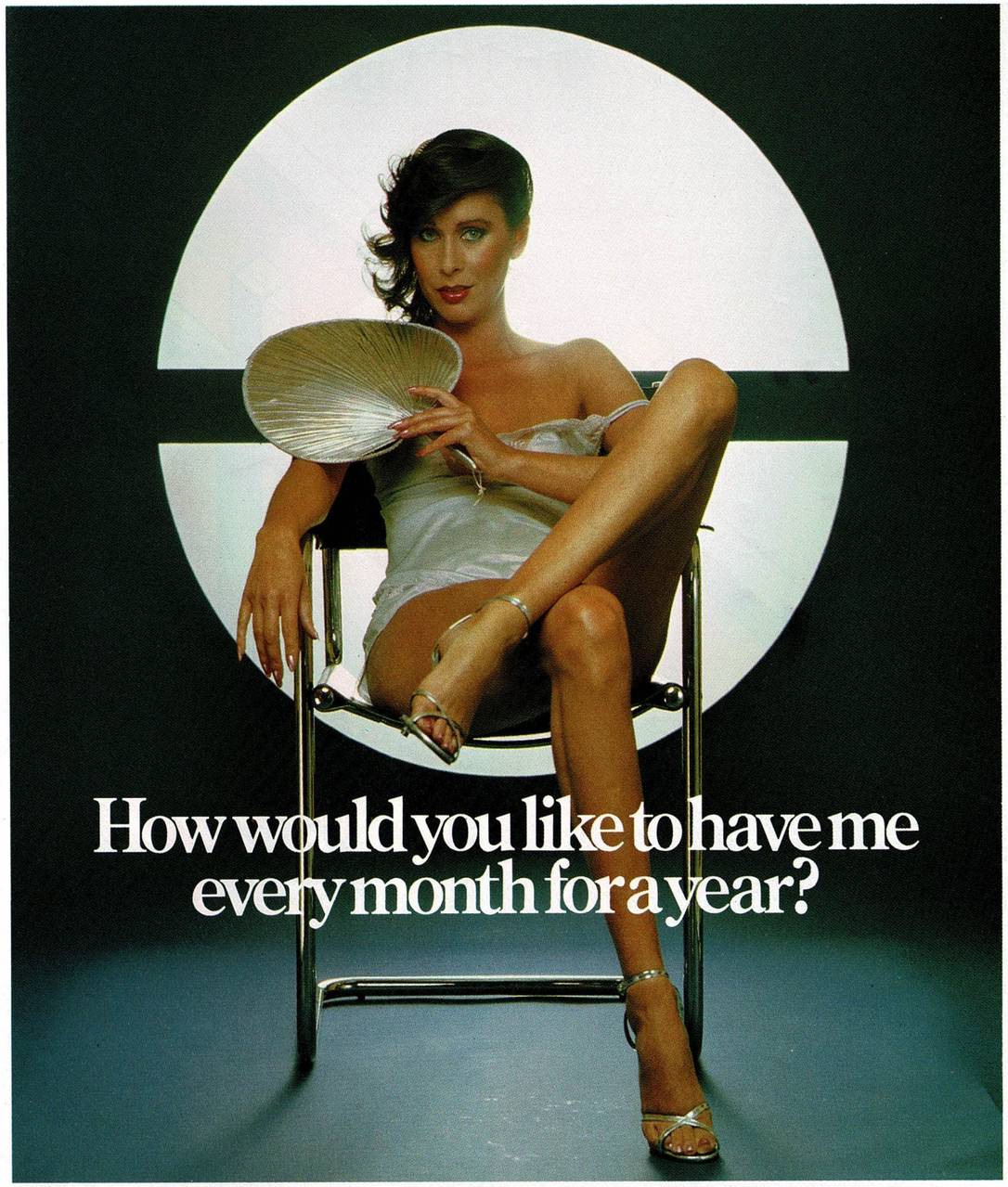
**HERBERT:** Yes, it was a strange thing to do.

**PLAYBOY:** It was, yes.

**HERBERT:** I gave up my typewriter then. I don't know whether it worked out for Sadie or not, but I sold the typewriter for six pounds. Sadie went around later, and the buyer gave it back to her, and to my surprise when she eventually came to Australia, she brought the old typewriter. It wasn't old then, I bought it new — a Remington portable — a powerful machine, rather big for a portable. I've still got it, I use it sometimes. . .

We were talking about *Poor Fellow My Country*. Well, not only did I do it as recordings and small drafts on the cards, but I also had it on manuscript, and then I would turn around and type it all over again. A tremendous amount of work. . . and so that I could tell which draft was which, I bought myself a little typewriter which I used for one draft, and the first typed draft I would do on the old machine. That way, I didn't have to fool around so much. The way I wrote it was all over the place. Do you know I didn't know how long that book was? I hadn't the slightest idea, nor did anybody, until Collins, the publisher, got the bill from Hong Kong, where they did the setting up. I thought it was about 500,000 words, but it worked out to be almost 900,000. The lovely thing about old Billy Collins was, he said he didn't care how long it was at all. They waited until they got the bill. It never happened to any writer on Earth, before or since, I'm sure of that.

*"Twenty-dollar bills don't pay. What I counterfeited was where the big money is — jeans!"*

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

# SOUND FOR ART'S SAKE

*richard timmins proves that audio beauty is in the ear of the beholder*

Keep me in exile the rest of my days, Burn me in hell but as long as it pays, Art for Art's sake, Money for God's sake. . . Eric Stewart, Graham Gouldman, from the 1975 10cc album, *How Dare You,* (Mercury). In an industry which publishes thousands of new titles throughout the world each year, what artistic decisions have to be made and who makes them? Firstly, to make a recording, you've got to have a sound worth capturing. This first artistic decision is made by the staff of what is usually known as the Artists and Repertoire (A and R) department. The other main area of artistic decision making is Production, a generic term covering all processes of recording. Inevitably, there must be cooperation between A and R and Production personnel at all times to ensure that the right results are achieved. If the results aren't as anticipated, then there won't be enough money to pay for the performers, the staff and equipment and to give the shareholders nice big dividends. These monetary considerations will inevitably affect what you're going to hear blasting out of your hi-fi speakers.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

On the whole, this financial influence can breed universal mediocrity. Just take a look at the top-selling records on the charts and you'll see what I mean. Luckily, however, exciting things do happen from time to time. These memorable happenings are usually the result of a fortunate combination of talented artists, good original material, sensitive and appropriate performances *and* imaginative and creative production. Let's now look at the overall role of Production within the context of listening at home.

The medium of two-channel stereo has fundamental restrictions in its ability to recreate an original sonic event. These limitations ought to be taken for granted in the same way we accept those of the cinema — the screen ends within the region of peripheral vision and depth is generally portrayed by the subterfuges of perspective and focus. But, audio art has different limitations. It's obvious that we can't see what's happening in a recording, and so we must depend solely on our ears to give us the information we need to become involved with original performance. This I regard as a distinct limitation, although the lack of visual images can have enormous benefits in allowing the imagination to roam far beyond the sounds being created by the musicians. But, clarity of perception of the sound itself may be degraded or altered as a result of this restriction and so a record producer may feel justified in modifying the original sound to give a better impression of the mood of the performance.

The medium is also limited by the quality of the equipment in use. These days, it is technically feasible to record sound in its full frequency and loudness spectra, and to reproduce it without too much loss. Unfortunately, when the equipment is less than the best — either in the studio, location recording unit, processing plant or home — the original musical art and the quality of the technical artistry used can suffer. This situation can suppress the creativity of the people involved on the grounds that slipshod work won't be heard through crappy gear anyway. This, I feel, is especially apparent on some orchestral recordings where dozens of microphones are used, each close to individual or small groups of instruments.

Using good replay equipment, recordings like these can sound strange as firstly, instruments can sound very different at close quarters, and secondly, the listener is involuntarily moved to a relative position with each instrument that could never be adopted if he attended the event in person. Audio purists often shriek in horror at these "unnatural" recording techniques, but this reaction is only justified if the sense and intention of the performance and its content are lost.

An advantage of this technique is that the producer can easily get everything down on tape without worrying too much during the performance about the total effect. Later, the resultant 12, 24, 36 or even 48 individual tracks can be mixed down to two, and plenty of time can be given to the job without an anxious producer fretting about the cost per minute of a large orchestra, technical staff and expensive soloists. For the sake of economy or logistics, soloists are often recorded at different times and in different places. For example, Joan Sutherland, involved in a tight schedule of engagements in London, can pop into the studio on odd occasions and add her bit to the orchestra, the tenor and other principal voices, already recorded weeks before — perhaps in New York.

Even though this technique enables a recording to be made that would otherwise have been impossible, I can't help thinking that the result is certain to lack some of the magic and spontaneity that could have existed if all the artistes had been together on the original sessions. And there is also the tell-tale signature of each recording environment, so that the acoustic accompanying the soprano is different to the one behind the orchestra. But if we are bound by artistic limitations in audio, we also have every right to take what liberties are available, as long as the end result is enjoyable.

*It's obvious that we can't see what's happening in a recording, and so we must depend solely on our ears to give us the information we need.*

The quality of the compromise is probably therefore more important than the compromise itself and this also applies to the equipment used throughout the recording and playback chain. Thankfully, there is a trend, particularly on the part of some of the smaller record companies, to simplify equipment, cutting out superfluous gadgetry and enabling its basic function to be improved, increasing clarity of the processed sound by improving the "transparency" of the equipment as a "transfer" medium.

This is reflected in domestic hi-fi equipment with a proliferation in recent years of preamps devoid of any unnecessary controls — one or two are equipped with nothing but a volume control and an input selector.

But we're unlikely to see such simplification in the recording studio, even with more advanced microphones and also when the art of acoustics turns into a more positive science. Nevertheless, a general shift to digital recording places a further limitation on accepted studio technique because sound can't yet be mixed in digital form. Despite the enormous difficulties involved, this may be possible in the future, but at present, sound signals must be mixed in analogue form before conversion to code.

Perhaps the return to simplicity is a major reason for the sheer excitement of many of the new digitally-processed recordings, for the system has definite and distinctly audible flaws in operation. It will be pointless to switch wholesale to the new technique, including domestic digital playback, until its technical restrictions no longer affect the sound you hear. Nobody enjoys a concert, however good, if there's a noisy air-conditioning system or the man in the next seat has a rasping cough, just as nobody enjoys a superbly-cooked meal in a restaurant with a strong smell of disinfectant in the air.

The recording of orchestral (classical) music, opera, ballet music etc isn't the most lucrative activity of the record industry. Economically it can and does survive, but revenue is inadequate to ensure big profits for the record companies. Additionally, the demands of the market for classical music in general are for accuracy of reproduction, which is why excessive electronic wizardry in recording and production is generally frowned upon.

Listeners to classical music at home usually want to hear a close facsimile of what they would hear in a concert auditorium, theatre or opera house.

The mainstay of the industry is popular music, predominantly rock 'n' roll and disco, and it's in this field that an imaginative producer can find the greatest freedom to use his artistic talents. It's obviously a risky line of business, too, especially in recent years when high-quality home recording has become universal. This trend towards home recording is probably reinforced by the abysmally poor pressing quality of recent years with warped and noisy surfaces.

People are unlikely to pay $10 for something they can get better elsewhere for less money. As if to emphasise the situation, the success of high-quality 'audiophile' records, sometimes as much as three times more expensive than ordinary full-price albums, is something the record industry giants should bear in mind.

Record pressing quality aside, there can be no guarantee that popular artists performing good music in a competent way will be a commercial success. For example, take Kevin Godley and Lol Creme, the ex-10cc members, who invented the "Gizmo", a gadget fitted to a guitar giving a sensational variety of effects. They spent months of studio time recording a monumental piece, *Consequences,* a three-record set based on a theme of conflict. In spite of its superb artistic and technical quality, nobody bought it; I have a copy and I have never been able to handle a continuous playing of all six sides in their entirety. As one record, *Consequences* would probably have sold millions. As three, it was indigestible; it missed its market and cost the record company millions.



On the other hand, the work of Phil Spector, whose imagination was full of a "wall-of-sound", is an outstanding example of the use of FX (effects) equipment in the studio to achieve a popular result that could only ever come from a recording. It's a pity that the musical material of so many of the early Spector productions is so naive, but Phil Spector's collaboration with John Lennon on *Rock 'n' Roll* led to a thoroughly exciting result, which could never have been achieved in a "straight" recording.

Before Godley and Creme left 10cc, the group rarely performed outside the studio yet produced a string of very classy records culminating in *The Original Soundtrack* and *How Dare You.* These are recordings which exploit the audio medium to its fullest extent, giving a sense of contrasting scale in terms of both loudness and space. With productions like these, and with such masterpieces as the later Beatles records — *Sgt. Pepper, Abbey Road* and the *White Album* — the effects are fragile and delicate and are totally lost by the average hi-fi system. They can only impress with their full potential using home equipment capable of accurate reproduction of what I term "photographically accurate" recordings. The same thing applies in the studio, of course; the equipment must be able to perform its basic function as well as possible before the producer starts manipulating the sound for effect.

Audio has been the servant of music ever since the gramophone was invented, but music isn't the only sort of sound that can be recorded. I often wonder why there is so little recorded drama, comedy or poetry on record.

As radio showed in its heyday, audio is an ideal medium for plays and the spoken word. With the advent of FM-stereo and upgrading of technical quality, it seems a shame to fritter away the opportunities provided by endless repeats of top-40 chart material and dry, documentary current-affairs type programs when absorbing entertainment could be encouraged. *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy,* an offbeat sci-fi comedy drama recently repeated on 2JJJ-FM in Sydney, is a reasonable example of what *could* be happening with audio via both records and radio.

Perhaps the inherently abstract nature of sound-only entertainment is responsible for the lack of creativity in the use of the audio medium. And certainly the terrifying effort of purchasing hi-fi equipment must contribute to the dearth of imagination in the recording industry. There isn't much point in producing something interesting and exciting and entertaining if nobody can hear it because they don't understand *how* to hear it!

I have never been able to come to terms with the logic of hi-fi equipment merchandising in which every buyer is supposed to be a technician and understand the significance of the figures on a loaded specification sheet. When you buy a color television, with a rather more complex function, all you're concerned about is that it gives good picture and sound, is reliable and can be easily operated. But with hi-fi, it seems the last thing anybody wants to do is listen, so most of us end up with something that couldn't really do the job even if we did have recordings and radio programs of better technical and artistic quality. We, the consumers, are perhaps strangling the industry because we so passively accept what it offers.

It's all rather a vicious circle, and I can't envisage a dramatic resurgence of interest in audio when the digital systems are introduced, because they're not enough of an advance over conventional systems and are only going to do the same thing differently. It's like changing from black-and-white telly to white-and-black. Contrary to the beliefs of record industry executives, there will be no increased scope enabling producers to flex their artistic muscles. And in any event, the scope currently offered by the audio medium is so under-utilised that a change in a technical area, amounting to no improvement of artistic scope, is going to satisfy nobody except the accountants counting the hard-earned dollars we'll be forced to fork out to buy our new digital record players.

So perhaps we only have ourselves to blame after all, because we don't complain loud enough about faulty pressings and poor artistic standards of recording and processing, and because we don't buy equipment on the basis of what it sounds like. Blind acceptance of mediocrity can do nothing to stimulate the creative, imaginative potential of the exponents of the art. This is a great pity because *good* audio seems to have a profoundly moving affect on just about everybody — almost perversely, more stimulating than an equivalent audio-visual experience.

Hi-fi is an art form, and the more it is exploited within its limitations, the less restrictive those limitations will become, because we will have a more tangible understanding of where the artist has compromised and why.

*"First, understand that from up here you all look like a bunch of ants."*

Let it reign. Let it pour.

King George IV. The Royal Standard in Scotch whisky.


# BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME

*how to tell the duty-free bargains from the bummers*

THERE IS something about shopping overseas that makes otherwise rational individuals begin to foam at the mouth and lose all sense of proportion. My woman, a breath-takingly level-headed lady, wouldn't think of buying a tooth-brush before checking consumer magazine ratings and comparing prices in at least two shops. Put her on a plane, fly her thousands of miles from home, and everything changes. She will spend hundred of dollars on items she doesn't really need without the slightest notion whether the prices she paid were fair or not.

Her biggest weakness, and a trap for virtually all unwary shoppers, is the airport "duty-free" emporium. Despite their low-pressure sales tactics, their clearly marked prices and their shiny display cases, more shoppers have been ripped-off by airport duty-free shops than by even the shadiest back street vendors. It's not that duty-free shops sell inferior merchandise or practise outright fraud — they don't. The problem is their prices.

You see, only a few items in the typical duty-free shop actually attract duty in the first place. It should be obvious, for example, that anything manufactured in the country of purchase is not liable to duty. Prices for such items at the airport "duty-free" will be no lower, and are usually much higher, than prices for the same item in downtown city shops. In fact, high airport rents virtually ensure that prices will be lower elsewhere. This means that the best place to buy cameras in Tokyo is not at the airport. Similarly, anyone in the market for Irish crystal or linen will pay less (and have a larger selection) in city shops than even at the famous duty-free shop at Shannon Airport.

Some airport duty-free shops do stock foreign-made items which attract duty when sold in city shops. This doesn't necessarily mean that the airport price will be cheaper. High rents and overheads require airport shops to add healthy mark-ups to their merchandise; prices may still be cheaper in city retail outlets even after the duty is paid.

The only way to be certain is to do some careful comparison shopping.

For example, if you are heading overseas and you are in the market for a camera, price it in Australia first.

Compare the prices asked here with those overseas. See if the airport price is any better than the one being asked in downtown shops and be sure to note whether the price includes an international guarantee (don't buy a camera or any other equipment without one).

This may sound like a lot of effort but, for major purchases, it is the only way to avoid being ripped off.

It is highly embarrassing to return home from Singapore with your new camera only to find it for sale at a lower price in your suburban shopping centre.

Airport duty-free shops may not offer bargain prices on everything but they are the cheapest place to buy grog, cigarettes and perfume.

If you limit your purchases to these items, you will definitely save money over Australian retail prices. You may save even more, however, by buying your booze and smokes before you leave the country, in our own city duty-free shops.

Most travellers do not realise that they can shop duty-free in Australia before going abroad. All it takes is a valid overseas airline ticket and a little time. Our city duty-free prices (forget the airport shops for the reasons already mentioned) compare favorably with those overseas.

Before a recent trip that took me to Asia, Europe and the US, I bought a bottle of 12-year-old Scotch at a duty-free shop in Perth. The price I paid for it in Perth was lower than the duty-free price anywhere I stopped, including the United Kingdom where the stuff comes from!

You can shop duty-free in Australia 48 hours before leaving the country. Any goods you buy will have to leave with you but you can bring them back when you return. If you are thinking of making a major purchase, like a camera, overseas, price it first in an Australian duty-free shop.

This will give you an idea of the highest price you should have to pay for your camera; it may even convince you to buy before you leave.

It is worthwhile remembering that anything you buy overseas may be liable to customs inspection and duty. There are some concessions and allowances. You will be permitted to bring home into Australia $200 worth of gifts and souvenirs free of duty.

A husband and wife can combine their allowances so that her $105 worth of gifts (for example) and his $295 worth would combine to total $400 and no duty would be charged.

In addition to $200 worth of gifts you can also bring into the country one litre of alcohol, 200 cigarettes or 250 grams of tobacco (provided that you are 18 years old and over.)

Over and above those amounts and you'll be hit for duty.

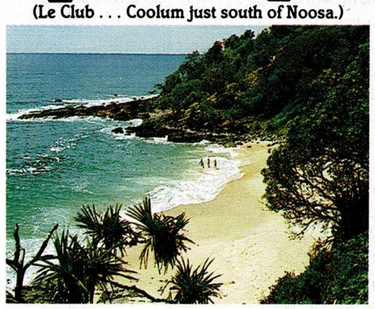
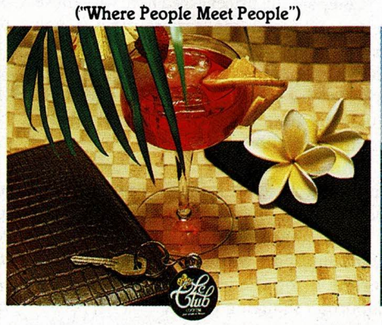
If you are overseas for more than one year, you can import your personal effects. You can also bring home a car used overseas for 15 months.

Some items are, of course, prohibited no matter how long you have owned them or where you bought them. These include: drugs, firearms, food, plants and (videotape buyers take note) indecent films and literature.

— STEVEN SCHWARTZ

splish·splash...fizz·clink...whish!

(Le Club . . . Coolum just south of Noosa.) ("Where People Meet People") (On Queensland's Sunshine Coast.)

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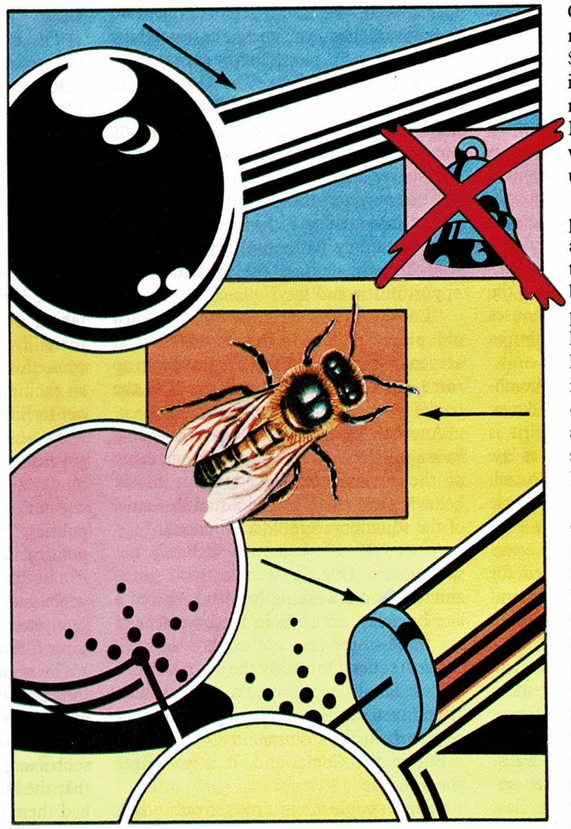
# THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BARBECUE

*burning the snags in style*

**barbecue**. . . from the Haitian *barbacoa,* wooden frame on posts.

THERE you are. If you thought Haiti's chief contributions to human culture were voodoo and Papa Doc Duvalier, you were wrong. The inhabitants of that dark and mysterious island have spread a much more subtle and insidious virus through the veins of civilisation. Few of us are immune to it and it tends to break out at times of greatest happiness — holidays, weddings (happiness?), birthdays, christenings, house-warming parties and so on.

The symptoms are easy to spot — red eyes from smoke exposure, burnt fingers, a nasty, gritty burnt taste in food and charcoal stains over the clothing. There is also the associated complaint of *hypersnaggia* which comes from eating too much of the local butcher's offcuts mixed with various cereals and bound in a plastic imitation of a pig's intestines. Yes, it's a nasty business.



However, most of these unpleasant side effects can be avoided by preventative action — and that doesn't necessarily mean staying indoors and cooking everything on the electric range. The first step is to make sure you have the right equipment. There's no shortage of that on the market and the best place to look is in one of the specialist barbecue stores. It may come as a surprise to true-blue Aussies, but the cheapest and biggest-selling barbecues are Japanese — the ubiquitous Hibachis. These little cast-iron jobs start at about $15 and go up to about $25, depending on size and facilities. They are strictly charcoal burners simply because there isn't enough room in their fire trays to fit enough wood to raise a reasonable heat. Still, that's no great disadvantage to a city dweller who isn't exactly up to his neck in trees anyway and who will find it a good deal easier to buy bags of charcoal.

Then there are the familiar circular-grill models which start at around $20 and go up to about $50 according to size and facilities, like moveable grills and wheels on the legs. The bigger ones have large enough fire trays to take wood which makes them useful in the bush.

That just about sums up the portables, but there's one other, an oddity called the Car B Que. This consists simply of a strong spike from which hangs a combined grill/hotplate. The idea is that you build a fire then ram the spike into the ground beside it so that the grill/plate sits over the heat. There is also a hook at the top of the spike from which you can, in theory, hang a billy or other cookpot; but it all looks a bit shaky for that. Cost is about $24.

If you've really got the bug though, you'll probably want to install something more substantial in the backyard. This needn't be as difficult, or as expensive, as you might think. In fact, your real problem will be working out just which one you want. So, let's narrow the choice a little.

The big decision in barbies these days is — open or covered? According to Peter Eden of Barbecue Bazaar in Sydney's Crows Nest, covered barbecues are the fastest-growing segment of the market. The reasons are not hard to spot. A covered barbecue can function as an oven or a smoker as well as a simple griller. You can roast a leg of lamb (or even a sucking-pig) in it, grill enough steak or chops for a small party or smoke/cook the day's catch. Charcoal versions of these machines will set you back about $150 (Mr Eden's basic model is imported from America and rejoices in the name of the Happy Cooker). Gas-fuelled versions of the same thing cost upwards of $300.

At this point it is worth pointing out that gas barbecues are not what they were. Most of them (and this goes for electric barbies, too) use a tray of small pieces of volcanic rock as a heating element. The rock is heated by the gas/electricity and it in turn gives off heat which cooks the food. As the fat melts and drips on to the rocks, it smokes, providing the genuine barbecued flavor.

If, however, you feel that ovens are ovens and barbecues are something else, you will be content with the open style. These come in such a bewildering array of different shapes and sizes that there is no point trying to describe them. The ready-mades are mostly gas or electric-powered and they will cost you from $150 to $600 depending on just how flash a machine you are after — and you can get just about anything you want these days.

Rugged individualists can build their own. Our man in Perth, George Williams, once built a veritable Taj Mahal of an edifice using the discs from a plough (or harrow or something) as plates, incorporating sockets for sword-sized skewers — and a clockwork spit. It worked pretty well too, except that the cook tended to be barbecued almost as thoroughly as the food by the large fire that was necessary to keep it going.

You don't have to be that ambitious. A few bricks and a shelf out of an old fridge will do the trick, for a while anyway; but if you do want to make a production of it, your local barbie dealer should have sturdy grills from about $12 to $95, plates from $24 upwards and various combinations of the two. You can add a battery-powered spit for around $23 or you can get a bigger mains-powered heavy-duty machine from $140.

As for whether you plump for a plate or a grill, well, that's a matter of personal taste and in any case you can always find a barbie that incorporates both so you can have the best of both worlds. — LAURIE STRACHAN

# SQUATTERS

(continued from page 89)

*The squats are living proof that you don't have to be an Indian peasant to live as a pauper.*

Ah, the glory of modern society. One Government department is racking its brains to house the poor and another is buying up the houses of the poor and letting them stand idle. And as soon as the poor get up and do something about it — like taking over the empty houses — the commuters from the garden suburbs start complaining about "hippy ratbags hindering progress".

While the Thirties squatting settlement at Era (a beach south of Sydney where the Depression squats have become weekenders for the bourgeoisie) is probably the oldest squat 'round Sydney, the 120 houses marked down for the Eastern Suburbs Distributor is the biggest.

The squatters here are not a homogeneous community, although most know each other, and the community spirit is strong. As they have no protection at law over their occupancy, they have to help each other. Because they usually have little money, house repairs are made on a high labor-low material basis. Some squatters have lashed out and bought all new tin for their roofs — others have scrounged around for old plastic to make their homes watertight.

People in a house without a bathroom will use next door's, who may use their more lavishly appointed kitchen. Backyard fences are often knocked down and houses joined by putting a hole through adjoining walls.

There are a number of loose cooperatives. In the 'Loo end of the East Sydney squats, one house has been turned into an animation studio. In another house, a remarkable 15-year-old boy runs his own social welfare scheme for homeless teenagers.

Three blocks up, below where the exclusive Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar School (SCEGGS) sits on the hill like a virgin fortress, is the Compound, a collection of eight houses debouching on to a common courtyard.

Inhabitants of the Compound have provided the support band to the 1980 Kiss tour and at least two late-night shows at the Nimrod Theatre, plus a tiny pocket handkerchief garden ignored by about one million motorists every day, and innumerable parties for local squatters.

On the other side of the block is a set of six fine sandstone homes, with more than a hundred years of colorful history. By the Thirties, the block was a rabbit warren of bedsitting rooms catering to the characters of the area. Tilly Devine's brothels were in the next block, and Phil the Greek's baccarat club a block away in the other direction.

In 1980 the inhabitants of these houses formed a co-op and sought Government aid to renovate them; you know, the usual thing — an arts studio, rooms for the chosen ones, and a women's refuge. The Government ignored this naive attempt at trendification and the squatters have gone back to working out themselves whether it's worth repairing the plaster and lath ceilings.

Then of course there are the neighbors. A young man paying $38 a week for a room (share crummy bathroom) across the way from the squats said the squatters were opportunistic and lazy.

"Look man, look at those windows — just old pieces of tin. If they're so good at scavenging why don't they scavenge up some glass?" He then rushed off to the bank.

Another woman, running a boarding house which is in no better shape than many of the squats, complained about rowdy behavior and noise, but admitted that most of the squatters were "decent enough".

A couple of squatters echoed her sentiments. One, a woman with three children and a working husband, shared a late breakfast with me in the basement of her three-storey (but not exactly *House & Garden*) squat. Obviously the matriarch of a nuclear family, she seemed to express some disapproval at the communalism of her neighbors in the Compound.

But in the Compound, it is no longer "open house".

"Some people are just more trouble than we can handle," said a member.

The basic class structure of the new squattocracy can be inferred from the slang the inhabitants of the Compound used to denote themselves, the sandstone block, and the two houses in between. The Compound they called Vietnam, because it was founded by political activists; the sandstone block they called Thailand, because they were comparatively middle class, and the two houses in between, which until recently were occupied by barbiturate addicts (many of whom died there) or bikies, Kampuchea — "because it was such a disaster area, man".

Down the road, where the blokes with little education and a powerful thirst live, they have their own standards. "We make sure the bathroom works before we move in, and we expect our guests to use it — even if we have to force 'em, ha ha."

As for the real plonko, he kicks his dog.

The authorities are little trouble. The only contact many have had with the DMR is to call them to take away some rubbish. The water, electricity and gas people will connect as long as the inhabitants pay the bills, although there is a tendency for their work to be not up to their usual standards. One authority was said to point out how the internal fittings were not safe, but as the squatters couldn't afford to bring them up to scratch, the workers would effect running repairs — on their weekends for cheap rates. Thus many of the facilities are a trifle crude.

But, what the hell, it works, and it's cheap.

The East Sydney squats are living proof that you don't have to be an Indian peasant to live as a pauper; nor is it necessary for that life to be one of misery. Which of course is the bind many of the squatters find themselves in.

If there's one thing we can't stand it's a well-off pauper. As long as they live in hovels and drink themselves silly we can sympathise and say "there but for the grace of God" etc.

But if the poor start getting uppity and taking over empty mansions and making them liveable we'll start wondering how come this bloke can do no work and live in an exciting part of town while we live miles out to Billyo and pay rates and interest and work our guts out and why doesn't the government do something about these bludgers?

Another problem for the squatters is politics. There are some who want to make political capital out of poor people having to live in dilapidated houses or pay high rents while good houses are left empty. Such a group tried recently to liberate and occupy some fine old homes down the Rocks, which a Government authority wants to do up (for, presumably, the middle classes or the official poor — those with Housing Commission approval). The group made such a song and dance about their intentions that the authorities were well warned, and had them removed on the first day.

As one experienced squatter said in justification for the political quiescence of the squatting community: "You cause trouble, you get trouble — we'd rather live than propagandise."

Yet they are not politically ignorant. Most were aware that the recent swing to the right in the City Council makes their position a little less secure, and all realise they represent a sandbar in a sea of upwardly mobile or already-there middle classes, as the gentrification of the inner city proceeds apace.

All can argue the wrongs of the *rentier* and the needs of the poor until it becomes tedious, which is why Carl Blond says he's sick of it.

"These houses were here, empty, for years, and all these people passed them every day. Then some adventurers came in and made them liveable. Do we always have to justify on grounds of social concern?

"The rich can rip us off and go holiday in Bali and that's okay. So what's wrong with the poor getting something for nothing and basking in the sun in Darlinghurst?"



# HOOK'S GIFT

(continued from page 48)

*He had been afraid that Hook would throw away the bread, the gift, because it came from the dump.*

that he did not want or need. But he moved forward, unbuttoning his greatcoat slowly. He did not need to stoop to enter the doorway, and could stand comfortably erect in the cramped interior.

The caravan was scrupulously neat. There was, he thought, an almost soldierly bareness to it. He had never seen a barracks, yet this place held an aura that could hardly be colored by anything less spartan. Unless, perhaps, a kind of prison. . .

Hook stood in front of the hissing gas ring with its cheap shining kettle, scrubbing at his wet hair with the towel. When he had finished he stripped off his wet shirt and reached for a thick wool sweater, slipped it on.

"Sit down," he said. "Make yourself comfortable." He smiled his thin smile. "Not as luxurious as your place. . . but it'll have to do till I get the house built."

"Got your plans approved already, have you?" asked Arthur. "Pretty quick work."

"Plans?" Hook lifted the boiling kettle from the ring. "Here, look at this. . ." He balanced the boiling kettle for a few moments on his bare palm; then took it off gently, showed Arthur the hand. "You can do it as long as it's boiling, it won't burn. All the heat's going upwards. Got to have a flat bottom, though. A billy's best. Plans? You mean the Council? Bugger the Council, mate, I've got a solicitor, told him to fix that part of it. That's what the bastards are for. Bits of paper, that's all they know. . ."

"You haven't got a plan approved? A septic tank application. . . anything?"

"No time for *that*, Arthur. . . I'm building a bloody *house*. . . let the bloody clerks fix it up."

A small blister of warmth broke in Arthur then. And as Hook opened a cupboard, brought out butter and jam, one of the loaves of bread from the dump — already half eaten — the warmth grew to a bright heat that seemed to expand and fill the small spaces of the caravan. He admitted to himself then that he had been afraid that Hook would throw away the bread, the gift, because it came from the dump.

He sat pressing his hands together very hard between his knees in a kind of stony joy.

●

A week later, Friday again: chill but clear and bright, and Arthur, picking through the rubbish on his weekly foraging, looked up to see Hook's utility drive in along the road.

Hook reversed, swung the utility's tray level with the last heap, climbed out, waved. Arthur waved back. Hook forked out his modest load of rubbish; a heap of twitch — already he was clearing ground for a garden — a bag of kitchen refuse, a tangle of slashed blackberries and thistles, a roll of rusted wire netting pulled from a fence behind his house site. Finished, he waited patiently until Arthur had completed his search, then, wordlessly, began to load the bags into the utility. Together they swung up the heavy barrow.

"You come the same day every week?" asked Hook, changing gear as he swung the vehicle on to the road.

"Yeah. . . best day. Sometimes I don't come, but usually I do."

"Best day? Why?"

"Well," said Arthur, sliding down on the seat to brace his feet against the firewall, the road disappearing from his sight, "they send the dozer out to push up on Friday afternoons, mostly to clear up for the weekend. And most of the shops dump their rubbish Thursday or Friday morning. Often the baker. You get lots of good scrap, rags, tucker, all kinds of stuff. . ."

"What do you do with it? The rags and scrap I mean?"

"There's a bloke comes round every three months, picks it up. Pays cash. No receipts, no papers."

"Ah. . ."

●

A little after breakfast on the next Friday, Hook's utility bumped down the track, pulled up.

"I'm going into town, if you want a ride. Drop you at the dump, pick you up on the way back. I've got to buy some timber and a few tools."

Arthur felt the small resurgence of resentment at the interference with his routine. He accepted a little grudgingly.

"Well, all right, I suppose I could. . ."

He said nothing when Hook left him at the dump, but set about his work, head down in the multiple stinks of the day, oddly uneasy at the absence of his barrow.

Hook was back in a little over half an hour. He pulled in, stepped out, sniffed the air. It was rank with burning garbage, and a thin pillar of smoke rose slowly, drifted away on the wind. He lit a cigarette, brushed away the settling flies that survived even the bitterest winter to swarm and cling and fill the interiors of standing vehicles.

Arthur did not hurry, said nothing as he finished packing his bags: more good rags, a brand new copper union, three brass taps, a battery, a coil of aluminium cable. He was in a bad humor because the week's bread had been dumped on the day before and the loaves were now a trampled muddy mess, picked and gnawed by seagulls and rats.

Heaving the bags and the wire on to the tray, he was facing Hook in the moment when the explosion came: a sudden dull crack, loud and heavy, and the spatter of glass shrapnel as a bottle burst in the heat of the fire. And he saw the sudden tension in Hook's body, the shoulders dropping a little, the eyes flicking right, left, right. . . eyes a little bloodshot from the drifting smoke, but suddenly flat and distant, unalarmed but wary, prepared. . .

Then Hook sighed lightly, his body relaxed, and he smiled a small smile at Arthur.

●

Sitting in front of his fire that night, the lamplight softening the face of the world for a time, Arthur wondered at the sight of Hook in that moment of the bursting bottle. Certainly Hook had not been afraid. Alert, ready. . . but not afraid. No, it had been he, Arthur, who had felt the small bite of a sudden fear as he watched Hook.

He scratched his ear, picked up his book again, and began to read. It was *The Australian Carpenter,* the section on Solid Geometry, the Meaning and Uses of Plans and Elevations.

"*. . . failure to visualise makes the work hard, as drawings themselves are meaningless unless, when reading them, the mind forms a picture. . .*"

He raised his eyes to the fire, watched unseeingly as the small violet vapors flickered over the orange coals. Patience, he thought, I must have patience; Hook lives a different kind of language. Whatever it is with him will come clear one day. But he *gives,* and cleanly, without charity; surely there must be some lifting of darkness inside him then?

Eased a little, he read on, finished the page, contemplated with a small new peace the Projections of a Brick.

●

**WINTER 1978**

From the ledge where Hook's caravan was perched, Arthur could see the whole of the valley spread like a crumpled map below him; the wide east-west axis of the main valley, the narrow winding gully that led back at right angles to the foothills of the mountains; the green paddocks with their spotting of sheep and cattle, the white road, the tiny cluster of buildings about the Post Office, the rusty BP sign rising like a gibbet over tanks long unused; the dull olive of the eucalypt forest on the north slopes of Blue Hill, razored off at the eastern end into clear-felled scars and windrows of blackened logs; beyond, to the south, the sudden bands of dark green pines, neatly serried, their tops sharp and alien against the farther huddle of hills that faded and blurred without horizon into cloud. It seemed to him that, despite the pines, the land seemed hardly to have changed since his childhood — even the people seemed the same, one generation merging slowly and almost imperceptibly into another. The names had not changed: Appleyard, Beswick, Clayton, Monson, Birch, Laycock, Meers, Mayfield, Sturgess. . . Only the Blackberrys were

gone; he was the last of them, issueless and alone, fading from the valley like some small dream.

It was two months since Hook had come, bringing winter with him. Rain washed the valley, the westerlies drove in with their dark clouds, the dams and waterholes were filling, the valley settling into the quietness of the season. The potato crop was dug — Arthur had earned nearly $800 filling the tubs — the hops stripped and dried; woodheaps were already beginning to erode as fires burned all day. The year was winding down, the valley people resting a little against the coming of spring.

All but Hook.

The concrete slab for his house was laid, the tall pine spars felled ready for milling, a strange machine installed under an iron shelter ready to make earth bricks in the spring. From beyond the grove of silver wattles, Arthur could hear the high intermittent whine of Hook's chainsaw — he was felling peppermint gum, Arthur knew, for fenceposts. He seemed never to stop; worked in all weathers, thin, intense, possessed of some strange implacable purpose that kept him at work day after day from dawn till dark. He seemed to see no one, to talk to no one, except Arthur and Mrs Beswick, the Postmistress, and the farmer from whom he bought milk. Once a week he drove to town to buy groceries, tools, nails, building materials. Arthur rode with him then as far as the dump. Hook — possessed at other times of a demonic energy — seemed never to be impatient with Arthur's foraging, though he took no part in it. After it was done they always shared tea.

But although Hook spoke to no one, there was a feeling of him in the valley, and the people seemed all uneasily aware of his presence. It was like a small grit in the eye, a sandspeck in the sensitive membrane of an oyster.

A queer one, some said. Another. . . he's mad.

Still others laughed. Eccentrics were not so unusual in the country, after all. But Hook was an outsider; no one knew where he had come from — not even Arthur, who had never asked — and he belonged to no family, had no context, no history. So his oddities were not accorded the friendly tolerance of familiar idiosyncrasy.

The chainsaw had been silent for a time and Arthur looked up to see Hook approaching across the slope, wet from the bush. He said nothing, only nodded and jerked his head towards the caravan, which was now edged into a narrow gap between the house foundations and the earth wall of the cut. Arthur followed him inside. Hook put the kettle on the stove, stripped off his wet shirt, stood in the cold stuffiness with small shivers rippling his skin. Arthur noticed the small pale puckered scars on his chest, livid in the cold.

They settled with tea, not speaking. After a little, Arthur, cupping the hot mug in his hands, looking down at the floor, said: "All the others. . . everyone else. . . they call me Artie. I told you, didn't I?" His heavy thick voice rumbled in the small confines of the caravan.

Hook looked at him sharply, but said nothing.

"If I wasn't like I am. . . if I was like everyone else. . . they'd call me Arthur. . ."

Hook stood up beside the stove, turned to face him. "How tall are you?"

"Four feet eleven."

"You know that fellow in the next valley? Michael? How tall is he?"

"Six feet seven, they say."

"I think the average is about five nine," said Hook. "That makes him just as far off the average as you, doesn't it?"

"He's *tall*, though. I'm short. My legs. . ."

"Your legs are *short*. That doesn't make you a fucking freak, does it?"

Arthur was silent.

"Look", said Hook gently, "you're a man with short legs. There's a lot of things worse than that."

*Although Hook spoke to no one, there was a feeling of him in the valley, and the people seemed uneasily aware of his presence.*

"I suppose so."

"Why isn't shit sky-blue?" said Hook suddenly.

"What?"

"Why isn't shit the color of the sky?"

Arthur's face fell into puzzled creases. "Jesus, I don't know. . . why?"

"Because if it was a pretty blue we'd want to bloody *eat* it, or *frame* it, or something. Eh?"

"Eh?"

"Just take things as they come." Hook turned away and stared out the tiny window at the rain. "Is this my fault?" he said. "Have I made you. . . you know, uncomfortable about it? You've lived with it all your life, got used to it. . . have I upset you?"

"No, no," said Arthur. "it's just that I haven't thought for a long time how it might be if. . . well, I've always been Artie, you know, a bit of a joke. . . they all think I'm simple-minded just because I look like I do."

"More fool them," said Hook shortly. He poured more tea into their mugs. "Don't let them fuck you about, mate. Don't go out of your way, but don't take any shit from them."

He laughed sharply. "Or from me."

Later he said: "I'm short of meat. How about showing me where I can get a wallaby?"

Arthur was taken a little aback. "You mean shoot one?"

Hook nodded.

"Well, the rain will ease off by evening, probably. I know a place up the road, behind Blue Hill." He paused. "You don't mean spotlighting?"

"Christ, no. . ."

"They don't come out much before dark, and you couldn't get too close. . ."

"How close?"

"Maybe a hundred yards."

"Good enough."

"The light'll be bad. . ."

"I'll pick you up. . . when?. . . about four?"

•

At the sound of Hook's utility, Arthur placed the firescreen carefully in front of the hearth. He shrugged on his old bluey coat and walked out into a thin drizzle. Hook was a blurred shape behind the fogged windscreen. The sun was hidden behind the overcast and whispers of mist crept about the summit of Blue Hill. In an hour the light would be gone. He climbed in beside Hook. As they drove off he noticed the heavy service rifle on the ledge under the rear window. He had never seen one before; only pictures, photographs. He reached up and touched the smooth dark brown wood of the stock. The metal parts gleamed dully with a fine sheen of oil. He saw that there was no back sight; instead an awkwardly angular peepsight projected above the breach.

Hook saw him looking at the rifle. Without turning he said: "Too much for wallaby. . . I'll have to buy something lighter."

Arthur had never fired a weapon of any kind; knew little about them except for the conventional wisdom of the valley. "They all use scopes," he said, "and magnums."

Hook was silent for a moment, negotiating the sharp curve by the church. Then: "If you can't hit something with open sights you deserve to miss. . . and magnums are an excuse for sloppy shooting. . ."

Arthur said nothing. He sensed in Hook a new tension; and felt a small disappointment. He himself snared, trapped, for meat. Never for sport. And he felt a deep distrust of those who did.

And he wondered about Hook in the bush. The energy of the man suggested impatience, noise, hurry. And this too he hated. And did not want to see it proved on Hook.

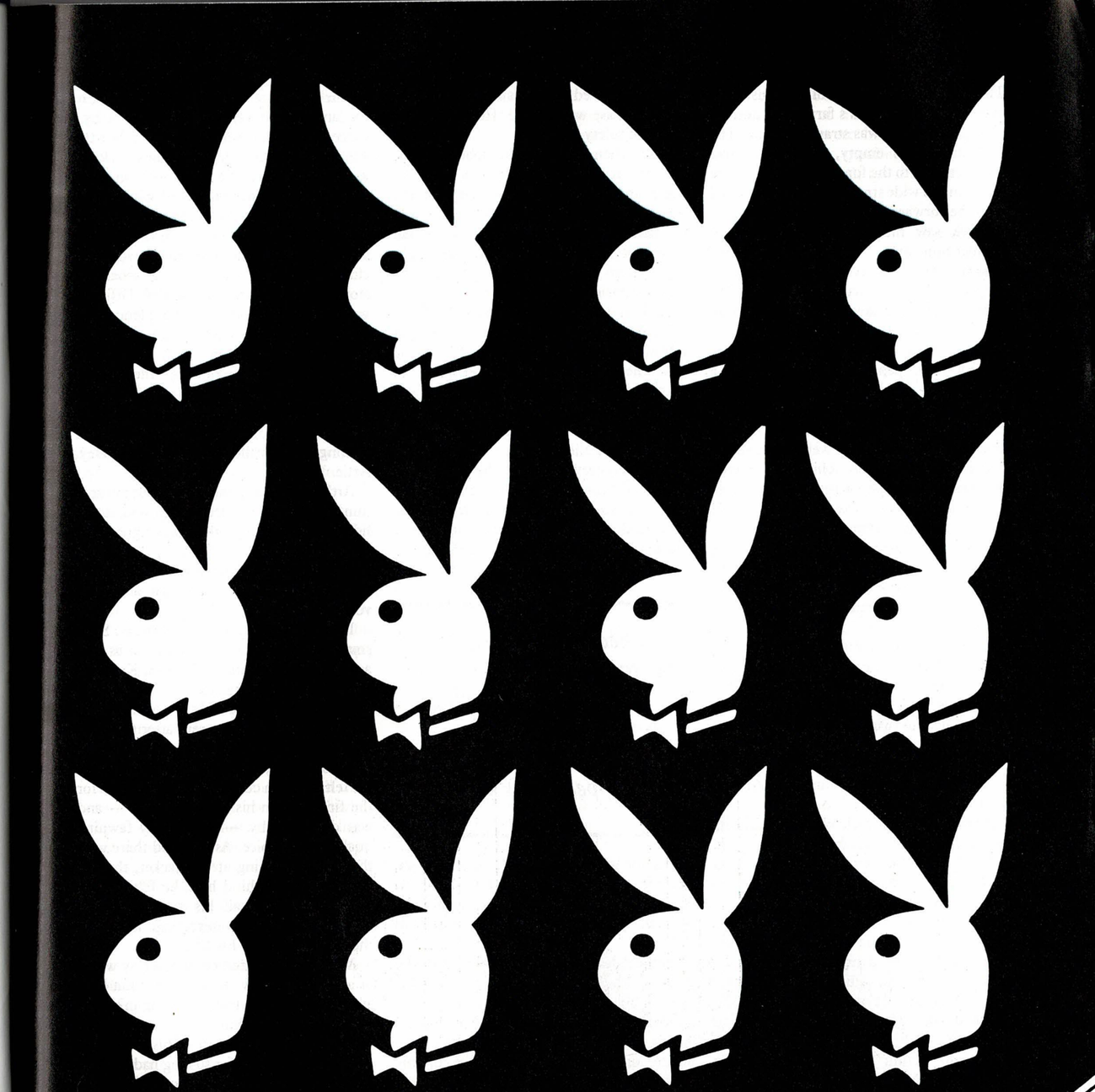
"Here," he said, and Hook pulled off the road beneath a dark cliff of half-grown pines.

"Jesus," said Hook looking at the pines, "the bloody things are everywhere. . ." He lifted the rifle carefully from the ledge and got out.

They stood for a moment in the roadway. The drizzle had stopped, but the clouds still hung low and grey.

"It's about half a mile," said Arthur. "A



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clear felled strip they haven't poisoned yet. The wallabies come out of the bush and cross it to get to Davis's farm." He noticed then that the rifle was strangely slung. The butt swivel was empty, and another had been screwed to the fore-end in front of the magazine. A wide strap of soft leather joined it to the forward swivel.

Hook saw him looking at it. "It's a competition sling," he said. "They have bloody rules about everything. It's been a long time since I used it. I'll change the sling one of these days. . ." He screwed up the vernier on the peepsight a little.

They walked along the road, Arthur leading. In the gap where the pines ended, a narrow track led down into a gully, petered out after a hundred paces. "We have to cross the ridge," said Arthur, and moved gently, quietly, into the wet undergrowth between the tall trees. His boots moved noiselessly over the carpet of dead leaves and damp grey soil. The high bracken and prickly mimosa seemed to swallow him, parting as if by some magic before his passage. He did not walk so much as drift; squat, silent, grey as the evening; almost invisible, almost inaudible, and completely at home.

After 50 yards he noticed an uneasiness overtaking him, some strange feeling. . . and recognised with a start that he felt alone, that there was no sound behind him, no footfalls, no twigs cracking, no beads of water scattering from low branches. He paused, swung round to see where Hook had stopped. And almost bumped into him, a pace or two behind.

They looked at each other wordlessly. Hook, in his faded khaki and rain-stained slouch hat, the rifle trailed, seemed suddenly a different and new creature: silent as Arthur himself, as much at ease, as much at home; but with a strange calm menace that was alien to the bush about them. Arthur turned quickly and moved on.

Ten minutes later, they came to the edge of the clearing. It was bare and shaley, studded with logs and stark roots waiting to be burned. Half a mile away lay the edge of the farm. Arthur hunched down, spoke softly to Hook. "Soon," he said, "soon you should see one. . . along the edge of the bush. . ."

Hook stood motionless, the rifle held at the port, his head turning slowly from side to side, watching the broken outline of the clearing's edge. "There," he said at last, "by the big dead wattle."

Arthur's eyes found the grey shape in the dimness, saw the small tentative movements as the wallaby scouted the land; and he began to turn to Hook, thinking that they might move closer. It was all of 200 yards, a long shot in that light. But before he could whisper, a heavy crack shattered the sulky silence of the bush. He swung round quickly and saw Hook standing easily, relaxed, the rifle still at his shoulder, the short leather sling twisted strangely round his left arm. As he watched, Hook lowered the rifle, worked the bolt, and a dull gleam of brass curved in the air as the empty cartridge case was ejected. Hook thumbed back the safety catch.

Only then did Arthur look for the wallaby. It was gone, and now darkness began to swell like a slow tide over the clearing. He was disappointed, yet oddly pleased; Hook's hurried shot, so casual, hinted at some imperfection that might bring him a little closer to Arthur's comprehension. "Never mind," he said. "We'll try in the morning, early."

Hook laughed, a short hard bark that subsided into a gentle chuckle. "Hold the rifle," he said, handing the long weight to Arthur. "I'll go and pick it up. . ."

After he had gone 20 yards, Arthur followed slowly, grudgingly hopeful, but unwilling to believe.

The limp grey carcase of the wallaby lay in a small depression a yard from where it had been squatting. Arthur saw that the heavy jacketed bullet had taken it cleanly, breaking the neck and passing through.

"Bugger," said Hook. "Too low, I was going for a head shot. . ." To Arthur he seemed genuinely angry as he worked with his long-bladed pocket knife, gutting the animal. "You want the skin?" he said to Arthur.

*A heavy fist clubbed at his face; again, again, and at last the hammering loosed his hands, freed him, and he dropped to his knees.*

Arthur leaned over and fingered the heavy pelt. "Yes," he said, "it's a good one. . . a good shot, too."

Hook raised his head, halted his bloody hands for a moment. His grin was very white under the deep shadow of his hatbrim, and he said softly, laughing in his throat: "Oh, yeah, it was a *good* shot. . . but I'm a fucking *expert,* I'm not supposed to make *good* shots. . ."

Still smiling, he began to roll the skin into a bundle.

Moving back along the track in near-darkness, Arthur wondered about the possibilities of imperfections in Hook. It occurred to him that a man might be cursed as much by their lack as by their presence. But, knowing the leisurely pace of his own mind, he set the question aside to chew on later.

They were still moving very quietly, although the hunt was over, Hook with his special kind of casual stealth; and in that redundant stealth, Arthur, tuned so sharply to his small world, felt the stirrings of some new and intrusive dangers.

**SPRING 1978**

The spring seemed barely to have come to the land when it was beaten into retreat by a succession of bone-deep frosts; for days the sun remained hidden behind heavy cloud, and the people of the valley took on again the huddled muffled forms of winter.

Arthur wheeled his barrow — filled with pine cones for his fire — down the long white road from the plantation beyond the church. It was mid-morning when he stopped at the corner by the Post Office to warm his hands at the fire of old fenceposts that roared in an empty drum set by the fence. Kevin Monson and one of his farmhands were renewing the corner fencing, setting the great straining post in its deep hole.

Monson was in his late thirties, dark and balding. He called to Arthur. "Hey, Artie. . ."

Arthur moved round the firepot towards him, stopped a few paces away and stood, head down, watching the heavy figure with the crowbar.

"You want a barrow of spuds? There's a bin-full still in the shed, go and help yourself."

It was not unexpected or unusual. Such small charities had come his way for as long as he could remember. "Thanks, Kevin — I'll come round tomorrow."

"You're welcome. How you like the weather, eh? Get some rain after this cold spell."

"Yes, Kevin, I dare say you're right. . ." He felt a certain curious uneasiness, and for the first time in his life recognised — and was disgusted by — the queasy fawning quality in his voice. As he stood there with the wind whipping at this jacket, the fire roaring softly behind him, he felt strange tremblings, as if all his careful accommodations were disintegrating; and with them, the fabric of his life.

Monson was watching him, a tiny worm of amusement now stirring in his flat blue eyes. "How's your friend settling in? Your crazy mate on the hill?"

Arthur, who — so sure of his safety and self-containment — for so long had ignored taunts much as a coiled echidna, safe behind its spines, might ignore the casual drooling of dogs, felt a sudden hard flame of rage burn up, a wild sickness take his throat. He launched himself from the springs of his heavy thighs, lunged briefly airborne at Monson's throat, his powerful hands closing on the thick neck like hard claws. But his own shortness and Monson's height defeated him. A heavy fist clubbed at his face; again, again, and at last the hammering loosed his hands, freed him, and he dropped to his knees. He made no effort to protect himself as Monson kicked savagely at his belly and ribs; felt himself toppled sideways, felt blood flowering on his face and the lumps of great bruises rising through his skin, the sudden pain in his chest. But they were wounds less sharp than the sting of shame and defeat. Because it seemed that it was not he who had been mocked and defeated; only Hook, through him. . .

Monson stopped kicking, stood breathing misty puffs of rage and astonishment in the chill air. "You fucking mad little *bastard!* What the fuck you think you're *doing!* You're as mad as your fucking mate. . ."

Arthur dragged himself to his knees and launched himself again at Monson. The big man caught him easily, threw him back on the damp gravel of the road, laid in a final kick. Stood shaking his head. "For Christ's sake, Stan," he said to the man behind him, "load him on his fucking barrow and wheel him home. . . I think he's gone off his fucking rocker. . ."

Arthur felt himself lifted and lain face-down on the rough cobbles of the cones, saw the blurred road passing dizzily before his eyes, was dimly aware of the grass by the track bending in the wind, felt the rhythmic bumping of the barrow beneath him. He seemed to float off for a little then, returning only when Stan laid him on the bed and stood shaking his head.

"Now what did you do that for, Artie? He didn't mean nothing, you know Kevin, his mouth's like a bloody motor, it never stops, but he doesn't mean nothing. . ."

Arthur said nothing, closed his eyes in the hot returning flush of shame and ignominy. In a moment he felt the clammy dampness of a cloth on his face as Stan wiped away blood.

"Listen, if you're not all right, I'll come back tonight. You want me to come back?"

Eyes closed, Arthur shook his head. When he spoke his voice sounded strange, booming in empty spaces in his head. "I'll be all right. . ."

"Want me to get your mate?"

"No!" The word was ripped from him before he was even aware of the thought. But it was important, for some reason, that Hook did not know.

When the man had gone, he lay for a long time in a misery of humiliation and puzzlement. His ribs were hurting a great deal, the pain stabbing at him each time he breathed, but he almost welcomed the spasms as an antidote to the confusion that filled him. All the years, all the past, seemed somehow negated by that single insane moment by the cold paddock corner, by that infantile attack on a stupid farmer. Yet, under the pain, under the deep shame, under the still deeper confusion, there lay the sure knowledge that there had been no other course he could have taken; that if he were to walk down that road again, if Monson were to speak those words again, then he would do again exactly what he had done; would accept defeat, pain, confusion, humiliation; because it was all part of a burden that he could not lay down. He wondered then, in a kind of dull despair, if Hook's gift carried too high a price. But — whatever the cost — he knew that he could not bring himself to wish it ungiven.

He knew then that in those brief moments of fury he had learned that he was not so different from other men. And he lay, growing colder in the cold room, the glow of his knowledge like a small fire in his mind.

●

Later he covered himself, dozed a little. After darkness came he settled into an easier sleep. At dawn, in much pain, he rose and lit a small fire, brewed tea. Hobbling out to the woodheap to replenish the fire he felt suddenly exposed and vulnerable, and wondered at it. Later, sitting by the fire, he recognised that beneath his aches there was a new raw sensitivity; it was as if a whole layer of lifelong skin had been torn away, leaving him bared and tender.

It was painful, he decided, but a little prideful too. For the first time in his life he had committed a violence, small though it had been, and futile. Until that day he had defended no one, not even himself; had considered himself below, beyond, the necessity of defence. Ridicule, patronage, laughter; he had accepted them all as dues paid for his independence. And because of this acceptance had never rebelled; would not, he thought, do it now for his own sake. Violence seemed appropriate only in the defence of another.

And then the waves of shame came surging back. They came, he knew, not because he had defended Hook, but because he had done it so ineffectually; it was almost as if by proxy Hook had been subjected to the ignominy of the beating.

So, bruised and stiff, his face puffed and livid, he hid himself from Hook.

The week dragged on and he missed a lavatory day, keeping close to his cottage, busying himself with small tasks; caulking chimney joints, plugging rusty guttering, tightening window hinges, splitting stove wood.

But there were no secrets in Myola.

Kneeling one damp grey afternoon on the pitted cement of his back porch, a half-rivetted pot between his hands, he looked up to see Hook standing in the hedge opening, bareheaded, his sheepskin jacket misted by the drizzle.

"Stan Hearps told me." said Hook quietly. "Come inside, let's have a *look* at you."

Arthur, still and awkward still, struggled to his feet. Standing in front of the low fire Hook looked at him carefully. "Drop your pants," he said.

Obediently, Arthur loosened his belt, let his patched dungarees fall about his boots, felt the warmth of the fire on his legs.

"Off with your jumper," said Hook.

He pulled it over his head and Hook unbuttoned his shirt gently, ran his hands over the small man's body. His touch was firm and light, pressing, prodding a little, hesitating now and then at a joint, a tendon, a rib. Finally he looked at Arthur's face, his eye, his cut lip. "You'll be right," he said at last. "Nothing really *serious*. . ."

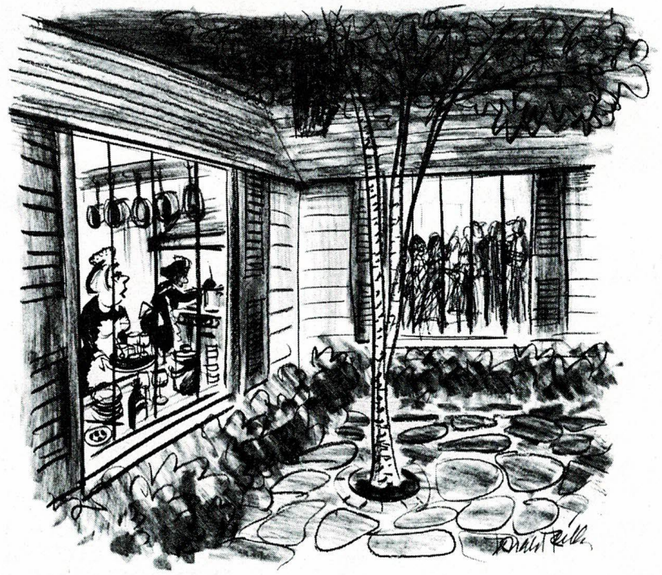
Arthur fumbled his shirt buttons, hitched up his trousers.

"Kettle's boiling," said Hook, reaching into the fireplace. "How about a cup of tea, mate?"

While Arthur made tea, served it in the familiar chipped mugs, Hook sat in the old sagging chair, shifting the sacking a little to cushion his narrow buttocks from the spiked ends of springs. He took his mug from Arthur and sat looking at the fire. He said, not moving his head, talking to the coals: "It's not the physical pain, mate, is it? We can handle *that* all right, can't we? Ah, no, it's the *other* thing, isn't it?"

Arthur nodded dumbly.

"Well, then, have you done anything you're *ashamed* of?"



*"It's the usual — the women are talking orgasms and the men are talking chainsaws."*

Arthur was silent for a time. "Maybe hiding away. I was ashamed. . ."

"Why?"

"He did it to me. . . just like I was a kid."

Hook took his time, sipping at the hot tea. "Okay," he said finally, "the ego's a bit bruised. But. . . under it all. . . guessing a bit now, aren't I?. . . feeling something *new?* Right?"

Unable to find words that were unclumsy enough, Arthur nodded again.

"First time, wasn't it? That you actually went for some one?"

"Yeah."

"So you're a bit *confused*, aren't you? Know why?"

Arthur sunk his head lower, feeling a dry ache in his throat that hoarsened and lightened his voice. "No. . . no, I don't."

Hook laughed, soft and pleased. "It's because you've just discovered you're not *chicken* shit, mate. That's what it is. Late growing pains."

"I was shit scared. . ." And he seemed to remember that it had been so.

"Of *course* you were. We *all* are. Jesus, it's always the *little* things we're scared of. Look I'll *tell* you. . ."

Arthur, hearing a sudden tenseness in Hook's voice, looked up. Hook was leaning forward staring into the glow of the fire, his cooling mug spilling a small dribble of tea on to the rug.

"Once," he said, "I had to do something *very* bad, *very* dicey. I *knew* what it was going to be like, and I thought, shit, I'm going to *die*. . . I'm really going to die this time. . . shit, *scared!* Then suddenly it sort of struck me. . . hey, this is going to be very *interesting*. And then I seemed to relax, accept it, and out I went. And when I came back, all the *pain* was there again, but, *man*, I've never been the same again. . . not *that* way.

"I'm not scared of *dying*. . . I'm scared of a thousand little things. . . but I'm not scared of dying. . ."

He paused and leaned back, set his pale eyes on Arthur's bruises. "What you did, it was important, but it was *little*, see. So you *had* to be scared. You were shit scared and you *did* it! And it's only a little bit of pain, right?

"It's over, and there's no shame, really, is there?" Arthur shook his head slowly. It was true enough; and it was true too that, after all, he had done it not for Hook but for himself.

"You don't need to tell me about it," said Hook. "I think I know. It was me, wasn't it? Monson said something about me, didn't he?"

Arthur looked at him in sudden alarm, and Hook laughed. "Don't worry, I'm not going looking for Monson, he'll keep." He paused. "Look, I understand. It was *your* fight, it's *still* you're fight. I'll leave it."

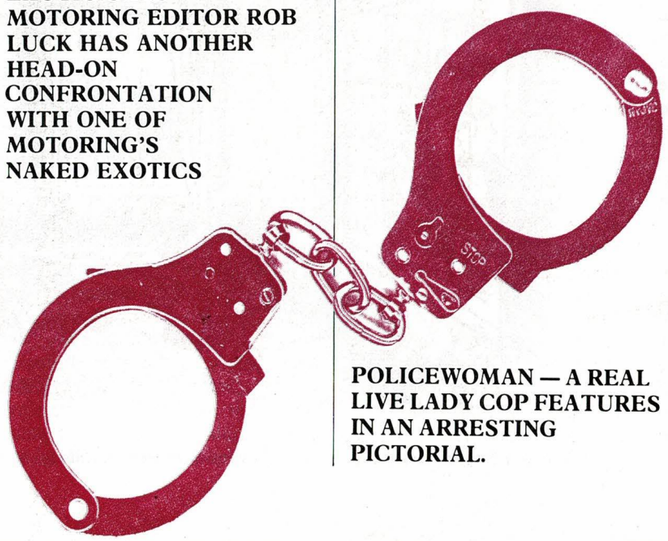
There was a sudden weakness deep in Arthur's belly, and a fearful joy. He nodded gratefully at Hook, meeting his eyes fully for the first time.

Hook smiled, reached over and touched Arthur lightly on the shoulder. "Come on," he said, "put the firescreen up, come over and eat. Rabbit stew with bacon. Whisky in our tea. . ." and he laughed, and his laughter sounded strangely young. Yet it seemed to Arthur to hold an echo almost of regret; regret at some long-worn loneliness surrendered.

*Hook's Mountain* by James McQueen. Published by The Macmillan Company of Australia, 1982. Price $11.95.

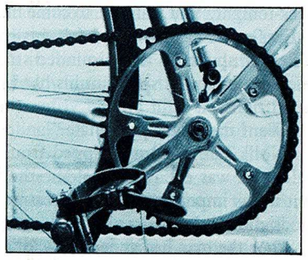
# NEXT MONTH

**EXOTIC CARS — MOTORING EDITOR ROB LUCK HAS ANOTHER HEAD-ON CONFRONTATION WITH ONE OF MOTORING'S NAKED EXOTICS**

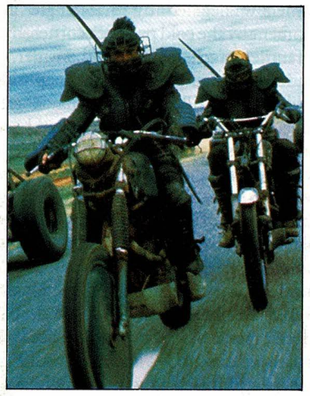


**POLICEWOMAN — A REAL LIVE LADY COP FEATURES IN AN ARRESTING PICTORIAL.**

**FREEWHEELING — EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW BUT WERE TOO LAZY TO ASK ABOUT CYCLING. ALL THE DOPE ON PEDALLING.**



**AUSTRALIAN MOVIES — THE YEAR IN REVIEW. IN WORDS AND PICTURES, THE BEST AND WORST OF 81-82.**





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